AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NEW ZEALAND $3.50*
OCTOBER 1982 $2.95*

AMANDA DOLE:
SHE'S SEXY, STARSTRUCK AND JUST SEVENTEEN

SPACE:
JAMES A. MICHENER PROBES THE FINAL FRONTIER

CHEECH & CHONG:
THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW GOES UP IN JOKES

THE DOUBLE LIFE OF PETER O'TOOLE

VIDEO'S COMPLEXITIES REVEALED

In S.A. and W.A. Camel Virginia 25's is available in place of Camel Filter 20's.

CAMEL

Where a man belongs.

CC847/81
RJR 3781

NCE CLARET BIN REFERENCE CLARET ANGOVE'S B
SAUVIGNON CABERNET SAUVIGNON ANGOVE'S CAE
AN CLARET TREGREHAN CLARET ANGOVE'S TREGI
RIESLING 198 NE RIESLING ANGOVE'S 1982 RH
ANC 1982 SAU ON BLANC ANGOVE'S 1982 SAUV
BLANC 1982 C N BLANC ANGOVE'S 1982 CHENIN
RAMINER 198 MINER ANGOVE'S 1982 TRAMINEI
VANER 1982 S NER ANGOVE'S 1982 SYLVANER 1
Y 1982 CHARD AY ANGOVE'S 1982 CHARDONNAY
ENCH COLON NGOVE'S 1982 FRENCH COLOM
RHINE RIE VE'S 1982 SPÄTLESE RHINE I
ARK RIES S 1982 BOOKMARK RIESLIN
BERG HO NGLEBERG HOCK INGLEB
AUTERNE LDEN MURRAY SAUTERNE
OSELLE A MOSELLE NANYA MOSE
UNDY A RGUNDY NANYA
OSÉ ANG A ROSÉ NANYA I
Y ANGOV NDY BRIGHTLAI
ANGOVE'S DY BIN REFERE

ANGOVE'S Wines

AB1841/82

Angove's Tregrehan (pronounced Treg-rain) has been well known amongst wine connoisseurs for many years.
It is a blend of Cabernet and Shiraz grown in the Riverland district of South Australia.
The wine is fresh and clean, showing good fruit character and careful wood maturation. "Treg" is a superb example
of today's modern style in reds — easy to drink, easy to enjoy and excellent value. It is ideally suited to today's wine consumer.

PLAYBILL

AUSTRALIA'S jails have their share of inmates prepared to profess their innocence to anyone who'll listen. John Stuart went to the ultimate length to say he wasn't an arsonist and a murderer. That commitment cost him his life, but the story is not likely to end with his death in a Brisbane jail. Queensland correspondent **Frank Robson** raked over the ashes of one of Australia's most controversial murder cases and exposed the discomforting details of Stuart's life, trial, imprisonment and death. Robson's story, called Torch Man, is a disturbing but compelling read.

Been to see any movies lately? If so you just might have caught a glimpse of Amanda Dole. PLAYBOY first revealed Amanda's allure when the young starlet appeared as our December 1981 Playmate. Since then Amanda's movie career has jumped right into gear with a string of roles, including parts in *The Return Of Captain Invincible* and *Midnite Spares.* At 17, Amanda is in full bloom for the camera of **Bob Watson** and his stunning pictorial and cover shot head up a sexy collection of October girls.

How did a guy like Alexander Haig make it to the chair of one of the most influential offices in the world? The former US Secretary of State, Vietnam war general and international power broker, is exposed by former White House aide **Roger Morris,** in Campaign Of Cunning, as a crafty careerist.

For an American in the court of king cricket, freelancer **Steve Bunk** has provided an amazingly objective comparison check on baseball and Australia's summer mania. Illustrator **Frants Kantor** captured the juxtaposition of the two sporting cultures.

Readers of **James A. Michener,** unquestionably one of America's most prolific and respected novelists, might have accompanied the great traveller anywhere (or everywhere) from Marrakesh to Maui. In this month's PLAYBOY, the doyen of docofiction writers makes the ultimate trip into space (or, more specifically, the moon). **Kerig Pope** furnished the artwork.

If you think dope humor and middle-aged men who look like Grateful Dead refugees lost their way in the mid-Seventies, then you had better take a glimpse at the bank balances of Cheech and Chong. This unlikely pair make up filmdom's most successful comedy team, having found a new market and a new generation to play. **Ken Kelley** fired a heap of meaningful questions at the duo and came up with a very funny PLAYBOY interview.

Grand Prix racing is the super-circus of motor sport. It's a forum for big bucks, high-tech development, outrageous risk and sheer glamor. Keeping this circus on the track is one hell of a logistics problem. Motoring editor **Rob Luck** has taken an incisive look at the mechanics of the Grand Prix circuit.

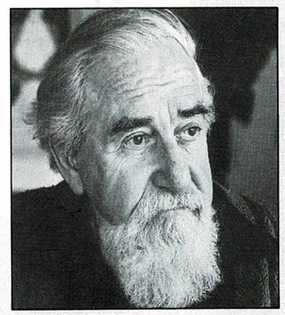
In our video review, sounds expert **Anthony O'Grady** tells how to bring Hollywood (and almost everywhere else) into your living-room via the magic of VCR. Photographer **Tandy Rowley** shot the hardware and software — oh, and the girls, too.

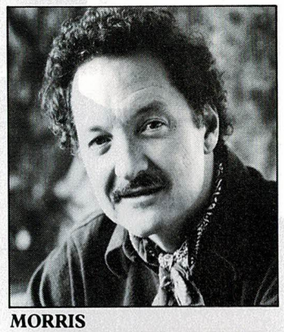
To prove there is no such thing as a simple Irishman, **O'Connell Driscoll** profiles Peter O'Toole, to expose the star of *The Stuntman* and *Masada* as a coin with two very different sides. **Al Hirschfeld,** the man who hides the name Nina in everything he does, offered the pen-and-ink drawing for The Other Life Of Peter O'Toole.

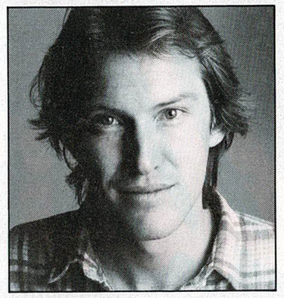
For better or worse, Australia's laws prohibiting the trade and use of cannabis have spawned a sub-culture of opportunists whose range of activities give the dope trade all the earmarks of booze's prohibition days. Freelancer **Peter Jennings** has observed the top and bottom of Australia's marijuana trade, and in Cash Crop analyses the money-go-round of an illegal industry.

We've got girls aplenty this month with beautiful Playmate **Uschi Termath,** a pictorial on the gorgeous **Cathy St George,** and a World of Playboy tribute to **Yasmine Mehr-Aine.** And all in addition to **Amanda Dole.**

The fiction selection includes Pretty Boy, a study in narcissism by **Ginny Lowndes,** photo by **Michael Skelton.**


HIRSCHFELD

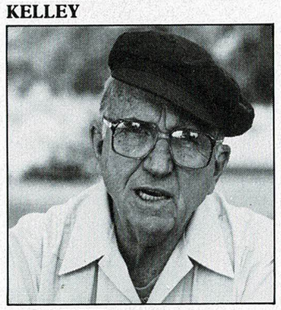

MORRIS

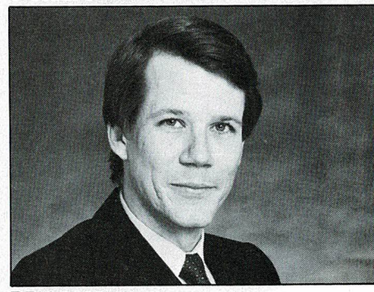

SKELTON

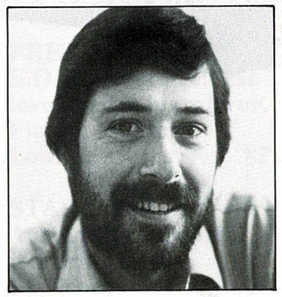
LOWNDES

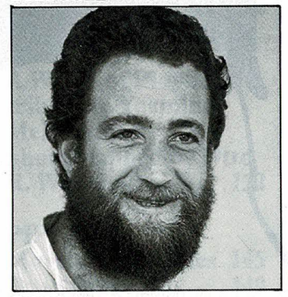
KELLEY

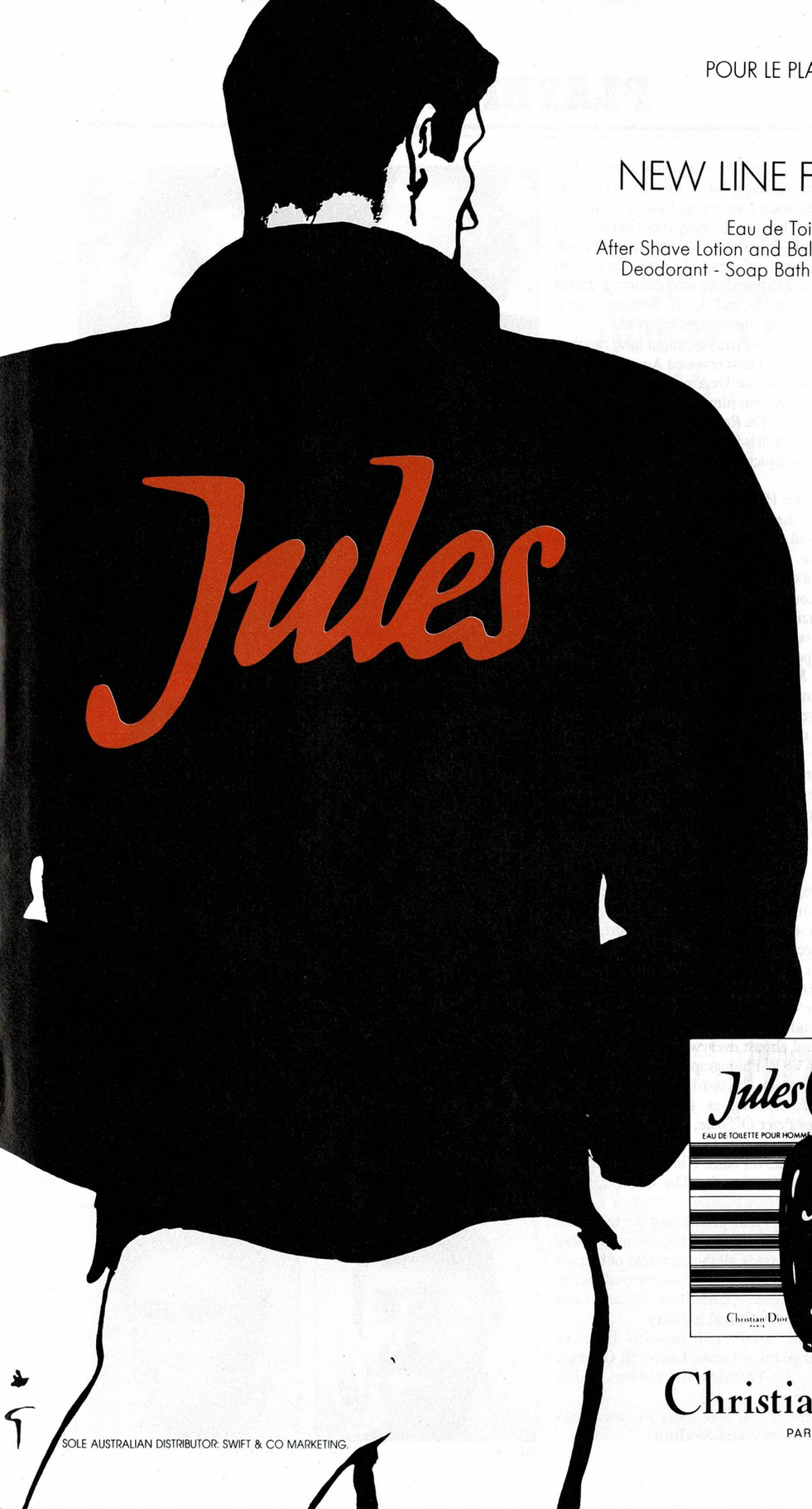
O'GRADY


MICHENER


DRISCOLL


BUNK


ROBSON



POUR LE PLAISIR...

NEW LINE FOR MEN

Eau de Toilette
After Shave Lotion and Balm - Shaving Creams
Deodorant - Soap Bath and Shower Gel

Christian Dior
PARIS

SOLE AUSTRALIAN DISTRIBUTOR: SWIFT & CO MARKETING.

18.203

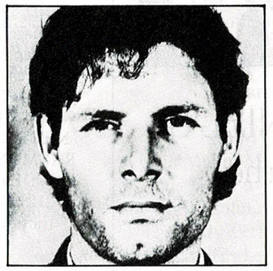
PLAYBOY

AUSTRALIAN ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

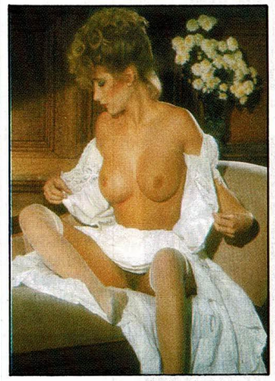
DEAR PLAYBOY 9
AFTER HOURS 11
FORUM 14
MOVIES 18
MUSIC 22
TRAVEL 26
BOOKS 28
ADVISER 32

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
Cheech & Chong, the scruffiest-looking, most dangerous-smelling characters in show business, speak out 35

TORCH MAN
Frank Robson looks at the life and death of convicted arsonist and murderer, John Stuart 38

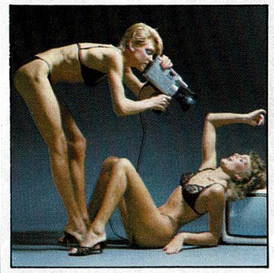


ENCORE
Our youngest Playmate, Amanda Dole, is now a movie star. Photography by Bob Watson 43



PITCHER, BATTER, BOWLER, BASEMAN
Expatriate American, Steve Bunk, tries for a six with his baseball bat 52

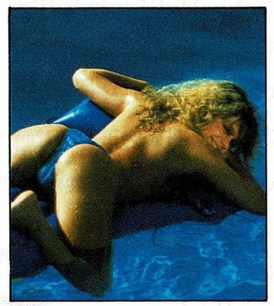
VIDEO
Anthony O'Grady examines Video Cassette Recorders, the new home status symbol 56



SPACE
James A. Michener, one of America's most prolific and respected novelists, tells a riveting tale set on the dark side of the moon 58

THE OTHER LIFE OF PETER O'TOOLE
O'Connell Driscoll profiles the crow-hunting film star ... 63

USCHI
Playmate of the Month, Uschi Termath,



photographed by Margaretha Olschewski and Peter Weissbrich 68

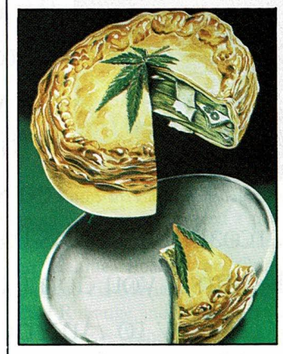
PRETTY BOY
E.D. Roberts' greatest love lived in his mirror. Fiction by Ginny Lowndes 82

STAR TURN
A delightful pictorial featuring Cathy St. George 87

CAMPAIGN OF CUNNING
Former White House aide, Roger Morris, exposes Alexander Haig as a crafty careerist 94

GRAND PRIX — IN SEARCH OF A FORMULA
Rob Luck looks at Australia's role in the super-circus of motor sport 100

CASH CROP
Peter Jennings analyses the risks and the money-go-round of the marijuana trade 116



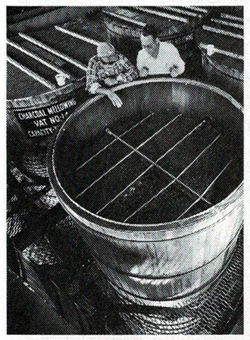
FAST LADY
A World of Playboy tribute to Yasmine Mehr-Aine, photographed by Otto R. Weisser 122

PIPELINE
Moreton Bay blues . 145
To your credit 149

OCTOBER 1982
Cover: Amanda Dole
Photo: Bob Watson

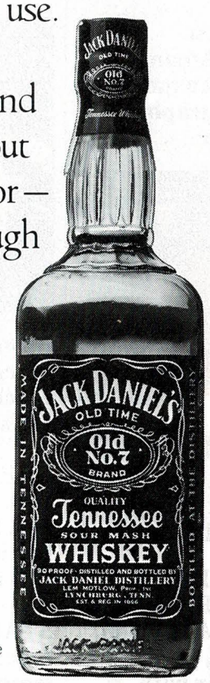
Jack Daniel Distillery. Named a National Historic Place by the United States Government.

IF YOU COULD VISIT JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLERY, you would discover how the world's smoothest whiskey is made.



Filtered through ten feet of charcoal

You could taste the pure, iron-free water we use. Inspect our choice American grain. And watch us smooth out our whiskey's flavor—by filtering it through ten solid feet of charcoal before it is barrelled to age. Of course, you don't have to travel all the way to America to learn this. You can discover Jack Daniel's rareness wherever good whiskey is sold.



If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A.

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY
PHILIP MASON
publisher

PHIL JARRATT
editor
KEITH DAVIS
creative director

EDITORIAL
NEIL JAMESON associate editor; CAROL ASHDOWN production editor; SUSAN KUROSAWA copy editor; P.D. JACK features editor; KAY KLIMA assistant to the editor; ROB LUCK motoring editor; WENDY ADNAM fashion editor; RENNIE ELLIS chief melbourne correspondent; FRANK ROBSON brisbane correspondent; STEVEN SCHWARTZ, TONY MAGUIRE, CHRIS PRITCHARD, ALLAN MOULT contributing editors.

ART
JACK JAGTENBERG art director; GARY FLETCHER art assistant.

ADVERTISING
BARRY STEWART national sales director (02 331 6566); PETER NOLAN sales manager; NANCY GRAY sales executive; victorian sales LEN DERRICK (03 519 984); queensland TERRY GARRY MEDIA (07 367 877); south australia SYMONS MEDIA (08 315 135); new zealand HENRY NEWRICK, (wellington 04 728 231); japan RAYMOND F. FALK (tokyo 545 3977); usa DE FILIPPES CORPORATION (212 697 8185); MONIQUE PASILOW traffic manager; MICHELLE BAKER administration.

FINANCE
BRUCE CARNELL financial controller; RICK ROSS credit manager; ANNE McMAH accounts payable.

CIRCULATION
TRACEY INGRAM subscription manager.

PLAYBOY
HUGH M. HEFNER
editor and publisher
NAT LEHRMAN
associate publisher
HARESH SHAH quality control (foreign editions); MARIAN BUSSIE, JEAN FREEHILL, JUDIE FELDMAN rights and traffic.

Australian PLAYBOY is published 12 times a year by Soundtracts Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 746 Darlinghurst NSW 2010, Telephone 331 6566 on behalf of Frantonell Pty Ltd. Typeset by Get Set Pty Ltd Darlinghurst, Telephone 357 4276. Printed in Hong Kong by Toppan Printing Co. (HK) Limited. Distributed in all states by Australian Consolidated Press Ltd, Sydney, Telephone 268 0666.

©1982 Soundtracts Publishing Pty Ltd ©1982 PLAYBOY as to material published in the September and October issues of US PLAYBOY. PLAYBOY Rabbit Head design and Playmate are marks of Playboy Enterprises Inc (US). Price in Australia $2.95. New Zealand $3.50*. *Recommended and maximum price only. Annual subscription rates: Australia, $35.40; Overseas, $A45 (by surface mail).

CREDITS
Amanda Dole (Pages 43-51): Lingerie, Estelle; shoes, Raymond Castles.

DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

REAL LAZY

My husband would have written to compliment you on your superb article, Real Men Don't Eat Quiche (June), except he says that Real Men don't write letters!

N.E.,
Queensland.

COMMUNITY ASSETS

I found your Only in Queensland article (May) very enjoyable although the opinion shared by many southerners that we are a race apart is not quite true. One central Queensland city is really looking up, or rather over, as the first topless bar has opened, much to the delight of the few members who frequent the establishment.

One sad fact, however, is that there are not enough girls willing to do the work, and a few southern girls, with G-strings in tow, will have to be imported to enable this community asset to continue.

So, maybe NSW has more females who are willing to share their assets while our Queensland girls are shyer and more old-fashioned, but Queensland has more males willing to appreciate well-built female bodies. In these respects, I feel we are not such a race apart after all.

D.M.,
North Rockhampton, Qld.

IMPRESSED

Just a note to say how impressed I was with the pictures by artist Stephen Graham, for the Dale Buggins story, parts one and two. I thought they were great the way they joined together.

Michael Hayes,
Salisbury, SA.

HANGING OUT

In your article, 18 Ways to Break your Neck (June), you mentioned rodeo. It is no wonder the public is misinformed and think this is a cruel sport when media reports show total ignorance of the procedures.

Animals' genitals are not tampered with at all. A flank strap goes around the beast's flank which, if pulled too tightly, will cause the animal to stand still or fall.

Maybe you should send a reporter to a rodeo with instructions to hang out behind the shutes and report the truth to the public.

P.S. Real Men are rodeo cowboys.

Bruce Scobie,
Hope Valley, SA.

PRUDISH LYNDA

I bet your PLAYBOY readers were disappointed with the May issue when they saw that Lynda Stoner wasn't in the nude. Lynda didn't give me any kind of thrill and, after reading the interview, I thought that she must be a prude.

I reckon that Lynda must have more than $50 and a jobless boyfriend since she knocked back $35,000 to do the nude shots.

Les Stewart,
Mudjimba, Qld.

HOME SAFETY

Congratulations on your interesting and safely diplomatic article/expose of Australian banking operations (March). The implications are enormous to the point of being frightening. I dare say you haven't had the courage, indeed the audacity, to take it a step further and look at the same aspects of similar corporations on the international scale.

Resources boom may well be big money here in our own backyard (providing you own a mining company), but compared to warmongering and arms running, the occasional pile of "rich rock" is fuck all!

Keep your job (and probably your life) and confine your enquiries to the Australian scene where there is still a vestige of hope and safety.

Name and address withheld.

KYM'S FOR HIM

Kym Malin (Miss July) is one of the most luscious ladies to ever appear in PLAYBOY. She's an absolute knockout. Your headline of The Body Perfect is no exaggeration. If she ever fulfils her ambition of being a film actress then Bo Derek and Farrah Fawcett had better watch out.

Roy Garson,
Katoomba, NSW.

MEMORABLE MEL

Your film critic's article on the Australian movie industry (July) was very funny but he doesn't know what he's talking about when he says that Bill Kerr put in the best performance as an actor in *Gallipoli*. How can he possibly overlook Mel Gibson's powerful yet sensitive portrayal as Mad Max? I've seen *Gallipoli* twice and can't remember very much about Bill Kerr's role at all. Nobody who sees *Mad Max II* could possibly forget Mel Gibson.

Judy Boyd,
Kirribilli, NSW.

BIG BUCKS

The story you ran on the BMW M1 in July PLAYBOY was great and this car is certainly an impressive eyeful but how about some motoring features on cars that we humble readers can actually *afford* to buy? I'll keep past issues of PLAYBOY on file in case I win the Pools, but meanwhile a practical article on affordable wheels wouldn't go amiss.

Julian Carey,
Geelong, Vic.

A LIVE ONE

I would like to congratulate you on your stunningly beautiful May Playmate, Lynda Rhys Vaughn. Never in my life have I seen any such woman make the pages of a magazine so alive.

So how about another look at this stunning and spectacular young lady? I also enjoyed your interviews with Lynda Stoner and Billy Joel.

William Garvin,
Footscray, Vic.

DINKUM PIE

Delighted with your article in June PLAYBOY on Real Men by Bruce Feirstein.

In this town, Real Men don't use the word "quiche". We call it egg and bacon pie!

Ian Carter,
Marybrook, WA.

TV TALENT

I always look forward to the new issues of PLAYBOY, especially the Playmate of the Month. Two women I would love to see included in future issues are Karen Pini and Paula Duncan. They are two stunning women. Have they ever been photographed before? I don't recall ever seeing them.

If they haven't, could they be considered as I think they are the two best-looking women on TV today.

Geoffrey Stevens,
Windale, NSW.

Karen Pini appeared as Australian PLAYBOY's first Playmate of the Month in the February, 1979 inaugural edition, and made a comeback for a guest spot in our December 1981 Girls of TV feature. We'll pass on your second request to Paula Duncan's new official bodyguard, John Orcsik — Ed.

MIXED DRINK

We really enjoyed your article in July PLAYBOY on skiing in Canada but, being avid Canadian boozers, we noticed a gross error. A B:52 is composed of Bailey's floating on Kahlua, floating on Grand Marnier and not Tia Maria as you stated.

Val Rufiange and Kathy Braun,
Vancouver, Canada.

MORE AUSSIES

I am beginning to wonder whether or not PLAYBOY is an Aussie mag.

I counted up the pictorials, and out of 10, only two of these have been Aussies. Don't think I'm knocking your choices, but I would love to see some more Aussie chicks.

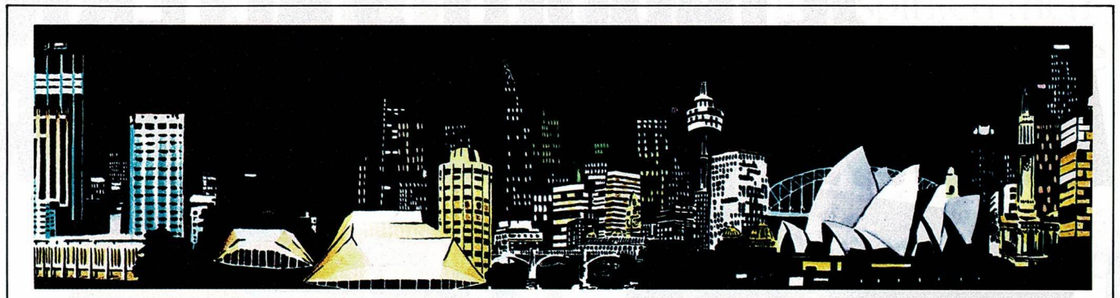
S.H.,
Picnic Point, NSW.

John Player Special
Some things in life have a special quality

CC676/81

R519

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



A GOOD DEAL

The concept of a floating crap game takes on a whole new meaning with the announcement of the International Poker Tournament soon to be held on board Sitmar's *Fairstar*.

Organised by International Tournaments, the 14-day Poker Cruise departs Sydney on November 14 and calls at Noumea, Vila, Espiritu Santo and Cairns. There's a fully-equipped casino on board featuring blackjack, roulette, joker 7 and poker machines plus a card room and betting links with the mainland for racing enthusiasts.

The main tournament will feature a jackpot of half-a-million dollars to the outright winner: participants are required to officially lodge a stake of $2000 prior to departure of the cruise.

Fares start at $875 for a four-berth cabin plus a $250 registration fee for the tournament. Free return air travel is provided to Sydney from other capitals.

POUR L'HOMME

Pour l'homme with aplomb comes Roger and Gallet's new range of skin care products and splash-ons. Eau de toilettes and after-shave lotions (from $15) feature L'Homme — a fresh, sexy fragrance with strong spice and citrus overtones. Just about guaranteed to make you smell good enough to eat. Available in sleek royal blue and gold packaging at major outlets.

CONVENTION-AL

No less an august institution than the Union of International Associations points out that in 1981 there was a grand total of 14,792 international organisations, looking into and having conferences on anything from South American spiders to Nuclear Arms. All that involved some five million delegates spending $3000 million on air fares and hotel bills. Sure beats the local P & C.

HEY THERE!

The people at Warner Bros. are just a bit reticent about exact takings for super-movie *Mad Max II*, but they will reveal that it's the second most successful movie they've yet released in Australia. The all-time money-spinner was *Towering Inferno*, but with *Mad Max II* igniting audiences all over the country with its power and imagery, it's likely that the rating will soon be reversed.

The movie is a hot property in other parts of the world as well. Tokyo audiences have greeted the warrior cult movie with overwhelming enthusiasm and, in a surprise move, the Swedish censors have just passed *Mad Max II* for screening without cuts. According to Warners, it's the first movie of its genre to be accorded that treatment in Sweden.

In the States, *The Road Warrior*, as it's been renamed for American distribution, is a roaring success and after only a few months of general release, the movie has brought in twice the total takings of the under-promoted *Mad Max I*. Again no specific figures, but somebody's gotta be laughing on the way to the bank.

There's been more than a passing interest in Virginia Hey (our stunning and statuesque July cover girl) from American audiences. And as The Warrior Woman seems poised to capture hearts the world over, here's a further look at the winning Miss Hey.

GOODNESS GRACIOUS ME

Then there was the charter plane tourist who claims that his aircraft had just touched down at Delhi when a jumbo swooshed over the top to land just ahead on the runway.

"What the blazes are you guys doing there?" radioed the pilot to the control tower.

The controller asked what was wrong and the pilot told him, vehemently.

"Oh dear, oh dear," remarked the controller. "Something tells me today is going to be just like yesterday."

SAILS FOR SALE

Yachts, they say, are holes down which you pour money. Then pity Brian Gray, general manager of Sail Australia, a Sydney Harbor-based yacht charter company, which has a dozen such dollar-swallowing holes.

Of course one can always steep the heart's blood by a hand-out: $450 will get you a 27-footer for a week (sleeps four), or $675 for the roomier six-berth 32-footer. Which is not a bad holiday compared with the cost of a first-class hotel.

Those who can't sail may find such a hotel room a trifle difficult — the busiest hotel lobby at check-out time is nothing compared to Sydney Harbor on a Sunday afternoon. However an extra $330 or so will buy you and your crew five sailing lessons, which is probably just enough to get you through the weekend traffic.

As Sydney Harbor has 350 miles of coastline, a week would not exhaust the touring possibilities of this beautiful waterway, which is, after all, not really any less exotic than the Whitsunday Passage or Bali.

But if you think the full "Standby we're going about" bit is a bit much for a quick holiday, then Sail Australia has a floating restaurant that not only floats and moves around the harbor, but serves food which isn't glucky.

So, to find out that there's more to Sydney Harbor than the Manly ferry route, ring (02) 922 5664, or catch a ferry over to Lavender Bay and walk around. Go at low tide or you'll get wet feet.

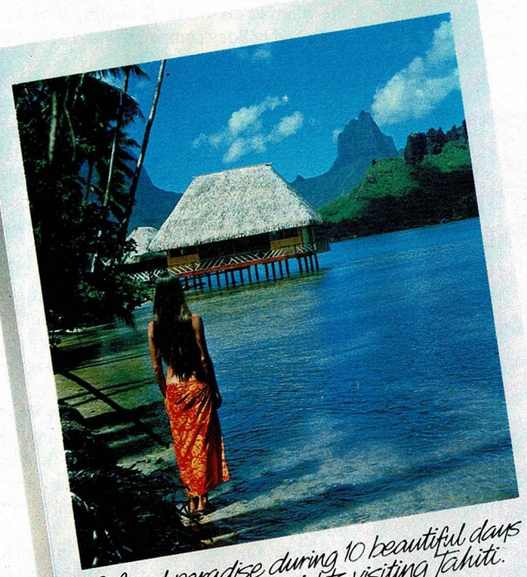
JETABOUT'S ALTERNATIVES TO THE AVERAGE HOLIDAY AFFAIR.

*Manila for 9 days & 7 nights from $724 ex Sydney & Brisbane and $826 ex Melbourne. I fell in love!**

QH708

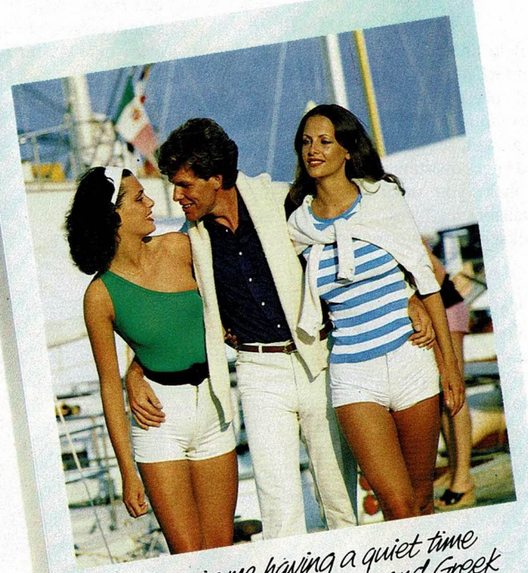
*I learnt new tricks windsurfing in Hawaii— imagine, 16 days—from $1,272 ex Sydney, $1,322 ex Melbourne, and $1,408 ex Perth.**

QH306



*I found paradise during 10 beautiful days and 8 glorious nights visiting Tahiti. From $762 ex Sydney.**

QH802



*This is me having a quiet time during my 8 day Athens and Greek Island cruise—from only $636.**

QH147

QFJ 2519L

If you're one of those independent free-spirited men who think the average package holiday is as exciting as a Sunday drive through the suburbs, then you should prefer our ideas about holiday alternatives.

You go where you want to go, do what you want to do, when you want to and how you want to. You just need to arrange the basics, including your low-cost Qantas airfare, before you go.

What Qantas Jetabout have done is travel the world and searched out the exotic and bewitching.

From natural beauty to adventure and excitement we've found the places and the value for money for everyone ready for something different.

The four holidays and prices shown here are just a sample of the dozens of anything but average holidays we can arrange for you. All you need to do is fill out the coupon below, post it to us and we'll send you, free, our brochures.

Then sit down and plan an adventure. You can even plan an exotic adventure for a group of you to go together (for a bit of moral support). Just tell Qantas or your Travel Agent what you want from Jetabout and we'll arrange everything the way you want it. The rest will be an affair you'll always feel good about, and anything but average.

TO Jetabout, 140 Pacific Highway, North Sydney, 2060. Phone (02) 4366115. Lic. No. B884.
I am interested in Jetabout holidays to:

☐ Asia ☐ South Pacific
☐ Europe ☐ North America

NAME

ADDRESS

POSTCODE

TELEPHONE

* ALL PRICES THAT INCLUDE AIRFARES HAVE AN ADVANCE PURCHASE REQUIREMENT AND ARE FOR TRAVEL IN OFF-PEAK SEASON. PRICES INCLUDING ACCOMMODATION ARE BASED ON SHARE-TWIN ROOMS. GET THE BROCHURE AND CHECK WITH YOUR TRAVEL AGENT FOR SEASONAL VARIATIONS, FULL HOLIDAY DETAILS AND THE FULL RANGE OF AVAILABLE INTERNATIONAL AND DOMESTIC AIRFARES. PRICES ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE, DO NOT INCLUDE ANY ACCOMMODATION WITHIN AUSTRALIA AND ARE EFFECTIVE AS AT JUNE 1, 1982.

JETABOUT

HOLIDAYS YOU WILL ALWAYS FEEL GOOD ABOUT

QFJ 2519R

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

BLACK & WHITE

Your magazine has always featured fine articles, not to mention the beautiful creatures who grace your pages. Lyn Barron was a worthy recipient of the Playmate of the Year title. You have, however, consistently overlooked one lovely lady. She appears on page 39 of your June issue in an ad for President Hotels. You've just gotta feature her in a future edition.

Now that you're all pleased with yourselves at having attracted another thank you letter, I'd like to express my strong disapproval of Frank Robson's article, The Missing Link Games (June). By printing that article, you endorse the policies of the ratbag fringe. But then again, it's oh-so-chic these days to espouse the cause of any minority group, and the next step would be to feature a Charles Perkins column, a Vietnamese centrefold and perhaps an interview with Abdul Kashir, your local milk-bar owner.

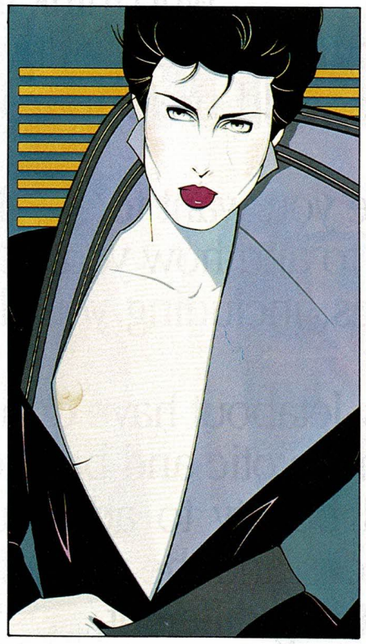
Robson's article is just the sort of thing the militants want — publicity. His picture at the front seems to indicate a heavy suntan. Was this a requirement before he could interview the black brudders?

What the majority (ie. white Australians) want is for the Games to go ahead without the shameful type of incident that occurred at the Alcoa series in Melbourne. I support any measures Joh or Russ Hinze take to ensure there is no disruption by any militant, publicity-seeking group.

Robert Reid's interview with Xavier Herbert also bugged me with its lack of objectivity and kow-towing to Herbert's pro-Aboriginal views. Terms like "weakened by white man's food" and "a splendid viewpoint" to Herbert suggesting white neighbors should move if Aboriginals hold noisy parties, and that we would be a "happier, freer race" with blacks dominant. For Chrissake! Was Reid so over-awed with Herbert's presence that he could not remark: "That's what you say," or ask: "But what if . . .?" to keep some balance in the interview. Pissing in someone's pocket takes on new meaning.

Herbert's views are, of course, his own, but as someone who has lived in PNG and around blacks for a long time, he comes across as a silly old white kanaka. The fact that he grew up amongst blacks says it all. He's one extreme: the other being those (including politicians) down South who have never seen a black, and live in their ivory houses espousing the black cause.

Mike Winter,
Cairns, Qld.



I refer to the article, The Missing Link Games by Frank Robson, in the June issue of PLAYBOY.

I find the article most racist and offensive and it can only be described as a send-up and an insult to Steve Mam and Robert Weatherall. Frank Robson's style is paternalistic and frivolous and his portrayal of the black struggle is demeaning to both white and black in their striving to find a humane solution. His article can only serve to widen even further the gap between black and white, as well as attempting to divide the black community itself by, for instance, his comparison of Steve Mam's "plush Brisbane office" and the Musgrave Park situation.

The issue of the Games as a focus for protest has been totally ignored — for instance, the appalling health, housing, legal and economic standards of blacks evidenced by high morbidity and mortality rates and the high incidence of blacks in jail. Any factual material has been omitted apart from Robert Weatherall's experiences. The article maintains the present status quo in Australia.

I would now make specific comments on various aspects of the article. The two-page opening cartoon sets the tone for the article — it is colorful but depicts the black man as being big, bad, ugly and violent. Robson's description of blacks as "our angry blacks" displays the inherent paternalism of most white men, obviously Robson himself and presumably your editors.

To further establish the tone of the article, the reference to Rod Steiger and *In The Heat Of The Night,* coupled with the cartoon, suggests Americanised hype and reflections of American violence depicted in movies. The first paragraph placing "a king-sized Torres Strait Islander" with "a fixed white pointer smile" — and such references continue throughout the piece — in his "plush Brisbane office" emphasises this sensationalism and sets Steve Mam up to be cut down if he himself is not forced to cut back. This article has in fact had a conditioning effect on Steve Mam which has contributed to his recent stance to not call for a boycott of the Games — your article has forced him to back down because of your bullshit prejudiced frivolous "journalism". It is a trick used by whites against black people. It has had the desired effect — Joh and Russ know.

Robson continues to use journalism and your magazine to make news and to manipulate, not to report or analyse the facts. He plays up the conflicts between Joh, Russ, etc. and the black community to incite emotions. His predictions of disaster can only scare blacks into backing down as the continued police harassment is doing.

The references to terrorism on page 43, again sensationalise the black struggle, refusing to recognise that any actions arise out of the deprivation, theft and murder of black people perpetrated over 200 years. This is what has made blacks sick and scared to the degree that it elicits those responses from the blacks in Musgrave Park referred to by Robson.

So, to Robert Weatherall, executive officer, not director, of the Foundation for Aboriginal and Islander Research Action Limited. Again, as with Steve Mam and Bill Lowah, the differences of opinion on action are played up, not the agreement on the need for action and the reasons for it. And, another factual error, Denis Walker is not in jail. Do another article, and this time do it fucking right!!!

Susan Hanley and
Denis Walker,
Stradbroke Island, Qld.

This letter has been cut for length — Ed.

●

Our June issue seemed to hit the wrong note with political and social extremists of all persuasions. To restate our position, we do not endorse the politics of any ratbag fringe nor any form of racism, be it black or white. We are relieved to hear that Denis Walker is not in jail, but we wish he would open his eyes wide enough to take in the big picture. As for our readers in the Deep North, the fact is that the pursuit of social, sexual and cultural freedoms has been a cornerstone of the PLAYBOY philosophy for almost 30 years, and will continue to be so. — Ed.

System of your dreams

XL SERIES

You're probably not the only one you know who's thought of getting a really good hi-fi system.

And then been turned off by the sheer complexity of it all.

Now we make you an offer. Choose a group of these elite hi-fi components to precisely match your needs and budget. And create the stereo system of your dreams!

KENWOOD

*New corporate symbol

For information, please write to PB-SECTION,
TRIO-KENWOOD CORPORATION
Shionogi Shibuya Building, 17-5, 2-chome,
Shibuya, Shibuya-ku, Tokyo 150, Japan
TRIO-KENWOOD (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.
4E Woodcock Place, Lane Cove, N.S.W. 2066,
Australia. Tel: 428-1455

THE BEST KIND OF JOB I S THE JOB YOU DO BEST.

Job satisfaction means fitting the right man to the right job. It's obvious really. If you like doing it, you're likely to do it better.

If you'd enjoy working with electrical equipment, or radio equipment, jet or marine engines and you meet the entry requirements, it's very likely there's a good job waiting for you in the Navy.

The Navy has a long history of discovering great talent in young people. So if you know you've got a lot to offer, but you're not quite sure what it is, a good chat with a Navy Careers Counsellor is just what you need. You may both uncover a great new talent, and that would be something to be proud of. Pick up a phone now, or send the coupon.

IF YOU ARE UNDER 18 BUT OVER 15, ENQUIRE ABOUT OUR APPRENTICESHIP OR JUNIOR RECRUIT SCHEMES.

N.S.W.: Sydney 212 1011, Parramatta 635 1511, Newcastle 2 5476, Wollongong 28 6492. VIC: Melbourne 613731, Geelong 21 1588. QLD: Brisbane 226 2626, Townsville 72 4566. S.A.: Adelaide 212 1455. W.A.: Perth 325 6222. TAS: Hobart 34 7077, Launceston 31 1055. A.C.T.: Canberra 82 2333.

To: Navy Careers Counsellor, G.P.O. Box XYZ...(your Capital City and Postcode)
Please send me more information about joining the Navy.
Name _____ Date of Birth _____
Address _____ P/Code _____
☐ General Entry (17-26) on entry. ☐ Junior Recruits (15¾-16½) on entry.
☐ Apprentices (15-18) on entry. Tick the information box that interests you. p

NAVY

THE PRIDE OF THE FLEET IS YOU.

Authorised by Director General Recruiting Dept. of Defence

MOVIES

It was time Fred Schepisi was noticed in the States and, with *Barbarosa,* he has certainly attracted attention. *Variety* accused the Australian director of *Devil's Playground* and *Jimmie Blacksmith,* of indulging himself with box-office poison and chose to coincide its remarks about Schepisi's film with what amounted to an official obituary of the Western.

Universal was less than inspired in its distribution policy and then panicked at the inevitable apathy.

But outside the country in which the Western genre is confused with The American Way, *Barbarosa* stands much more of a chance of being seen for what Schepisi intended. Willie Nelson plays Barbarosa, a sort of desert ratbag who robs, loots and murders with no apparent reason until we get to know him through the eyes of young Karl (Gary Busey) who joins him on the run after killing his brother-in-law and having the whole German immigrant community turn on him. Barbarosa is also engaged in a curious vendetta against a Mexican family into which he was once married.

The awful possibility is that America saw this man/boy adventure as a sort of Butch Cassidy/Sundance exploitation romp. In fact, it's a serious study of the different drummer syndrome. . .the man out of step with his fellow man. . .a familiar topic for Schepisi. Both Barbarosa and Karl are powerless to break free of the family that has outlawed them and the film's final statement seems to be that every society, every family and, perhaps, every individual, needs a legendary outlaw by which they can measure their own codes.

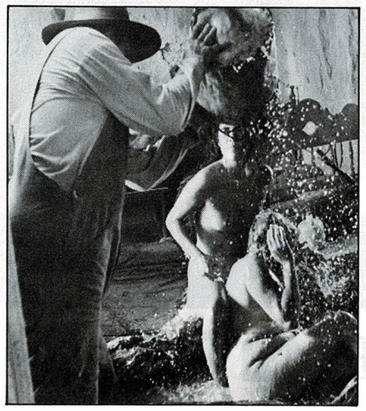
Barbarosa has not contributed to the death of the Western. *Barbarosa* is a victim of the fact that the Western was already dead and people thought this might be its reincarnation. *Barbarosa* is Ingmar Bergman wearing a sombrero rather than a balaclava.

●

What do you call a woman who can suck .357 calibre revolver bullets out of a nasty flesh wound? The answer is "Darling" if you've seen the wonderfully-sultry Rachel Ward (she turned Burt Reynolds into a peeping Tom in *Sharkey's Machine*) tending to Steve Martin in *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid.*

The movie welcomes comedian Martin back to funny comedies after his detour into silly musicals with *Pennies From Heaven.* It is an imperially-funny spoof of those Philip Marlowe detective melodramas and Martin has just tidied up The Mystery of the Murdered Girl with Big Tits when Rachel Ward undulates in and sends him on a wild-goose chase with Martin doing most of the goosing.

The Boat *leaves its audience stunned. . .*



. . .and Barbarosa *is a victim.*

Martin is Rigby Reardon, a flip-talking gumshoe with a bad hangup about cleaning women. Through clever splicing of the new footage with classic clips from the golden oldies, Martin bounces his wisecracks off Alan Ladd, Barbara Stanwyck, Humphrey Bogart, Bette Davis, Ingrid Bergman, Ray Milland, Veronica Lake and a whole galaxy of others. The timing of his delivery and his corny posturing dovetails the often-shocking new routines neatly into hallowed Hollywood scenes and multiplies the mirth value.

Martin even shows up playing Barbara Stanwyck's role opposite Fred MacMurray in *Double Indemnity* (1944) and sends MacMurray on his way with a coy, "That's as far as I go on a first date."

Director Carl Reiner enters into the madness by also playing the unlikely Field Marshall Von Kluck. Reiner also master-minded Martin's earlier comedy hit, *The Jerk.*

Long may they stick together because this, quite simply, is the funniest film of the year, so far.

●

There's nothing very new about German war guilt movies, but Wolfgang Petersen's *The Boat* (Das Boot) may prove to be cinema's most moving testament to the terrible wastage of war.

The Boat is a masterpiece of crusading cinema, a film that paints the screen with the drama and excitement of conflict and daubs the conscience of its audience with the searing slogans of the anti-war graffiti artist. Petersen's film pervades rather than assaults the senses of its audience.

More than 30,000 Germans who served in U-boats during World War II didn't return, and for most of the considerable length of this film, we are locked away in the claustrophobia of a sometimes hunter/usually hunted submarine. It is a gloom that seems to magnify the sense and its staccato silences invariably say far more than its dialogue.

This is particularly true of the U-boat's captain (Jurgen Prochnow) a remarkable portrayal of an excruciatingly-sensitive piece of characterisation. In his white-knuckled hands are gripped the destinies of his entire crew. His spiritual strength and morale become that of the whole boat. His cynicism is something he keeps to himself.

There are moments of agonising suspense as an enemy destroyer closes in and forces the sub to depths which make its rivets pop. In another encounter they are forced to the bottom in a long drawn-out seige with no guarantee of being able to surface whether the enemy locates them or not.

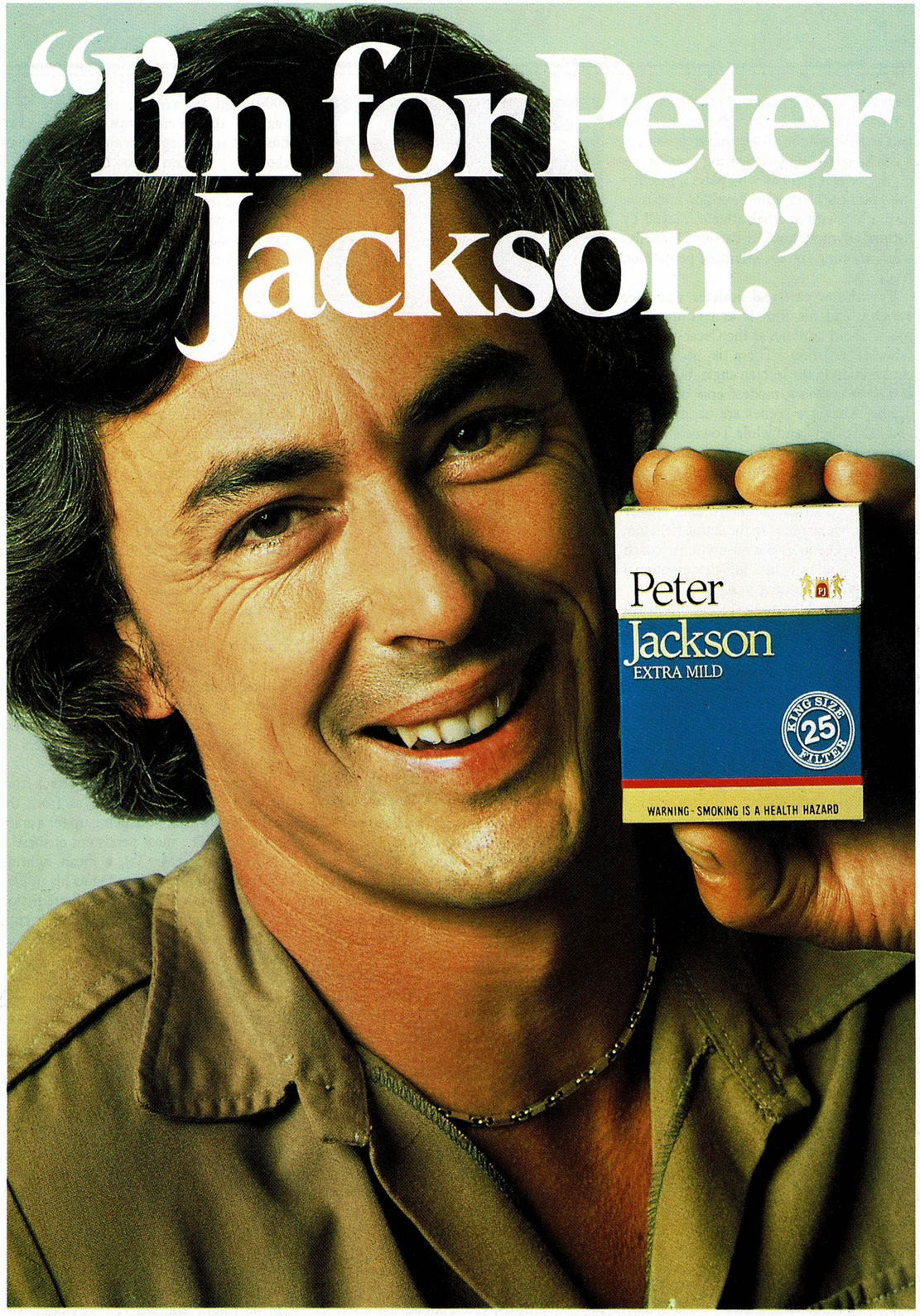
It is a climate of slow leaks and racing fears and, inevitably, it takes a terrible toll on morale and sanity. Somehow, the cramped corridors of the U-boat manage to accommodate the entire audience. We're all along on the fateful mission and we have no more chance of opting out than the crew.

The Boat leaves its audience stunned. . . as if by the shock waves rather than the ripping impact of a depth charge. Screened for the right people at the right time, it would have saved us the madness of men losing their lives for the Falklands.

●

Our June cover girl Mariel Hemingway is the star of Robert Towne's *Personal Best,* a bold and mature movie that focuses on the question of lesbian affairs among women athletes. The film followed close on the heels of Billie Jean King's admission of a lesbian relationship and it sensitively probes the limited options of young women discovering their sexual identity in a physical environment with heavy hero-worship overtones.

Towne, with the screenplays for *China-*



"It's still the best extra mild value in Australia."

PHL853 CC867/82

MOVIES

town and *Shampoo* among his credits, makes his debut as a director with *Personal Best* and scores well for his assured treatment of a controversial theme. Scoring even better is Mariel Hemingway who plays a promising young athlete who develops a lesbian love affair with another athlete (played by former Olympic hurdler Patrice Donnelly) while training for the Olympic pentathlon trials.

Towne has cast real athletes wherever possible and his film is as legitimately a movie about athletics as the Oscar-winning *Chariots Of Fire*. There is no hint of exploitation in the lesbian angle, but it does make the movie a modest epic of human drama. The love scenes are handled with great sensitivity and while Towne's investigation of this rarified environment never loses its incisiveness, it also sustains a happy formula of compassion and humor.

Athletes Patrice Donnelly and Kenny Moore prove winners in the acting field too, and Scott Glenn as the no-nonsense coach provides a clever foil for the emotional dilemmas surrounding him.

Personal Best is a masterful execution of a brave topic and the credit for it is remarkably evenly spread.

●

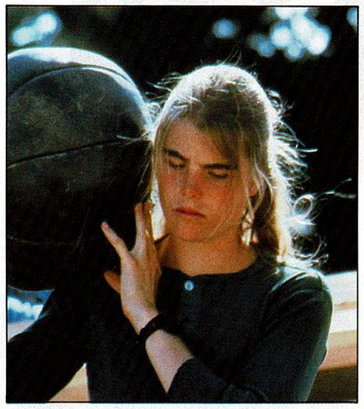
David Hamilton would like to have photographer/painter/poet on his business card. . .and maybe he has. Certainly his new screen effort, *Laura,* reflects elements of all three which will be of no surprise to those who endured his earlier *Bilitis.*

The "Hamilton style" of photographing nubile maidens in something resembling pea soup, has worked conspicuously well for him.

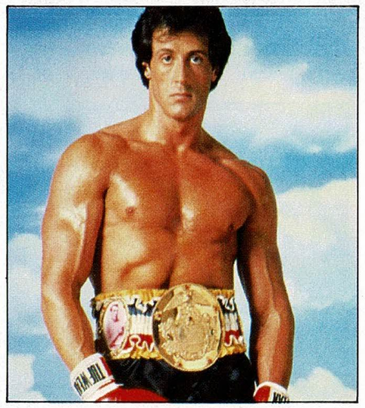
His films, however, resemble nothing so much as a tampon commercial. Nymphettes with daisies plaited in their hair turn wistful pirouettes like an over-geared music box. . . all of course having neglected to pop on a stitch of clothing. Clearly the whole budget of Hamilton's films goes on art direction. . .and that includes his script development grant.

Laura is a simple story for simpletons. Paul Thomas Myler (James Mitchell) is a celebrated sculptor working in the south of France. He has a vision of a beautiful pubescent girl who he later finds personified in the daughter of a former lover (Maud Adams). Paul becomes obsessed with the dream of sculpting the girl, played by American discovery Dawn Dunlap. Mother and daughter are crippled by jealousy and the sculptor by blindness. He completes the sculpture using a rather erotic braille technique, takes young Laura into his bed, and finds next morning that he can see.

The moral of the story may well be that even if you do go blind thinking about little girls, you can be feeling yourself again in no time. The performances are much too ritualistic for critical comment but the casting director has certainly assembled a fine flock of Beautiful People.



Mariel Hemingway at her Personal Best.



Sylvester Stallone bounces back with a brisk crowd-pleaser in Rocky III.

Laura will run forever at suburban art cinemas attracting advertising agency creative folk in ethnic cardigans and dishevelled pensioners in raincoats.

●

"The whole world stinks, Francine, so get used to it," growls the jaded porno picture show man. . .and we all shuffle our scratch-and-sniff Odorama cards with a sense of foreboding. This is John Waters' *Polyester* (weird American John Waters not, under any circumstances, to be confused with heart-throb Australian John Waters) a pong pic challenged only by Les Blank's aromatic tribute, *Garlic Is As Good As Ten Mothers.* Long before you've unleashed the fart, the pizza, or the sweaty sneakers on your sniffalong cards, you'll realise that there is, indeed, something rotten in the state of Francine Fishpaw's suburban existence. Francine — played by America's celebrated 300-pound transvestite star Divine — is vaguely discontent with her lot. Her husband is a creep whose crummy cinema specialises in porn flicks; her disco-crazed daughter is pregnant to a punk as a result of careless nymphomania; and her junky son Dexter is better known to his community as the Baltimore Foot Stomper as a result of his developing criminal insanity. Francine does have a retarded friend called Cuddles. . . but their stimulating little conversations seldom soar above the mire of Francine's divorce, alcoholism and nervous breakdown.

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks? It is the radiance of fantasy lover Todd Tomorrow, played by none other than Tab Hunter in a marvellously-inspired piece of casting. Todd is the antidote to Francine's frightful suburban nightmare. He's handsome, he's debonair and. . . wait for it. . . his cinema screens prestigious foreign art films. Not so much a love story as one about recycled human junk, *Polyester's* synthetic satire will manage to offend most tastes in the funniest possible way.

●

Rocky II may have been a bit of a non-event but heavyweight champ Rocky Balboa bounces back with a brisk crowd-pleaser in *Rocky III.* Balboa (Sylvester Stallone) confirms his ranking as one of the most popular inspirational characters in motion picture history.

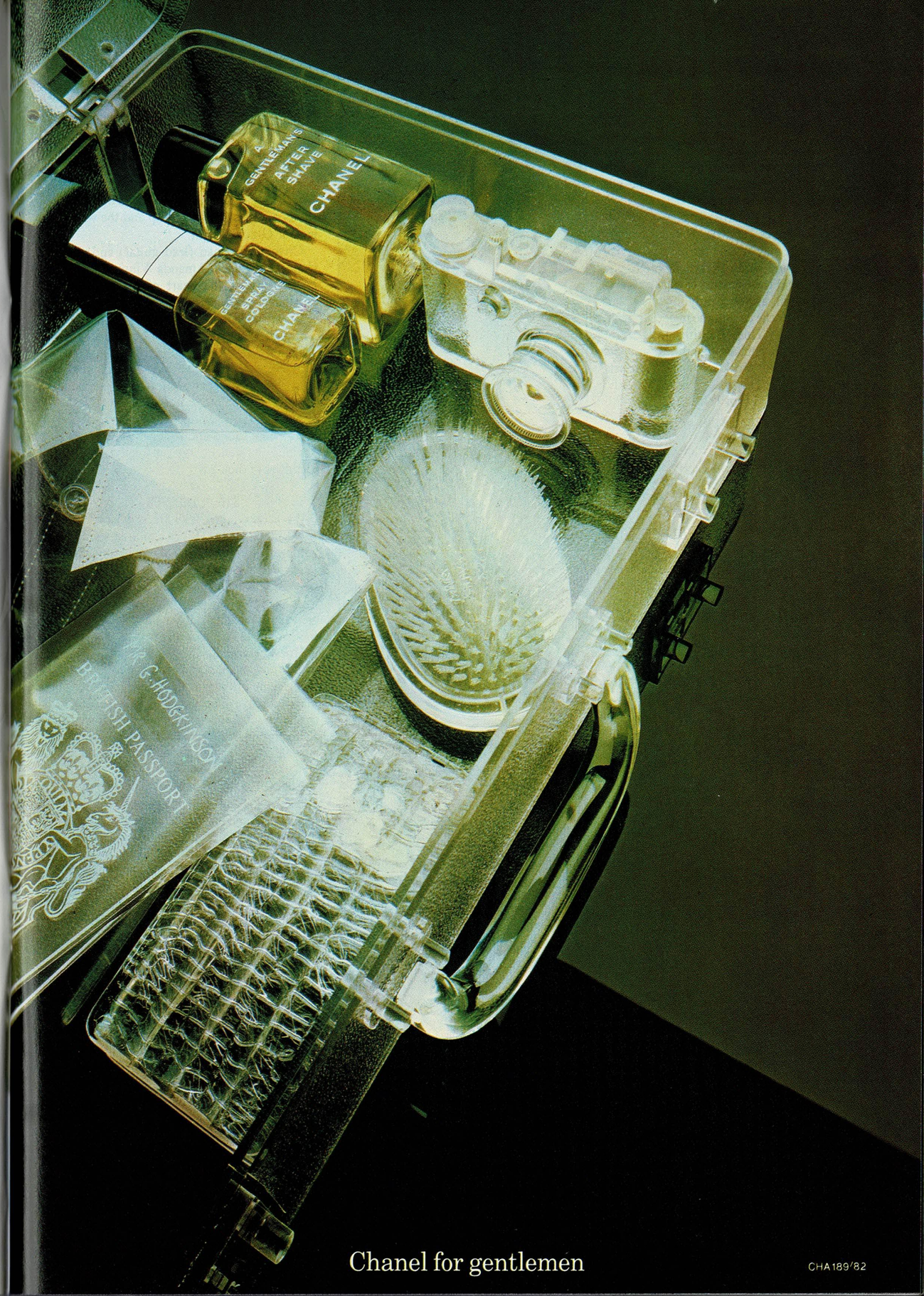
But this time Balboa is under attack from his own self doubts as well as from the challengers who are queueing up for a crack at the title. The most persistent of these is Clubber Lang (Mr T.), a mean fighting machine with a mouth as big as his uppercut. Asked for a Muhammad Ali prediction for the outcome of the fight, Clubber cups his temple and announces, "I predict. . . pain."

Balboa has the high hurdles of affluence and hype to overcome in getting back into title trim and Lang carves him up to take the crown. Former foe Apollo Creed (Carl Weather) motivates Balboa to make another bid and takes him away from the luxury life and back to his own rugged neighborhood to prepare him for victory again.

These days, The Rock is more than a pug. . .he's a champion of human values. Like a comic book super-hero defending truth and honor, Balboa bulges his biceps for loyalty, reliance and to thine ownself be true.

The film incisively caricatures the promotional nonsense and hangers-on that prey on the fight game. It also neatly tidies up the trilogy and one can only hope that Stallone quits while he's a head. . .as they say in cauliflower circles.

—ROBIN INGRAM



MUSIC

Roxy Music's achievement should be measured in light of the band's ability to take huge artistic risks but come out winning almost every time.

Avalon (EG Records) is one of Roxy's finer examples of the formula, again working the play around the band's musical excellence and Brian Ferry's flair. No one else can weld the elements of pop, rock and cosmopolitan art so neatly together and Ferry proves the case in the melodic appeal of More Than This. The title cut is one of Roxy's most enchanting tunes and its brooding depths work wondrous contrasts with the funky The Space Between and the silver-sharp melody of Take A Chance With Me.

Mixed and engineered by Bob Clearmountain, *Avalon* is an impressive reminder that technical excellence should never get the shove in the pursuit of artistic adventure.

●

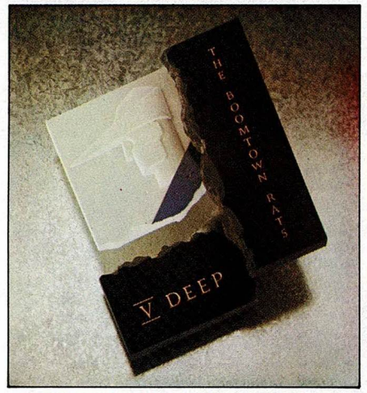
V Deep (Mercury) is so called because the Boomtown Rats are now five, not six. Guitarist Gerry Cotts did a bunk leaving Bob Geldof even more dependent on the lightning digits of keyboardist Johnny Fingers (the one who wears pyjamas, nearly all the time).

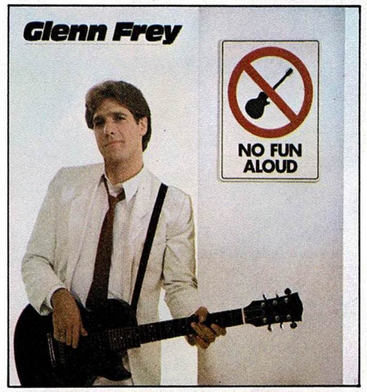
Consequently, Fingers has handled the chore with the same aplomb that made him — rather than Sting, with his woeful version of Roxanne — the star of *The Secret Policeman's Other Ball* when Fingers on piano provided sole accompaniment to Geldof's I Don't Like Mondays.

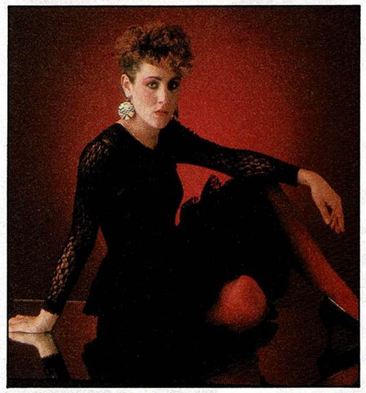
If the Rats' early thrills flowed from dealing snappy, uncluttered songs with a commercially articulate bent, they've probably lost track of the plot on *V Deep*. It follows the probing obscurity as revealed on Mondo Bongo where the band's directional confusion first emerged. White reggae, a slash of ska, Bowie-esque glam-rock or Irish lyricism — take your pick, it's all here. Unhappily, the recipe is just too diverse to thrash into a homongeous blend, despite Fingers' noble efforts.

●

Dope busts and declining fortunes have clipped the wings of a few old Eagles, but it's heartening to see Glenn Frey back in harness with a solo album, *No Fun Aloud* (Asylum). Frey's inspired playing on guitar and keyboards might have been less obvious against the backdrop of the Eagles' grandeur but it jumps out here like a stop light. The album is chock-full of ballsy mid-west rock, West Coast melodies, soulful brass and Spanish surprise. Frey is a student of American music and his ability to blend so many influences is helped along by a corps of great players and by drawing on his own and other writing talents. It includes an inspired shot at the Huey







Out of the West. . . Grace Knight.

Smith-John Vincent classic Sea Cruise and a collaboration with Bob Seger and, more importantly Jack Tempchin, in furnishing a cluster of fine tunes.

●

Western Australia's gifts to the nation extend beyond brilliant cricketers, Swan lager and minerals' revenue. Among the more attractive are Eurogliders, two girls and four blokes who tackle their music with a smart twist of modern ambition. While many Aussie bands shirk the challenge of the new, Eurogliders have offered *Pink Suit Blue Day* (Mercury) as a sample of their intent.

All songs are written by Bernie Lynch (vocalist and guitarist) and served between layers of smart musicianship and the vocal lead of Grace Knight.

Crispin Akerman (lead guitar) and the classically-trained Amanda Vincent (keyboards) are at the heart of the Gliders' passionate playing.

The title is drawn from the catch-line in Through Your Window, definitely a smart song and one of the finest in this collection. The impression from this set is that Eurogliders will have more commercial appeal than that other, not dissimilar, West Oz outfit, the Dugites. The Gliders have described a sound and style which draw on obvious influences but in delivery are identifiably their own.

●

SHORT CUTS

Primitive Guitars (EG Records) by Phil Manzanera is the Roxy guitarist's most autobiographical shot at skewering his musical influences. From the Latin feel of his Cuban launching pad through the learning processes of jazz, classical and his arrival in London, Manzanera has explored the core of his development.

Huey Lewis and The News find no time to posture on *Picture This* (Chrysalis) but barely enough opportunity to throw their no-frills playing around 10 tracks penned by Lewis and lead guitarist Chris Hayes. Ball-gripping rockarama with a dose of sax-appeal.

— NEIL JAMESON

●

Charlie Parker's *One Night In Washington* (WEA) captures all the legendary inventiveness and magnificent intensity of the be-bop messiah in full flight. It's a recorded history of Bird's 1953 guest appearance with the Joe Timer Orchestra, a swinging aggregation of Washington's best brass and reed men.

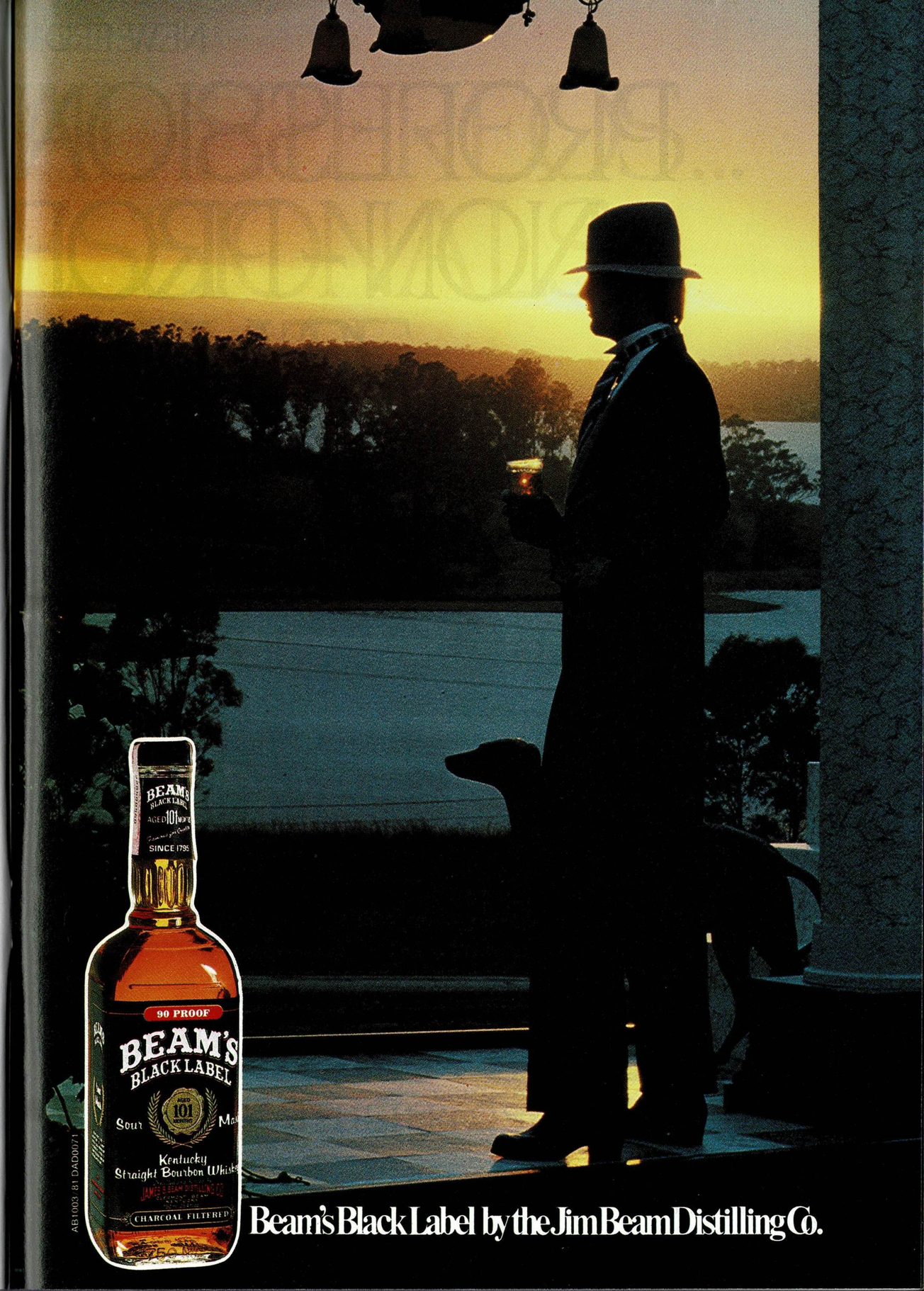
Too late (as always) for rehearsal, and minus sheet music, but helped by a lot of commonsense and a fantastic pair of ears (the best in the business), Bird's alto soars through standards like Thou Swell, These Foolish Things and Fine And Dandy.

The program is nicely paced, with a couple of moving ballads — Something To Remember You By is particularly good — tucked in among some great, driving up-tempo numbers.

Stereo sound fidelity and pressing quality are first rate, and the package is completed by some excellent cover notes and full recording details. (Parker plays a plastic see-through sax!)

Everyone should have a Charlie Parker album (or two). This big band outing stands comparison with Bird's best.

— MATT DICKSON



NEW FROM PHILIPS

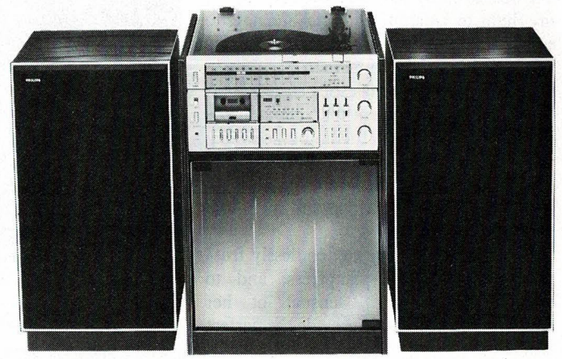
PROFESSIONAL STEREOS... NON-PROFESSIONALS CAN OPERATE.

Model S4200 Stereo System.

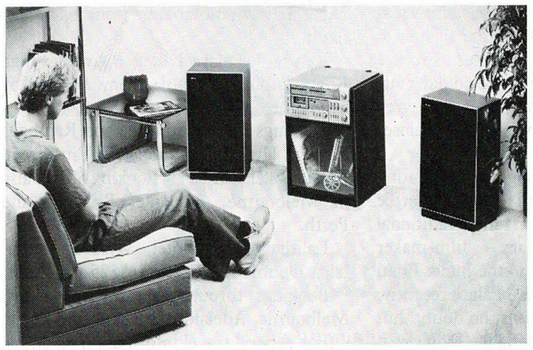
We challenged the engineers: Give us stereo systems that deliver the satisfying sound of more expensive 'component' systems but make them compact and easy to operate.

They rose to the occasion. We feel confident that the new Philips Systems will delight you with both the sound they produce, and the ease with which they produce it.

They're absurdly easy to install and will enhance any decor.



Model S4200 Stereo System. Includes 2-way speakers and general purpose stand with glass doors.



You'll find the price tag pretty attractive too.

Remember — the ultimate test of a good stereo system is how it sounds to your own ears. Visit your Philips retailer soon and discover for yourself the sheer ease of the new Philips Stereo Systems.

Ask your Philips retailer for your FREE brochure: 'Taking the mystery out of buying stereo systems'.

UNCOMPLICATED STEREO SYSTEMS. $299-$499*

*$299-$499 are suggested retail prices only.

PHILIPS

We want you to have the best

PCPD2100

"You will be much enjoying palatial splendor, Miss Susan," he assured me, his head bobbing in a most startling fashion as he briefed me for my three-week orgy of Indian palace-hopping. "When nearly 600 princely States merged to form Union Republic of India on August 15, 1947, they left rich legacy of palaces, forts and castles . . ."

My attempts to interrupt were fruitless. I had just encountered my first Indian guide and he was tuned to opening night pitch. I looked past him. He did a reverse leap into my line of vision and continued: ". . . which remind of pomp, gaiety, extravaganza, romance and intrigues of past."

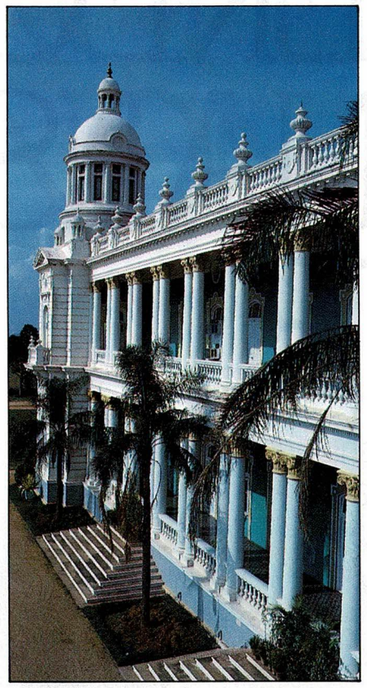
I was saved by the final boarding call for my flight to Udaipur. Twenty-one days to explore bizarre, beautiful, bewildering India. A third of that time to be engulfed in the elegance of three majestic palace-hotels. The balance to be spent marvelling at the color and charisma of Indian life, devising ways to escape my guides, recoiling in horror from awesome poverty one minute and fighting off misshapen and menacing beggars the next.

Consistently fascinating, endlessly frustrating, India is a temptress, and to experience the most sensual of her pleasures, palace-hotels provide the perfect locales.

There are 30 such establishments in India. They were once the private palaces of the country's fabulously wealthy maharajahs who ruled their respective States with unchallenged power and unbridled personal spending. Independence and the collapse of the British Raj changed all that. Their privileges and titles were taken away and their incomes drastically reduced. In 1971, a "land ceiling" on personal property ownership was imposed by the government which meant that having a summer, winter and monsoon palace in your real estate harem proved an embarrassing excess.

The solution in many cases was to convert the palaces to hotels, and India's burgeoning growth in tourist traffic over the past decade has assured the palace-hotel concept of success. Prices are far lower than you'd expect, even for India where travelling around is insanely cheap by our standards. All the trappings of five-star hotels are well in evidence, although things mechanical and electrical are just as susceptible to the gremlins that inhabit no-stars India.

I travelled out of season, but the palace-hotels were nonetheless infested with staff tweezering the lawns, hand-sweeping miles of corridors and hovering relentlessly in the dining rooms inquiring after the state of my chicken curry, poppadoms, mineral water and digestive system.



you can live like a king in the palace hotels of india

Here are three such places where you can go for similar attention and perhaps even a few of the pleasures promised by my guide:

Lake Palace, Udaipur: Probably the best known of all Indian palace-hotels, this squat white building is located on Lake Pichola in the hill-ringed city of Udaipur. From a distance it looks like a turreted fairytale castle lapped by an overgrown blue-grey moat. The illusion persists on closer inspection.

Hushed corridors, bougainvillea rioting in the courtyards, delicate fretwork, marble by the mile, staff attired in fancy traditional costumes. Documentary film-maker Richard Attenborough and the James Bond crew homed in on the Lake Palace recently. For vastly different reasons, no doubt, but the attention is understandable. Don't wait for the movies: the real thing is A$35 a night.

Rambagh Palace, Jaipur: Tiffin, polo, Mountbatten's suite. "Another gin please. Just a dash of lime, there's a good man, Pudumjee." The Raj lives on in the most pukka palace-hotel of them all. Rambagh is vast, scrupulously maintained by the Taj hotel group, brimming with lazy ceiling fans, brass fittings and suites the size of your average suburban flat.

Peacocks strut the broad expanses of lawn. In the dining room, framed line-ups of the maharajah's once-notable polo team solemnly watch you plunder your way through a mountainous A$5 curry.

Jaipur is one of India's most fabled cities and its teeming old "pink•city" quarter, solemn Amber Fort and much-photographed facade of the Palace of the Winds make interesting diversions from the Rambagh's eye-popping elegance.

Lalitha Mahal, Mysore: Mysore is in the south of India and its tropical landscape, myriad flowering trees and easy lifestyle add up to a welcome interval from India's urban vaudeville. The Lalitha Mahal is large, white, potentially magnificent but curiously neglected by its management, the usually efficient India Tourism Development Corporation.

Staff scurrying everywhere, apparently none of them responsible for the slime in the swimming pool, empty beer bottles lurking on stairways and waste paper bandaging the gardens.

The tablecloths in the dining room are dirty and the gift shop offers you dusty trinkets and Enid Blyton's latest.

But, but, but . . . despite these wrinkles, Lalitha Mahal's architecture is spectacular, the halls and foyers are cool and spacious and there are enough grand touches to conjure up images of its original splendor when the local maharajah had the building constructed as a guest-house for visiting notables in the 1930s.

If your imagination fails you, there are 29 more where this one came from.

●

Lake Palace Hotel, Lake Pichola, Udaipur. Double rooms from A$35 per night.

Rambagh Palace Hotel, Bhawani Singh Road, Jaipur 5. Double rooms from A$50 per night.

Bookings for Lake Palace and Rambagh through Utell International, 84 Pitt Street, Sydney. Tel: 235 1111. Booking offices also in Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane and Perth.

Lalitha Mahal Hotel, Mysore, Karnataka. Double rooms from A$25 per night.

Bookings through Air India, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane and Perth.

For general travel information on India, contact: Government of India Tourist Office, 55 Elizabeth Street, Sydney; c/- Air India, 440 Collins Street, Melbourne; 1076 Hay Street, Perth.

If paying by cash, hotel accounts in India must be settled in foreign currency. Major credit cards accepted at the three palace-hotels mentioned in this article.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA

By Appointment
to Her Majesty the Queen
Suppliers of Smokers' Requisites
ALFRED DUNHILL LTD. LONDON

dunhill Duke Street, St. James's, London.

Discover the luxury of Dunhill in Sydney and Melbourne.

The stunning selection of Dunhill personal luxury is on display now in our retail outlets in Sydney and Melbourne.
In addition to our superb Cuban cigars, Dunhill cigarettes, custom blended tobaccos and lighters, there are wristwatches, pens, leather and accessories—all made to the same exacting standards of Dunhill excellence.
Come to see us soon and experience the luxury of Dunhill.

Dunhill at 23 O'Connell Street or Myer City Store, Sydney and 405 Collins Street, Melbourne.

DA4. C3

BOOKS

Everything in the life of a famous man is supposed to matter, but whether it does is doubtful." So begins Roger McDonald's second, wonderful novel, *Slipstream* (University of Queensland Press) in the manner of his first, *1915*. Sardonic, yet somehow touching.

Here is an Australian writer who, for my money, has everything. Well, nearly everything. Wit, grace and an economy of words unique amongst poet/authors. McDonald paints his characters and his sets in vivid colors while getting on with a rattling good yarn with a minimum of fuss.

Roy Hilman is a famous aviator (Smithy?) who is afraid of nothing except human relationships. He flits across the Pacific in frail flying machines and cowers in the corner at the whim of a smarter business partner. He is an Australian hero who prefers his sex dark and anonymous. All this against the infant Sydney skyline. The new bridge dominant, the grand hotels still grand and Central Railway Station still the vortex.

Out at Mascot aerodrome Roy is a frontiersman, slotting uneasily between new technology and old mores. He is a metaphor for powered flight itself — still uncertain, fascinating, dangerous and ultimately unfathomable.

●

John Stonehouse is best known in this country as the errant British Member of Parliament who resided for a time in Melbourne and left us in something of a hurry at the behest of Her Majesty. A lovable rogue, Mr Stonehouse is also a likeable writer whose first novel, *Ralph* (Jonathon Cape), belts along like a Lear Jet bound for Rio. The plot, which Mr Stonehouse made up and which bears no resemblance to actual events (ahem), concerns a high-ranking public servant in the European Parliament whose dick is larger and more active than his brain.

This biological imbalance results in blackmail, extortion and a relationship with the KGB. It also results in an average of two fucks and the passing of one State secret per page.

Stonehouse embellishes his basic spy yarn with the kind of detail only a former minister of the crown still wearing a slight stench could provide. I don't know what M15 will make of all this, but it's a great read.

●

As much as we hate to admit it, the social pages are compelling reading. We want to know who brushed with whom at Penelope Snodgrass' bash and who got pissed at the polo and chucked between chukkas. This is important stuff because we need to reinforce our prejudices against the ruling class. Of course they're all pompous arseholes, look at the pictures. And why wasn't I invited?

Embassy party, from By Invitation Only, *an amusing collection of photos.*

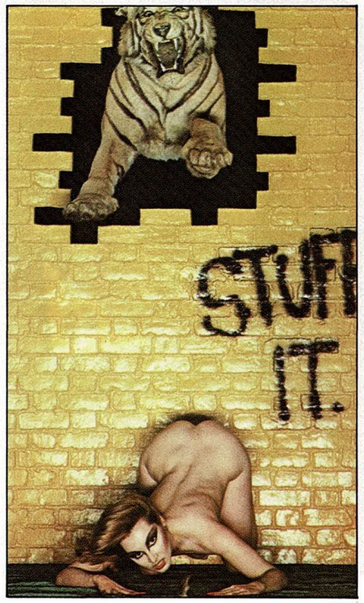


Photo from Pipe Dreams *by John Thornton (Doubleday). Once upon a time John Thornton was a nice young Australian boy who liked to take pictures of his mates surfing. Then he discovered Europe, and women. Now he's justly famous.*

By Invitation Only (Quartet) is a collection of amusing and frequently disgusting photos that serves to confirm our worst fears about cafe society, rich bitches and landed gentry. Photographer Richard Young has done well with the cream of London, recording the best people at play from the first morning sip of Bollinger through to the last drunken grope, flash and collapse.

Yes, here's Roddy practising his royal walk and here's Bianca Jagger with a stain down her front and Pamela Stephenson under the table with friend and very little on. All good clean, dirty, filthy, debauched fun. A book like this would be fun to do in Australia, except that we haven't got a cafe society and the poseurs would all sue.

●

The Australia Book (Currey O'Neil) is a hefty volume to dip into when patriotism is wearing thin. Like immediately after a forced viewing of *Rugby League New Faces,* or an address from the Prime Minister. First published in 1961, this collection of poetry, prose and journalism spans the first 200 years of our nation in scatter-gun fashion. From Rohan Rivett's description of the migrants at Wittenoom, to Dal Stivens' magical cricket matches to Kenneth Slessor's Sydney, this is a loving anthology. A collection of Australian images by the best writers we have produced. No doubt this reissue in a handsome jacket will be snapped up by schools, but its application is much wider. In an age when there is so much to read and so little time, this is Australiana to go.

●

The down side of this job (book reviewing for PLAYBOY) is that now and then a real stinker lobs on your desk. A volume so tacky that it matches the black vinyl desktop. Such a work is *The Happy Cooker* (Johnco Productions).

The Australian marketer of this publication suggests in a covering letter that this work is "ideally suited" to PLAYBOY because of its "slightly bawdy yet sophisticated humor". Okay, bawdy sophisticates, try these on for size: "Cuntucky Chicken — finger sucking good, great for a hot box lunch". Or "prostitute with melon — washed down with Bordello wine".

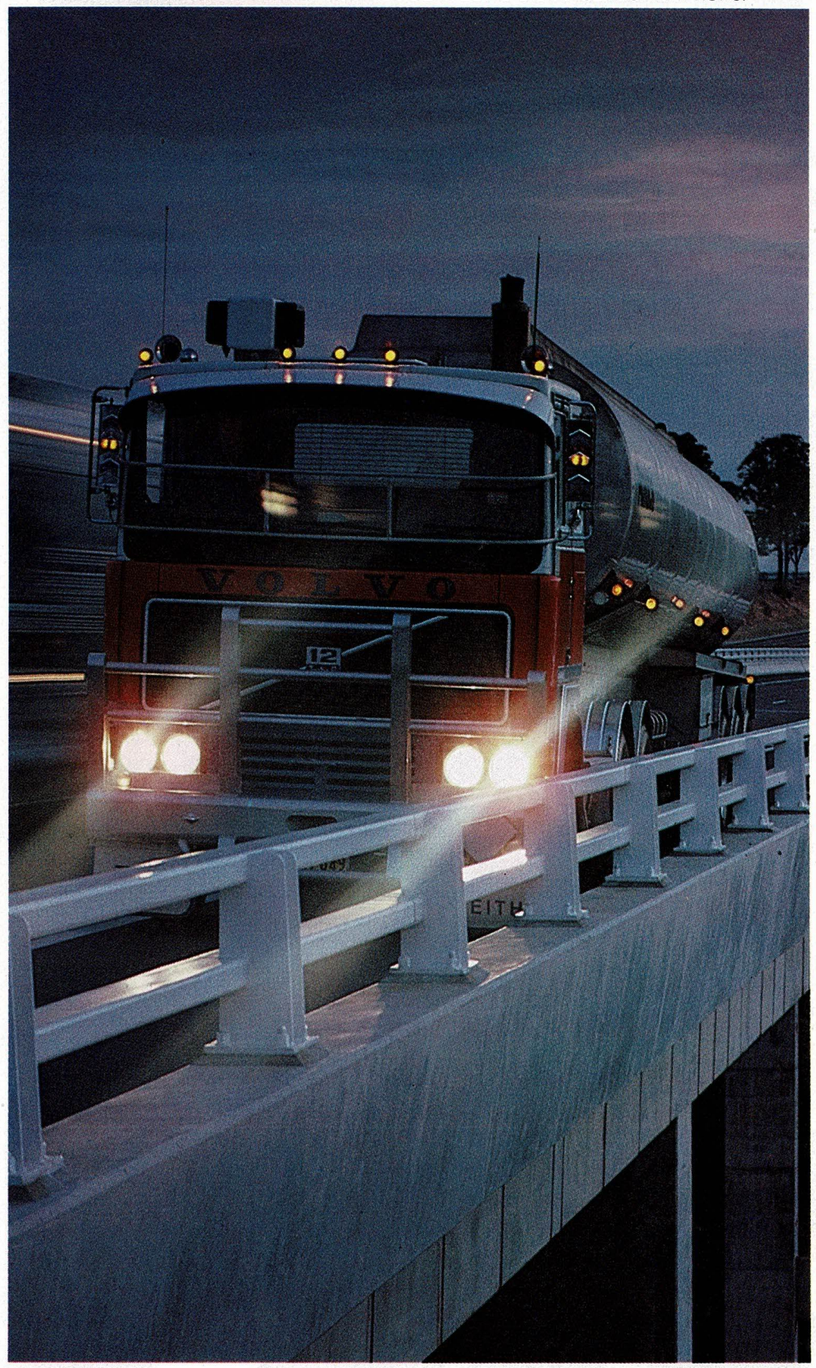
Yes, but it gets worse. "Wet dream topping — the one you beat to a frenzy", or what about "whipped cream de Sade". Enough, I hear you cry. Enough sophistication for one sitting. If you laughed at any of the above you'd better buy the book. It deserves you. — PHIL JARRATT

●

Megacorp by Jonathan Black (Granada) reminds me of those books I read furtively as an adolescent — full of red-blooded adventure and red-passioned sex. But both the adventure and sex in *Megacorp* seem mercenary, mere parts of a product — ingredients arrived at by scientifically-proven tests. It's an adult Boys' Own adventure with little but the real left to the imagination.

I didn't like it, but perhaps there is enough big-business-adventure mixed with

A VOLVO F12 'G' FUEL TANKER ON REGULAR LONG-DISTANCE HIGHWAY RUNS.



THESE DAYS, NOBODY TAKES THE RISE OUT OF VOLVO POWER.

Volvo's new, third generation, 'G' engines are remarkable for three things.

They pull better. They last longer. They run cheaper.

The four engines range from 230 bhp to 385 bhp. Each has Volvo's highly developed turbo-charging system and each is a masterpiece of efficiency.

The torque-curve rises very rapidly and power is sustained right across the rev. band. More power to pull better.

Each engine generates peak torque at low revs. Less stress. Less wear. Lower service costs and longer life.

Each engine produces more power from each drop of fuel and costs less to run. These engines are just four more reasons why Volvo's are the trucks that defy comparison.

Test drive a new Volvo today and give your business a 'G' up!

VOLVO
TRUCKS AUSTRALIA

Silver/VT643

Celebrate his achievement with diamonds.

Pieces are enlarged for detail.
Suggested retail prices valid as
at 1st August, 1981.

your HOURGLASS jeweller

HOURGLASS JEWELLERS

SYDNEY AND METROPOLITAN AREA
SYDNEY, Charms 'n Things, CBA Centre, George Street.
AMBERVALE, Hennings Jewellers, Shop U25, MacArthur Street.
CAMDEN, Hennings Jewellers.
CAMPBELLTOWN, Hennings Jewellers.
CARLINGFORD, W. J. Hallmark Jewellers, Carlingford Court.
CRONULLA, Corfields Jewellers, 60 Cronulla Street.
GORDON, Tapner Jewellers.
LIVERPOOL, Hennings Jewellers, 174 Macquarie Street.
NORTH SYDNEY, North Sydney Jewellers, Shop 9, MLC Building.
PARRAMATTA, Hennings Jewellers, Shop 9, The Greenway, 222 Church Street.
ST IVES, Tapner Jewellers, St Ives Centre.
ST MARYS, Doves Jewellers.
NEW SOUTH WALES
ALBURY, Nicholson & Smith.
BATHURST, Regency Jewellers.
COFFS HARBOUR, Parry's Jewellers.
COWRA, Hutchison's Jewellers.
DUBBO, Regency Jewellers; Everly Jewellers.
GRIFFITH, G. W. Speirs.
GUNNEDAH, Ron Brown & Sons.
INVERELL, Parmenter's Jewellers.
NARRABRI, The New Kings Jewellers.
NEWCASTLE, Coulston's Jewellers, The Mall, Hunter Street.
NEWCASTLE, Whitaker's Jewellers, Garden City, Adamstown.
ORANGE, Regency Jewellers; Everly Jewellers.
SINGLETON, Coulston's Jewellers.
TAMWORTH, King's Jewellers.
TEMORA, H. Nicholson & Co.
YOUNG, Wayman's The Jewellers.
VICTORIA
FRANKSTON, Hosking Your Hourglass Jeweller, Cnr Balmoral Carpark and Shannon Street.
MOONEE PONDS, Majestic Jewellers, 32 Puckle Street.
SHEPPARTON, Purdey's The Jewellers.
WARRNAMBOOL, Staffords The Jewellers.
QUEENSLAND
BRISBANE, Anthony's Jewellers, Chermside Drive-in Shopping Centre.
BRISBANE, Jim McCarthy Hourglass Jeweller, Wynnum Plaza and 63 Edith Street, Wynnum.
BILOELA, Prestons Jewellers.
GLADSTONE, Neville Gregory.
INGHAM, Bennett's Jewellers.
MACKAY, Tilse's.
MOUNT ISA, Tadman Jewellers.
ROCKHAMPTON, Phil Peel Jewellers.
SOUTHPORT, Birkbecks Jewellers.
TOOWOOMBA, Hay's of Toowoomba.
TOWNSVILLE, Horn and Petersen; Diamond Design.
SOUTH AUSTRALIA
PORT AUGUSTA, Milhinch Jewellers.
PORT PIRIE, Evans Jewellery.
WHYALLA NORRIE, Westland Jewellers.
TASMANIA
HOBART, Precision Jewellers at Fitzgeralds, 60a Murray Street and Eastlands.
NORTHERN TERRITORY
DARWIN, Paul's Jewellers, Centrepoint and Casuarina.
DARWIN, George's Jewellers, City Mall.

your HOURGLASS jeweller

liberal helpings of basic-animal to make for good sales.

For me, *Megacorp* is a megabore.

●

It's happened. . .for perhaps the first time in fiction, a non-human humanoid monster actually does have sex with a human. So far, it's been just a tentative, inquisitive touch like King Kong, or a nasty, passionate bite-in-the-neck like Count Drac. But then, it's probably a bit unfair to call Brother Esau a monster, a hairy 'Homo Erectus' yes, but not a hairy monster, more a sort-of hairy man — "My Brother Esau is a Hairy Man." (Genesis.)

Brother Esau, by Douglas Orgill and John Gribbin (Bodley Head), is an anthropological science thriller and the Esau of the title is that much talked-about Abominable Snowman — a genetic brother-fruit on the evolutionary tree of life. He's no great ape either: there are common ancestors. He's just evolved differently.

Here's the storyline: 10,000 feet up, on the Kashmiri side of the Himalayas, a French-American dig by palaeontologists reveals two amazing discoveries. Embedded in a tuft of decaying volcanic debris are two well-preserved skulls: a smaller one nestled directly behind the other and both unmistakably Hominid. The team is further dumbfounded when a Cambridge laboratory dates the finds: the first one dates out on the potassium-argon (K-Ar) scale at something around one million years BP (Before Present); the smaller one does not rate on the K-Ar as it is far too recent. A carbon 14 rating puts it at around 150 years, plus or minus 50.

How do two such skulls of widely disparate ages come to be located together? Moreover, this prehistoric throwback, unchanged for a million years could have been alive within living memory. Is it possible that any of the species still survive today?

We've not long to wait for some answers — something has been roaming the hillside. It threw a pony over the edge and later went down and pulled its bloody head off! One night there are eerie screams of rage and there he is, his arm trapped in the collapsed tuft where the skulls were found: "Something like a gorilla, something like a man. . .covered in hair."

Our brother the Esau becomes the centre of a political and scientific circus. The Russians, who have been doing research on "their" side of the mountains, want him analysed dead or alive. Pakistan points out that he must have come in from their border which lies just over the ridge from the dig. Meanwhile, poor Esau seems more depressed and listless and doesn't like the lower air of Srinagar where the research centre has been established.

Unfortunately, Esau does have a peculiar charm over the women, and one night this stupid American hippy girl sneaks into his cage. I thought he'd just pull her head off but scarcely has she the chance to say something like: "You're so *big!*" when he pulls her dress off instead.

I'll not titillate you any further. This is, after all, some kind of bestiality, and besides it is rape and the poor girl's legs have been broken in the process. Nor can I, in good conscience, reveal any more of the plot. Despite the corny moments, it's a pacy yarn.

— PETER CULLAINN

●

I think it's Indians who continually use that simplest of negotiating gambits: when you ask them how much they reply, "whatever you think a fair thing, sahib", and then look heart-broken at whatever you suggest. Of course it doesn't work when you're feeling tough. A quick "well how about a rupee", and then striding off leaving the negotiator with a crumpled worthless note usually brings such games to a noisy halt.

It is said that experience in bargaining picked up in the bazaars of the East should stand you in good stead in negotiating back home in the West. Hmmm. I dunno. I do know that every dinar and rupee and baht and livre I've saved on taxi rides and brass camels has gone a thousandfold in rent increases and "discount" refrigerators available at a hundred bucks less down the road.

These are three secrets to coming out on top in negotiating: you need will-power, time, and knowledge; and time is probably the most underestimated. That became apparent when I was haggling over the contract for the job I allegedly hold. After two long hours toing and froing over whether the transport entitlement in the package allowed for two sections or only one in the bus fares segment, I got bored and left the rest to good will. (Ha ha.)

Obviously then Herb Cohen's *You Can Negotiate Anything* (Angus & Robertson) would be useless upstairs at my office, but perennial losers like you and me should get a few hints.

Like most books of this kind, what it says you should never do in chapter two is given as a possible alternative in chapter six, but some of the basic ground rules — like setting a limit and sticking to it, not being caught by your deadline, or finding out as much about the deal as possible — are pretty good.

Some of the anecdotes are mildly amusing. One shows the importance of being alert to changed circumstances. Cohen had booked into a New York hotel, outside of which was a huge crowd waiting for a man to jump from the 11th floor. At the reception desk he was told by the clerk there was no room vacant, the hotel had overbooked, and that no sir, there was no way round it.

"Hang on," said Cohen. "What about that guy on the 11th floor? His room will soon be vacant, he's checking out."

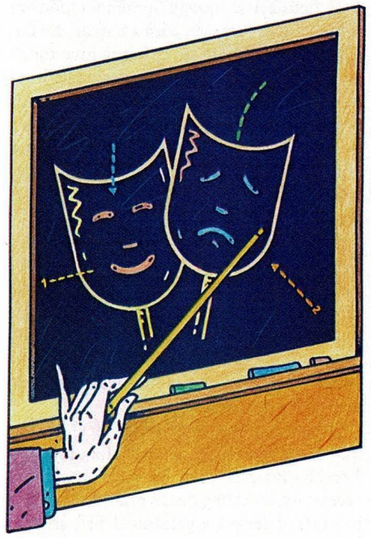
— P.D. JACK

THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

questions about today's lifestyles are answered by our experts

I have been thinking for sometime about getting off my backside and enrolling in some acting and drama classes. I don't know how to go about it, so I was hoping you could make some suggestions. I would appreciate it if you could tell me what schools are available, plus any other relevant information. — G. K., NSW.

You are by no means alone in your ambition to act, so whatever course you apply to, you will find a great deal of competition for a place. The most highly regarded acting course in Australia is that run by the National Institute of Dramatic Art (NIDA) in Sydney, but it is also the most difficult to get into. They hold auditions towards the end of each year for a place in their three-year course, and out of about 1500 applicants, select only 30. A number of universities and colleges of advanced education include some acting in their drama courses, notable among these being the University of New South Wales and Flinders University in South Australia. In Melbourne, the Victorian College of the Arts runs a three-year acting course. All of the above require substantial fees, but as they are government institutions, various scholarships and living allowances are available. The New South Wales Arts Council conducts part-time courses at relatively low cost, and part-time tuition is also available at the Ensemble Theatre at Milson's Point, Sydney.



getting into acting can be a real drama

I am a prisoner serving a long sentence. I have been in jail for 12 years, and expect to be released in another four years. I am in my early thirties, and my problem is that, having been a prisoner for so long, my sexual release has been confined to masturbation. This can be quite pleasant to a certain extent, but lately I have been finding that I don't get as easily aroused. This has made me wonder if masturbation over a long period could have caused a decline in my sexual responses, and also if it will cause any problems when I am released and enter a relationship with a woman. Do you think I will be able to have normal sex once I get out? — P.M., NSW.

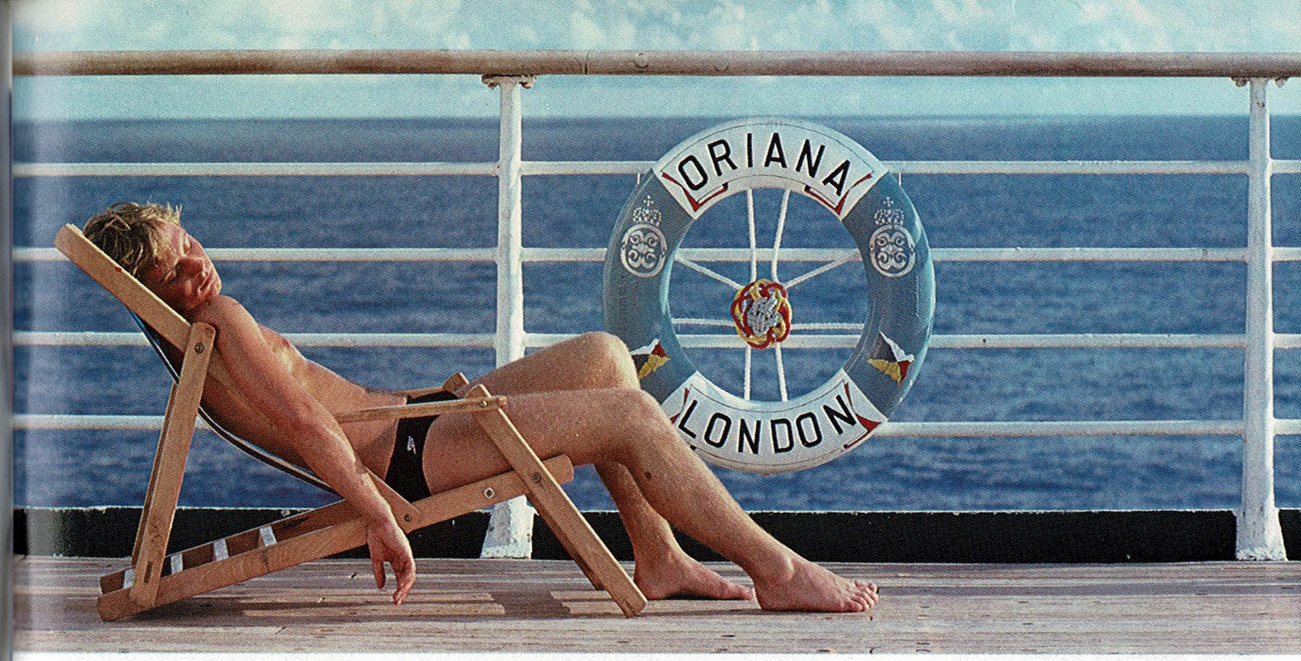
Masturbation, even if carried out over a long period, will not physically damage your ability to achieve a sexual response. If, however, it is your only form of sexual release over a number of years, you are likely to find it increasingly hard to keep on thinking of new fantasies, fresh enough to stimulate you. Sexual fantasies tend to work best when they are not too far removed from real life, but if you have been cut off from the outside world, your memories of what women are really like in the flesh will have begun to fade. Also, without the immediate hope of making the fantasy come true, your enthusiasm must inevitably diminish. However while prisoners experience a range of different problems upon release, there is a good chance that once you are back in the company of women, your sexual responses will soon return to normal. Your problem then could prove to be one of over-enthusiasm with women, as an urge to make up for lost time could initially cloud your judgement.

Lately I've become a bit worried about my wife, and I'd be grateful if you could shed some light on what might be going on. The trouble is she's joined up with this group of women who run some kind of a women's centre. I'm not quite sure what it is they really do there, but I think it's something to do with looking after women who are on the run after being beaten up by their husbands. I have nothing against that, as I suppose they have to have somewhere to go, but what worries me is the effect is seems to be having on her. She used to be a fairly normal, easy-going lady, but now she's started to get very heavy about a lot of things. The other day I looked around admiringly at an attractive woman who was going by, and my wife accused me of mentally raping her. What?! She also objects to me having copies of PLAYBOY around the house, saying they're sexist, which is a word she uses a lot now. It sometimes seems as if anything she doesn't like is sexist. I've always done a fair share of the house work, but now if I so much as leave one dirty dish in the kitchen, she accuses me of treating her like a slave. Worse still, when we're in bed, she now complains when I get on top of her, saying it's because I'm full of male aggression and really hate women. It's getting to be more than I can take. And she's now had her beautiful long red hair cut very short, almost like a skinhead, and goes around wearing drab overalls. She hangs around with other women who dress exactly the same. What's worse, she's now even stopped shaving her legs and armpits. Yuk! Do you have any suggestions for my survival? — S.Q., WA.

Short of advising you to run and hide, about the only thing we can suggest is that you wait and see what happens for a while. It may well be that your wife has been so swept away by her new discovery of feminist ideology that she has lost any ability to be critical of it. With time, she may start to see things more rationally. A number of ideas of real value have come out of the women's movement in the past decade, and its central principle of treating women as individuals rather than as symbols can only be applauded. As in many other areas of life, however, problems arise when new believers become so caught up with mouthing slogans and wearing uniforms that they lose sight of the real issue. Your wife's hostility and abuse may begin to fade once she sees how little it achieves.

How can I persuade my girlfriend to leave the light on when we make love? She has a great body, and I like to look at it as well as feel it, but even though we've been going to bed together for about six months, she still insists on turning the light out in her bedroom. She says she just feels more comfortable in the dark. I haven't argued about it much, as I don't want to risk losing her, but it worries me that I'm missing out on the visual side of sex. Any suggestions? — K.L., Tas.

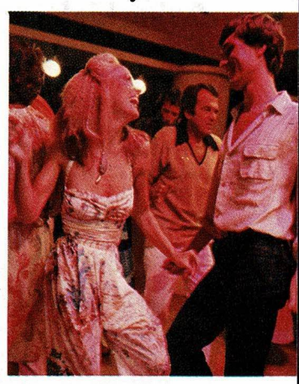
You could start by explaining to her exactly why you feel as you do, and how much you think you're missing by not being able to feast your eyes on her when it matters most. As the two of you have been together for some time, there should now be enough understanding between you for her not to be offended by the suggestion that you are missing out on something because of her shyness. If she is willing to consider your side of the problem, you could perhaps then suggest that you start off with a dim light in the room, and gradually work up to something brighter. Certainly, if her reluctance to be seen means that you can't make love to her during daylight hours, it is time you did something to shed some light on the situation.



Not everyone can stand the pace.

You've worked hard for a holiday.
So on your holiday you shouldn't have to work hard. Unless you really want to.
The Oriana and Canberra are two of the most relaxing holiday resorts ever conceived.
Giving you lounges, bars and, of course sun drenched decks.
There are two discos, if you feel like rising to the occasion. A chance to win a fortune around the gaming tables.
In fact, the range of shipboard games is up to your imagination.
Of course, your holiday isn't just lounging on board. There are many tropical paradises to enjoy. P&O has been discovering these for years.
We'll show you our favourites.
Words cannot describe these islands. They are everything your dreams consist of; coral, lagoons, powder white beaches and beautiful palm trees.
You'd be mistaken thinking this costs the earth. It doesn't!

A holiday on Oriana or Canberra can work out cheaper than many package holidays.
What's more, the cost includes all you can eat and all the entertain ment you can take. (More than you'd find on the average package deal.)
So the cost is minimal, considering you get twice as much holiday compared to most people.
We'll even arrange for you to fly TAA at special low bonus airfares to connect with your cruise.

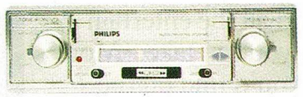


For more information about the Oriana and Canberra cruises, see your local travel agent or P&O Booking Centre.

Take me away P&O.

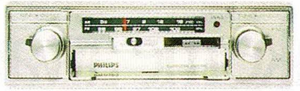
PO3669PB.O&M

Swing high, sweet chariot.



AC748S AM/FM MPX Radio/Stereo Cassette Player.
Auto reverse, built-in FM noise blanker, locking fast forward/rewind.

AC998 AM/FM MPX Radio/Stereo Cassette Player.
Push-button tuning for five pre-selected stations, built-in FM noise blanker, auto reverse, locking fast forward/rewind, fader control, key-off eject.



AC738S AM/FM MPX Radio/Stereo Cassette Player.
Auto tape eject, built-in FM noise blanker, locking fast forward/rewind.

AC818 AM/FM MPX Radio/Stereo Cassette Player.
Push-button tuning for six pre-selected stations, auto tape eject, locking fast forward/rewind, IAC (Interference Absorption Circuit) on FM, automatic switching from tape to radio.

AC918 High Power AM/FM MPX Radio/Stereo Cassette Player.
Push-button tuning, separate bass/treble control, locking fast forward/rewind, auto reverse, *Dolby Noise Reduction System, tape selector for normal/chrome/metal tapes, built-in high power amplifier.

'Ferrofluid Cooled' Speakers.

EN 8875

EN 8855

EN 8875 Dome Co-Axial System.
2x60 W. max. 165mm diameter.
EN 8855 Dome Co-Axial System.
2x50 W. max. 130mm diameter.

*Dolby is the registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories Inc.

PHILIPS
We want you to have the best

PHILIPS

McCANN PCPD 3005

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW CHEECH & CHONG

a candid — and amazingly coherent — conversation about sex, drugs, humor and money with two guys only a mother, so to speak, could love

$300,000,000. Yes, that's three hundred million. *That's the gross of just three movies starring a couple of the unlikeliest, scruffiest-looking, most dangerous-smelling characters in the history of show business. And that's just their movies. A decade's worth of exhausting and lucrative touring made them popular and wealthy, and each of their six record albums sold over a million copies. Their hit singles, incidentally, competed not with other comedy records, but with the likes of the Rolling Stones and Led Zeppelin. In terms of financial success, no other comedy team has come close — not Abbott and Costello, not Martin and Lewis, not even Hope and Crosby — to doing what Cheech and Chong have done in a few short years. Their just-released movie,* Things Are Tough All Over, *should do it again for them, making them that rarest of Hollywood commodities: guaranteed box-office. Not bad for two guys who tell a lot of grass jokes.*

Had Horatio Alger been born Canadian, he would have invented Tommy Chong. The son of a Chinese immigrant father and a Scotch-Irish mother, Chong spent his formative years travelling from job to job and town to town with his family in the Canadian hinterlands. By the time he dropped out of school in the 10th grade, he was already — in his words — "a jack-of-all-trades".

From tarring roofs to driving semis, he knew how to pay his way.

By the time he was 30, he'd sired two children by two different women, toured Canada and the United States with a hot band he'd formed for Motown, co-written the band's hit single, and transformed a lowlife Vancouver strip-joint into a successful improvisational-theatre club in which he starred, and for which he created most of the material.

Richard "Cheech" Marin was dodging the draft when he met Chong at that club in 1969. The son of middle-class Mexican-American parents, Cheech grew up in a conflicting value system. His father was a cop; his buddies were thieves.

Schooled by nuns, he soaked up the homework and rejected the stern Catholic regimen, in the class-clown tradition. After majoring in English in college, he discovered pottery and felt a new urge in life. When his student deferment ran out and Uncle Sam sent his "Greetings", he took off for Canada on a wing and a prayer.

Cheech was the answer *to Tommy Chong's prayer — finally he had a comedy partner who was fearless, a guy who was willing to do anything to make the skit work. Pure chemistry — they left Canada for Los Angeles to find fame and fortune; they found enormous amounts of both.*

Finding them, *and getting them to sit still for a major interview, was considerably less easy.* PLAYBOY *sent freelance writer* **Ken Kelley** *in pursuit of the pair, from Bel Air to Vancouver to Las Vegas to Malibu and back. Here's his report:*

●

It's the crack of noon, and I'm sunning myself around the patio at the ultra-chic Bel Air Hotel, a gemstone's throw away from Tommy Chong's front door in this sleekest of all LA neighborhoods. A rat-tat-tat sounds at the door, and in steps a scruffy character looking every bit like Charles Manson after a prison-break.

"Hi, Tommy Chong here. Hmmmm — nice digs. Let's go back to the patio and catch some rays. I'll be more exposed that way."

Several minutes into Chong's ruminations about the dubious parentage of various Hollywood executives, another body materializes. He looks like he's just spent all of his chump-change on coffee refills at an all-night greasy spoon. It's Cheech, and he's agitated.

"Tommy, I just ran into Geraldo in the lobby."

"Yeah, well everybody runs into Geraldo sooner or later," deadpans Chong.

Cheech, Chong and Geraldo Rivera have been friends for many years.

"Yeah, but he's shooting a 20/20 segment at the pool with Brooke Shields. She wants to meet us! She says we're her heroes!"

"Yummm. Well, he knows where to find us. Pull up a chair. This is Mr Playboy."

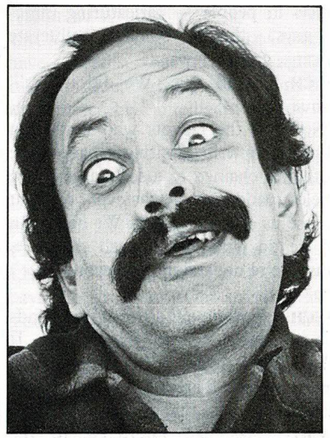
"Glad to meetcha." Cheech paces around the yellow umbrella spiking the patio tabletop. "Hey man, can we order something up?"

What's his pleasure?

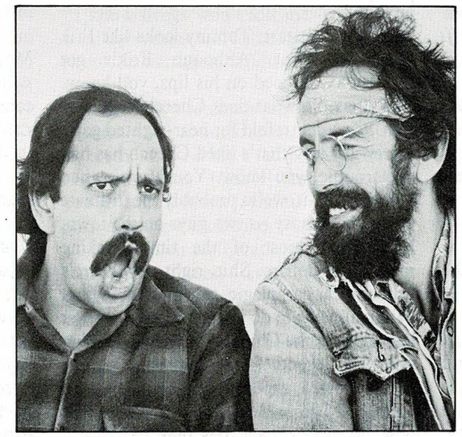
"Mmmmmm — some nice juicy watermelon, and a bottle of Commerativo, and . . . anybody got a joint?" Presto, a joint. "Hey, I'll wait for room service inside. You guys keep talking."

Five minutes later — "Hey there, you

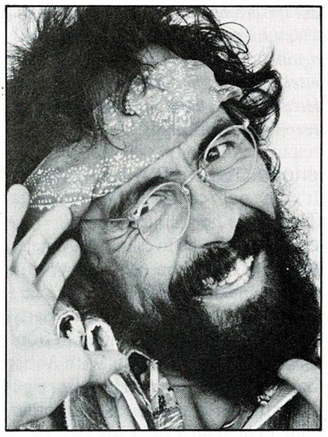
PHOTOS BY SIDNEY BALDWIN



"We represent the frustrations of modern man. To us — I dunno — it's funnier if you don't *get laid."*



"You know the Canadian definition of the perfect woman? She's about four feet high, she's got no teeth, and she has a flat head so you can rest your drink."



"What! You mean we don't get to pose nude? What kind of magazine is this, anyhow!"

faggot arsehole . . . oops! Sorry." Geraldo Rivera freezes at the sight of an alien microphone, and backpedals rapidly. Cheech re-emerges shortly, drooling both over his watermelon slice and the impending adventure with America's premier nymphet.

"Tommy — is she still jailbait?"

Chong arches his moustache eyebrows. "Well, statutory rape in California is 18, and she just turned 16. And her mamma's watching."

"Jeez, this sure ain't like the good old days: 'Hey, honey, forget about your mamma, c'mon over here to the garage and lemme show you my machine'. Christ, I'm in love again. I know what — 'Hey, Brooke, my name is Calvin Klein and I gotta measure you for my jeans. That should do it.'"

A blue-blazered boy with an ABC logo stamped on his lapel knocks politely on the louvered doors.

"What's up, man?" asks Cheech, still chuckling.

"Geraldo says he's ready for you now."

"Okay, His Master's Voice. Let's go."

●

A month later I'm in Vancouver overlooking a spectacular sunset high in the hotel sky, sipping soda water with Tommy Chong. He's morosely reflective — the doctors say his mother is dying. The sun dips into the water, and it's a tender moment. "My mom held all of us together, you know." He wipes the slightest tear-tracks from his cheeks. "I gotta tell you something. Love — true love that I learned through Jesus Christ — that's what's keeping me together now and that's what Cheech and Chong are all about. I guess our fans would find that hard to believe."

A month later still, Cheech is rowing Chong, Chong's young son and me out into the Pacific, the ocean which laps up against Cheech's Malibu doorstep. Mother Chong has survived her ordeal; it's all a distant scare now. We're fishing for seabass with large, fresh prawns as bait. This is truly the province of the rich sportsman — the lure costs twice as much as the game.

Since Cheech and I are both ex-Catholics, I ask if Cheech shares Chong's view about Jesus. "You know what?" Cheech huffs and puffs against the swells. "I don't think I'd like to meet any guy who calls himself the son of God. He'd probably turn out to be a nerd, just like every other celebrity."

CHONG: Okay Mr Playboy — where's Hef? It's in our contract: we never talk to flunkies. Is he still in Chicago?

PLAYBOY: No, he lives in Los Angeles now.

CHEECH: Tell him *we'll* move into the Chicago mansion. We'll take *nice* care of it, have a few friends over, a little party.

PLAYBOY: You guys are different from most comedy teams of the past. With Abbott and Costello or Laurel and Hardy, one guy was the straight man and the other the funnyman. You switch roles all the time.

CHONG: And we make more money than all of 'em put together. Gross $100,000,000 a picture and you can do whatever the fuck you want. Our success is peculiar, because our box office is so spectacular. Woody Allen is the greatest comedian America has, and he's lucky if his movies break even. He plays soulful chords, and we play rock 'n' roll.

PLAYBOY: There's a curious theme in all of your movies. You plot and scheme to get the girl, but in the end when she's ready and willing — you're unable. You guys just can't score.

CHEECH: We represent the frustrations of modern man. Guys who fantasise themselves in great situations they'll never experience. To us — I dunno — it's funnier if you *don't* get laid.

PLAYBOY: And the theme is?

CHONG: It's best summed up by a sage piece of advice we were given when Cheech and I first hit LA. This old Chicago-mobster type ran a club we'd play at once in a while. He'd stand with us outside the club and say, "Boys, see that? That's pussy passing by. And there's more power in one of those than in all the cables of the Golden Gate Bridge. Never underestimate the power of the

Woody Allen is the greatest comedian America has, and he's lucky if his movies break even. He plays soulful chords, and we play rock 'n' roll.

pussy, boys, never." We've sort of modelled our movies on that.

PLAYBOY: Suppose someone who has never seen your movies is reading this, and all he sees are your pictures at the bottom of the page. Expand on it for him — describe each other.

CHONG: What! You mean we don't get to pose nude? What kind of magazine is this, anyhow?

CHEECH: I'll start: Tommy looks like Erik Estrada's agent. Although Erik's got STEINWAY tattooed on his lips, you know.

PLAYBOY: So what does Cheech look like?

CHONG: A centrefold for near-sighted gays. Every gay guy that's liked Cheech has had eye trouble, you know. You know, when you think of it, we're probably the ultimate gay guys' fantasy — two guys on the town, half naked most of the time, making millions of dollars. Shit, right now there's probably a paraplegic gay gnome saying, "I'd really like to do it to those guys." Or at least do it to the Chinese guitar player. You know the legend — guitar players are the best-endowed, especially if they play bass.

CHEECH: Lies! Mexicans are always the best, no matter what they play.

PLAYBOY: The subject your critics are most vehement about is using drugs in your movies, turning kids into drug addicts.

CHEECH: They're idiots. They have to say that — if they liked us we'd be in real trouble. We're not afraid of turning kids into dope addicts or anything else. Kids will pick up what they like, what they understand, and the rest is bullshit to them until they're ready to accept it. That's why kissy bits in Westerns used to turn kids off — "Aah, forget this shit; just shoot 'em."

PLAYBOY: Cheech, you have a young daughter. What happens when she's 10 years old and says, "Daddy, I'd like to try this marijuana stuff I see in your movies."

CHEECH: I'd have to think about it. Maybe if she's mature enough to try it — who knows? If she's a real dummy: "Hey, no thanks kid, you're out of my hands." You never know how they're gonna turn out. Every kid is different, every kid has a separate deal going.

CHONG: Seriously, we're so harmless we're dangerous. We expose how simple things are. Some reviewers will go on, "Yeah, I heard that joke 50 years ago" — and they have the seniority to say that, so to speak. Old fuckers. *Our* audience, on the other hand, ain't seen *shit*. Nuthin'. Brand new.

CHEECH: And they come at you with, "But do their movies contribute to the greater good?" The answer is, who cares? There are only seven jokes in the world, and we're just bringing them up to date.

CHONG: We represent a Third World attitude. All the brown and black countries. Jamaica, Harlem.

CHEECH: Malibu.

CHONG: It really *is* a Third World attitude — a hipness, a total relaxedness. If you're white, you can be afraid of lots of things — people of different color, religious fanatics —but if you're black or brown and poor you can be afraid of other things, like starvation, not having a place to live. We know the humor of these rough-and-ready so-called "deprived" people. They get the strength from working their backs off. Cheech and I did that too, so we know what it's like.

PLAYBOY: Again, your detractors in the press accuse you of pandering to the worst instincts in people — caricaturing mincing gays, dumb blondes, illiterate Mexicans, greedy Jews. . .

CHEECH: It's all true. We did it, we'll continue to do it.

CHONG: And the faggots who write that stuff probably write it with one hand while the other is chained to a sex slave. We're shameless panderers — whatever you want to accuse us of, we cop to it. We believe in what we do, and we can call the shots because we're not acting in somebody *else's* movie.

CHEECH: Seriously, our attitude transcends barriers — racial, sexual, religious, age. It just boils down to this: some cats are loose, some cats aren't. Those that aren't should get loose, and those that are can get looser.

PLAYBOY: Has ego interfered in the chemistry of Cheech & Chong? Chong directed the second and third movie, for instance, which automatically put Chong above Cheech in the Hollywood scheme of things.

CHONG: Good point, and I'm glad you brought it up. It interfered a whole lot — to the point where we almost broke up. We haven't really talked about this together before. My ego almost broke us up in the making of *Nice Dreams*. We started fighting real bad, and we never fight — oh, sure, we'd fight when we were doing our nightclub act if we were doing a lot of coke, so we stopped doing a lot of coke. Or we'd fight if we were tired, but that's the weariness of the road. But we had a real falling-out making *Nice Dreams* basically because I got seduced with the power of playing God — being the director.

CHEECH: It got to the point where I said, "This ain't Cheech & Chong, let's forget it."

CHONG: The director power was so seductive, so hard to resist. I'd find myself "talking meetings" without Cheech, saying "Yeah, Cheech can do this, he can do that," without consulting him.

CHEECH: But then he had to start editing without me, to go to screenings without me. He couldn't turn to me and say, "Hey, Cheech, what about this?" Nuthin' but an empty seat. We met a couple of times, but Tommy clung to his position, and I just figured, well, it's over with.

CHONG: I was so pathetic, so lonely, I really hated it. I just realised one day how insensitive I was, what an ego trip I was on, and I walked over to Cheech and said, "Sorry I've been such an arsehole, let's not do it again." It was impossible for me *not* to do that because when I saw him in the editing room I fell in love with him all over again, every day.

CHEECH: You have no idea what a big thing that was for me. Whew! It was the first time I'd *ever* heard Tommy Chong apologise for *anything* in my life. I was shell-shocked by it — it was a major emotional breakthrough for him, and people don't usually change like that when they're 42 years old, especially when they're successful. I was real proud of him.

CHONG: Well, to get along with Cheech you have to realise that he's *un*changing. He can be maddeningly lazy about some things, and incredibly intelligent about other things.

CHEECH: That means I'm intelligent enough to know when Tommy's full of shit. Let me put it another way — Cheech is educated, and Chong is smart.

PLAYBOY: What's the difference?

CHEECH: Tommy has the horse sense, I have the education. Our standing joke is: Tommy says, "I'm half Chinese," and the guy asks, "Which half?" and Tommy says, "The half that doesn't show." He's such a protean figure, he can blend in and you don't really realise what he's up to. He never gets recognised in public. Me, I can shave my head and put on a dress and guys will come up to me and, "Hey, Cheech, good disguise, man, I need some coke." For Tommy to recognise his God-trip over directing, to deal with his resentment and ego — well, it meant, simply, that we could continue as a team.

CHONG: I decided I'd never direct Cheech & Chong again. We hired our former film editor, Tom Alvidsen, to direct our current movie, *Things Are Tough All Over*.

What really brought me around was my realisation that without Cheech, I'd just be another Chinese grocery store. No fun. And besides, Mexicans are real loyal — treat 'em nice and you've got a friend for life. You know what a Mexican bride wears to her wedding?

PLAYBOY & CHEECH: [*simultaneously*]: What?

CHONG: Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue. Something purple, something orange, something green, something. . . [*laughs*]

PLAYBOY: What, then, does a Canadian bride wear to *her* wedding Tommy?

CHONG: You can't talk about Canadians in conventional terms. Americans can't figure us out. A Canadian is the mono-brained,

Without Cheech, I'd just be another Chinese grocery store. No fun. Mexicans are real loyal — treat 'em nice and you've got a friend for life.

laid-back guy in the lounge-chair who wants to fuck, get high, go to concerts. . .

CHEECH: Fix his motorcycle at 4am. . .

CHONG: And he never tips. If he does, he's called "continental". Canadians love to vacation in Florida, love to skin-dive. . .

CHEECH: A variation of muff-dive.

CHONG: They'll smoke anything, eat anything. The archetypical Hell's Angel — "I know drugs won't kill me — hey, I've tried everything and I'm not dead yet." You know the Canadian definition of the perfect woman?

PLAYBOY: We're almost afraid to ask.

CHONG: She's about four feet high, she's got no teeth, and she has a flat head so you can rest your drink. [*laughs*] And then when you're done with her, she turns into a six-pack and a gram of coke.

PLAYBOY: You really capture the Canadian sensibility, loosely speaking, in your routines.

CHONG: Yeah, well, you are who you eat. Anyway, Hef's waiting, he wants the hard-hitting PLAYBOY questions like, "Tell us about your lonely childhood."

PLAYBOY: The tape's running.

CHEECH: I grew up half in Watts and half in Grenada Hills. It was a real interesting transposition, like going from Kenya to Knotts Berry Farm. My dad was a cop, my mother was a housewife. I was raised under very heavy discipline. My father's biggest fear in the world was that I would turn out to be a juvenile delinquent. And I would have, had he not regularly beat the shit out of me. I was always a wise arse in school, but very smart scholastically, so I could get away with a lot of stuff. I was either the teacher's pet or the teacher's whipping boy. The nuns basically liked me, but they couldn't keep me quiet.

PLAYBOY: You've certainly put your nun-training to good use in your comedy.

CHEECH: Our movies are Mexican shrines, actually. Mexicans make their churches very scary, most of the time. It's heavy-duty — the Mexican Jesus has got *thorns* all over his head and barbed-wire all over his body. No pretty-boy Protestant with a blow-dry haircut. He *bleeds*. Catholics believe in redemption through torture, and the nuns are the enforcers. I got hit a lot by the kind sisters. It was color-coordination — they were black-and-white, I was black-and-blue.

My dad was so worried about me that he sent me to a sort of pre-juvenile delinquent camp the police department ran up in the mountains. It was heavy gang-city, the black and Chicano gangs. We got along great because we had a common enemy — the mountains. Niggers do *not* like cold weather. You see no black Olympic skiers. Spics can take it only slightly better. It was, "Shit, what that smell?" "Pine trees." "What's a pine tree?" When the summer was over, everybody would go back to town and get in trouble again.

It was a bad time all over. My parents were divorcing, Vietnam was in full swing and of course we were on different sides on that. . .I worked briefly for him, as I told you, then he fired me. Then I signed up for college. Went almost for four years. I majored in English literature. I was gonna be a lawyer, then a teacher. The only reason I didn't become a lawyer is because my dad wanted me to be one, and I was smart enough *not* to be one. So I was floating around in my last semester, and I took an elective course on pottery. I flipped out on it because I always knew I was an artist, but in school you're taught that if you can't draw, well, you're not an artist. It opened something up for me that I'd never enjoyed so much. And just then my student deferment ran out. I had to get drafted or beat it out of the country.

PLAYBOY: And that was an easy decision for you?

CHEECH: No shit, Sherlock. I had to get my arse into Canada like a lot of other guys who opposed the war and didn't want to get their balls shot off.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there an easier solution? Couldn't you have proved to the draft board that you were, say, a homosexual?

CHEECH: Hey, there's no such thing as a homosexual Mexican — [*mincingly*] "Okay, Chico, you're an orderly." Be serious.

(continued on page 128)

TORCH MAN

convicted arsonist and murderer john stuart may have been a man more sinned against than sinning

article by frank robson

WHEN JOHN ANDREW STUART was 18 months old, his family moved to the Brisbane suburb of Hawthorn. In the backyard lay the trunk of a fallen tree, too solid to move without machinery. Johnny kicked up a fuss until his parents gave him a blunt tommy axe they used for chopping kindling. He was a sturdy kid with erratic curls, a businesslike kid, the last child of Edna Ruby Stuart and a father whose name, and deeds, are now rarely mentioned.

Each morning after breakfast, Johnny took the axe down to chip away at the tree trunk. . . working tirelessly at the same spot until Edna called him for morning tea. And right after that he'd be back, working at the log like some kind of machine, like a wind-up toy. From the back steps Edna would summon him for lunch, then Johnny had his sleep.

At 2pm every day the boy was there, the chipping began anew.

When Johnny was two and a half, the Stuarts shifted home again. . .the day they left, the father went to the log and heaved up on one end, while Johnny, clutching his axe, watched. It broke in two. A year of chipping . . . although each minute cut was barely visible (in a yellowed snapshot taken by Edna that day) the log was overcome by the awesome power of John Stuart's determination.

Edna knew even then that Johnny would be *different,* just as she believed — and still believes — that God Almighty controls every nuance in the Big Picture: including the nightmare creeping in on her proud young axemen.

Stuart would fight against his fate as he fought the log; mechanically, without wavering, chipping in the teeth of hopelessness.

●

Thirty years after Edna took the picture of Johnny beside the log with his axe, Stuart hurried through the streets of Fortitude Valley — the "King's Cross" of Brisbane. He passed pimps and hookers, hoods, amputee transvestites, street kids and the Legions of Lost who move about the Valley like fish in a cyclical current. Stuart called at several nightclubs, in keeping with his destiny, to warn the managers that criminals from Sydney, bent on extortion, were likely to bomb a Valley club at any time. He urged them to remember that one club — the Torino — had been firebombed 11 days earlier. But in the purple vinyl confines of the clubs, Stuart was treated as just another small-time criminal . . . one whose bomb warnings had already been well-publicised in the Sunday papers.

Stuart, apparently, was just not getting the message across. And he was worried that Brian Bolton, police roundsman for Murdoch's *Sunday Sun,* had failed to meet him that evening, as arranged, to visit the clubs spreading the warning. Bolton, Stuart's media voice for almost two years, had personally warned the then Police Commissioner, Ray Whitrod, that a particular nightclub — The Whiskey-Au-Go-Go — was likely to go up according to Stuart.

Stuart had warned Whiskey's manager, John Bell, several times in the past week. . .including this night, Wednesday March 7, 1973, when he caught up with Bell at the opening of another nightspot, Blinkers. Bell said later, after first denying he received a warning, that he passed on what Stuart told him to the consorting squad. Stuart, meanwhile, went to other clubs and finally back to the *Sunday Sun* in search of Bolton.

He left two notes on Bolton's desk: B: (10.15pm). I waited from 8.55 until 10.10. Why didn't you appear? I want to know. John A. B: (2.20). I've been to Blinkers and everywhere looking for you — YOU'VE STOOD ME UP. JA.

Bolton had farewelled a colleague to London that day and was at home sleeping soundly.

At 2.08am on March 8, as Stuart left the *Sun* office and walked across Brunswick Street, the Whiskey Au-Go-Go was firebombed. About 20 litres of petrol in a drum exploded just inside the club doorway off St Paul's Terrace. Flames flew up a staircase to the ceiling and then engulfed the rostrum, where a group called Trinity was winding up its first and last engagement at the Whiskey.

Within perhaps 90 seconds, carbon monoxide poisoning and smoke had killed at least six: most fell where they stood near the rostrum. The lights went out and screaming began in earnest — survivors tore at their throats as the deadly gases and blinding smoke swirled around them.

By 2.30am, when firemen with breathing apparatus had used torches to locate more dead and drag them outside, 15 bodies lay in neat rows on a concrete driveway beside the club. Those who emerged alive sat in the gutter sobbing or moaning with pain. . . reporters, white-faced, knelt beside them asking whispered questions.

It was the worst mass-murder in recent Australian history.

John Stuart and his friend James Richard Finch were tried for the murder of one of the 15 — Jennifer Denise Davie — found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment.

The police at first denied they had received any warning about the Whiskey. . .the then Police Minister, Max

Hodges, questioned in Parliament about the warning from Bolton, said under privilege that Bolton was a liar and the "town drunk".

But this desperate neck-saving was shown for what it was when Commonwealth Police, also warned by Bolton, admitted they had passed on the warning to Queensland's Crime Intelligence Unit *10 days* before the firebombing. Not just a verbal warning, but a report naming the Whiskey, an official inter-force memo of which Brian Bolton later obtained a copy.

Bolton's story about the memo, in the *Sun* on November 11, 1973, was headlined: Now Talk Your Way Out Of This, Max! But Max (Hodges) never even tried. By then, Stuart and Finch were in Brisbane Jail and justice had been seen to be done. Despite a campaign by Bolton's paper for an inquiry into whether police took sufficient action to prevent the bombing, no inquiry took place. Despite a later story by Bolton, corroborated by senior Queensland cops, that John Stuart had worked as an undercover police agent — code-named Emu — for a dissident group of officers within the Crime Intelligence Unit, and that Stuart's job was to gather information on crooked cops, no internal police investigation was forthcoming.

Despite public dissatisfaction with police handling of the Whiskey case and the outcome of the seven-week trial — despite doubts about Stuart and Finch's guilt among most of the relatives of the Whiskey victims — nothing was done.

Why didn't the cops put a man on the door of the Whiskey? No answer. Why did Hodges deny receiving a warning? No answer. Why did Premier Joh Bjelke-Petersen, hours after Stuart was charged upon voluntarily meeting with police, go on TV to announce — before the trial had even commenced — that "we've got the man who blew up the Whiskey-Au-Go-Go"? No answer.

In Queensland, of course, "no answer" is often the most one can hope for: for years, in politics and in criminal and police matters, "no answer" has worked just fine for the people not making the answer and the public not receiving it.

But the Whiskey case is different. John Andrew Stuart was different. The magnitude of the crime was appallingly different. The actions of a fireman — Tom Day — whose son Darcy played the saxophone with Trinity, and who died in the fire, are different. Tom Day, for months, conducted a one-man citizen's investigation until he was warned off one night by a hit-man in a back alley. "Go home Tom," the killer said, "go home, put your feet up and forget it. You're getting too close." Tom Day went home: but he still believes Stuart and Finch didn't bomb the Whiskey.

Brian Bolton, as tough and resilient as any veteran crime reporter, was never quite the same after the Whiskey. Being called a liar and a drunk didn't help — nor did having shotgun guards shadowing his wife for weeks after the crime — but what changed Bolton's life, what left him somehow twisted out of shape, is the feeling that he may have been able to do more to prevent the tragedy.

The police, it seems, don't share Bolton's nagging doubts. Ray Whitrod, who resigned a few months after the Whiskey bombing, told me from retirement in Adelaide that he was satisfied with the outcome of the Whiskey trial. Despite his image in Queensland, in 1973 and even now, of being a thinking-cop's commissioner who wouldn't hesitate to nail a crooked policeman, Whitrod said he knew nothing of the dissident group of officers — known as the Committee of Eight — or that Stuart was working for them up until his arrest for the Whiskey bombing.

He knew nothing, he said, of chaff bags of secret files — including the file on Emu or Stuart — allegedly destroyed soon after the Whiskey went up.

Tiredly, Whitrod says: "When I look back on my Queensland days, though, I see double-dealing going on in many places. . ." And that's all he has to say.

The Crown case was that Stuart had master-minded the bombing and set up his own alibi (the warnings to clubs, police and Bolton, that southern criminals had told him of their plans to start an extortion racket in the Valley) while Finch, a lesser-known small-time crim, threw the petrol bomb. Both pleaded "not guilty" during a trial that saw them convicted entirely on circumstantial evidence — and worse, in the case of Finch, largely on the unsigned statement of a convicted multiple rapist who claimed that Finch confessed to the Whiskey bombing while in jail on remand. The rapist — Arthur Murdoch, an Aborigine — later changed his statement, and then changed it back to its original form. Soon after the Whiskey trial ended, Murdoch was released from jail, despite the existence of a psychiatric report describing him as highly dangerous. Within weeks he had raped again and burgled premises. Now, Murdoch is back in Brisbane Jail for life.

Independent lawyers have described the trial — at which Finch was the only defence witness called — as a joke, a circus and a sham. The lawyers say that in 1982, because of suspicion among juries of unsigned verbal evidence submitted by police, it's unlikely that Stuart or Finch would have been found guilty. Edna Watts (Stuart's mother), relatives of the victims, journalists and lawyers say they doubt whether there will ever be an end to the Whiskey case: some of them believe the real murderers are walking free.

For Stuart, at least, the argument is now academic. He died in his solitary confinement cell at Brisbane Jail on New Year's Day 1979, still proclaiming his innocence. The official cause of death, during a hunger strike by Stuart, was a viral heart infection. . . although Edna Watts is convinced her son was killed to prevent him revealing what he discovered during his six months as Emu with the Committee of Eight.

John Stuart is the main reason that interest still runs high in the Whiskey case. He was 38 when he died, 32 at the time of the Whiskey bombing, and since the age of 15 had spent most of his life locked up. But despite wasting his life on the fringes of the underworld, mostly in Sydney, John Stuart had a near-genius IQ. With a few exceptions he claimed to be innocent of the crime for which he served time — claiming, always, to be a victim of a judicial system that marks its first offenders young and then continues feeding them through the system, scapegoats to police statistics, until they die or become institutionalised and useless in the outside world.

Stuart was a poet of some skill; a writer of greater skill and a thinker whose intelligence seems somehow to have failed him in society but blossomed in the spine-chilling blackness of a solitary cell. He wrote countless thousands of words, verse and descriptions of life inside woven through the rationale of his proclaimed innocence, and smuggled most of it out — to Bolton, his mother, girlfriends and lawyers —neatly written on cigarette papers, and sometimes in a code that only those close to him knew how to decipher.

The loneliness and hopelessness of his life — 20 of his 38 years locked away — was conveyed with such sensitivity and intelligence that people who read snippets of Stuart's writings in newspapers would never forget them.

No one, even now, can be sure that Stuart and Finch (now described as a model prisoner, due soon for parole) did not engineer and execute the Whiskey crime. What fascinated the public, typically, was not the questionable justice they received or the unexplained inertia of the police, but Stuart's brilliant powers of description and pathos. He made them *aware* of what it would feel like to be locked up forever for something they didn't do: Stuart's restrained flair for real horror enabled the public, from the comfort of their armchairs, to share vicariously in a common nightmare.

These faculties, and Stuart's superhuman determination to prove his innocence (a determination so intense that his written thoughts, like the famous Poe's, were too vivid, too horrible if accepted, for sustained reading) left Stuart's imprint on the public conscience. Why, people still ask, did Stuart protest so much? Why did the "Killer Poet" keep chipping away?

●

During his trial, Stuart swallowed, time after time, wire crosses bound with rubber bands. When the bands dissolved in his stomach, the crosses sprang open and their sharpened ends perforated his guts. He did this, he wrote, because he knew he was a scapegoat for the Whiskey crime and he knew he would be "verballed" by police — the crosses were his way of prolonging the trial, avoiding the inevitable by frequently being in hospital, and a method of keeping public attention focused on him.

Once, in his solitary cell, Stuart sewed his own lips together. . .without making a sound, one stitch at a time, with wire. On another occasion, God knows how, he got out of his cell and up on to the jail roof. With 350 bricks he tore loose with his bare hands, Stuart spelled out: WE WERE VERBALLED! Television choppers buzzed overhead and prison authorities debated how to make Stuart come down.

While they waited for him to get hungry and thirsty, Stuart caught a sparrow on the roof and ate it. Standing up there watching the sky for more choppers, sparrow blood on his handsome face, Stuart became more than a man to the other prisoners. Right then, he became The Unbreakable. His body was criss-crossed with savage scars, self-inflicted and otherwise. He was the strongest man anyone knew and — in prison — the smartest.

"He was a wild bastard who sometimes gave off a smell like an animal. . . like evil, if you like." — Brian Bolton, reporter.

"He was a passionate lover. . .but gentle and considerate. The best sex I ever had." — A former girlfriend, now married, who travelled with Stuart when he was a police agent. "He was institutionalised at the end. . . but brilliant, a brilliant and intriguing mind. A fascinating man." — Woman barrister, whose discarded cigarette butt Stuart once pressed to his lips while in solitary confinement.

"He was Peter Pan." — Edna Watts.

With rare exceptions, Stuart was disliked and feared by prison officials. They could not break him, ever, and word is they tried very hard. Stuart spat in their faces, endured the inevitable reprisals and disciplines. His courage and resistance, misplaced or otherwise, made Stuart a cult figure. During the Whiskey trial, whenever Stuart swallowed wire, so did other prisoners. When Stuart threatened suicide, or a riot, so did his supporters. And when they punished him — Stuart got five days' solitary, for example, after his TV appearance on the roof — he would not emerge cowered or repentant, but fighting. And he would further incense his captors by describing, after this confinement, the terrible Black Hole solitary cell, which authorities still primly insist does not exist, in a letter to a barrister: "Well, after I was stripped naked, down to the black cells I went. It was about 1.45pm on December 16, 1977. And there I was. Absolute, total, 100 percent ink blackness. And total silence. I won't begin to describe mental life for the five following days. That would take 1000 pages on its own.

"I began to explore, to feel out my blind distances. It's funny, but in total blackness it's easier to do this with your eyes shut tight. It shuts out the outer blackness and there seems to be more comfort or sureness in your own blackness. I began walking, corner to corner. It's four steps each way, leaving about one foot leeway on each turn."

In another letter, Stuart describes being in the Black Hole, listening to water leaking in from some outside source, and wondering whether he will drown before the warder does a cell check the following day.

He knew, it seems, how his image had been formed by the media. In his last letter to his solicitor, only weeks before his death, Stuart wrote: "Me! The wire-eating, sewage hurling, roof-climbing, press-depicted caged and spitting 'monster' of Boggo Road (Brisbane Jail): what hope have I of redress. . .of *justice?*"

At the time, after two failed appeals, Stuart was on a hunger strike. In the 15,000-word "letter" he recounts the fate of his pet spider: ". . .there has been mounted a very high-powered, seal-beamed spotlight focused directly into my (solitary) cell, No. 317. Now I can't even defecate, urinate, masturbate, cogitate, read, write, eat, smile or laugh to myself — I can't move or even *think* without the deeper knowledge of the tower-guard's eyes sitting as a constant, tensed question mark in the back of my mind. . .is he watching?

". . .these types of little things are. . .all that go to help build up that phantom of 'prison psychosis'.

"Also this direct spotlight. . .has caused my spiders to leave home, so to speak.

"Yeah. Sure. Sounds crazy to you, my concern for my 'pet' spiders

Boyhood braves. Younger John (right) had already emerged as Daniel's physical and mental leader.

leaving their home, the little corner of the grill behind the back window bars. But it's important to *me*.

"These five harmless little creatures had hearts and eyes, too, and when I'd hold my breath I could, eventually, get my eyes within inches of theirs and we could stare at each other.

"With each of us having hearts we could 'feel' things about one another, no matter what it was that was felt: and after all, that is some kind of feeling, isn't it? We could each wonder; and they *must* have thought something about me for after the first week or two they never scampered off like they did at first. But after the first four nights under the spotlight, three of the spiders had gone.

"Then, during an evening cell-search, when I tried to explain to a screw why not to take down the two small pieces of cardboard I'd mounted so as to stop the light hitting the homes of the two remaining spiders, the screw ripped the cardboard down and squashed the spiders with his baton. 'Well that fixes that; they can have all the dark they want now,' said he. Yeah."

How's that for lonely? Stuart describes his four ant colonies (also destroyed, he said, by a screw): "No, the ants and I couldn't stare at each other, but I could watch them and after a few months they knew what time I fed them. . . Pavlovian style: in time, the tiny taps with a pen brought them out of their holes and cracks for their crumbs and I could watch and wonder if they wondered or knew about me and considered me a friend, maybe.

"I could *think* about them. They were something alive, to contact as a point and purpose in reality. . . something outside the endless, purposeless, empty cycle of my own self. . .they were my second-last mental capstan before I slipped my wordly moorings and drifted off into some uncharted inland sea of insanity."

According to Queensland Government Medical Officer, Dr Doug Wilson, Stuart never did make that drift. Wilson told me Stuart was sane. "Very plausible and highly intelligent — he honestly believed," said Dr Wilson, "that he was convicted unjustly."

Stuart's last "mental capstan" — it seems — was God. In 1974 *The Australian* reported: "Go-Go killer finds God in jail."

"Don't worry Mum," Stuart wrote to Edna Watts, "your God is now my God too."

Like Gary Gilmore, the confessed killer who insisted on his own execution, Stuart's relationship with his mother was close, despite years of physical separation. And like Gilmore, whose last months in the glare of the media circus revealed a talented thinker and writer, Stuart's dark good looks and tortured prose brought tears to women who wrote of their belief in his innocence.

After his death, one woman, who signed herself "E.S." wrote a requiem for him: "I hope and pray death brought you peace. For what it's worth, John Andrew Stuart, I believe you innocent and I believe a lot of other people do, too. Rest in peace. You had none in this life."

Just before I went to see Edna Watts, I read Stuart's verse *To A Future Prisoner:*

I who once lived in this cell
Perhaps to you now many years ago,
Send back my soul to where you dwell
In simplest terms to your vale of woe,
I care not your deed, your crime
Nor what you are; your color, clan,
There enclosed in granite brother mine
You can't be less than just. . . a man
. . .and I who once lay in this cell before
Am with you; I am there, I know. . .

Daniel, 15 months older than his brother, gave Crown evidence against Stuart at the Whiskey trial. When Daniel told the court that he had heard Stuart and Finch discussing the crime before it happened, Stuart, handcuffed to the dock, wept.

"Dan!" he said, "you're lying. . .you're lying for reward. It mattered when we were kids, didn't it?"

Daniel Stuart continued his evidence, describing how he'd heard Stuart and Finch discussing the Whiskey Au-Go-Go and using words like "burn" and "cook".

●

After he first entered borstal with his brilliant IQ and his good looks, John Stuart was no longer of this world. And he would never rejoin it.

From *The Courier Mail* — 24.10.73:

"I'm no Judas — I had to do it. I finally had to give him up to the police. . . accidentally or not, he's a killer."

Fighting back tears and stammering with emotion, Dan Stuart yesterday told of his anguish when he knew he had to report his brother, John Andrew Stuart, to the police for 15 Whiskey-Au-Go-Go murders.

"John and I were very close when we were children. I love my brother, but no one has the right to kill," he said.

Dan Stuart, 36, who lives at Jindalee with his wife and four children, said he had no doubts that his brother had been guilty of murder.

In the Criminal Court yesterday, as he was being sentenced to life imprisonment, John Andrew Stuart said he hoped his brother choked on the caviar he got with his "30 pieces of silver".

The paper quoted Dan Stuart saying the trial had taken its toll on his family. . . obscene phone calls and "evil" letters, his children told at school that their father was a "dobber".

And the final paragraph: Dan Stuart said his brother haunted him in his dreams. "I dreamt last night that he was drowning and that he put his hand out to me. I couldn't reach him."

●

To his mother, after the trial, Stuart wrote: "If Dan has deserted me I've got no boyhood. And if I have no boyhood, I've got nothing."

For Daniel, Edna Watts and other members of the Stuart family, Daniel's evidence against Stuart has become the saddest part of a strange and poignant family history. Three people shared in the $50,000 State Government reward offered for information leading to the conviction of the Whiskey killers — and although at the time Daniel said he would never accept reward money, others say he did. Even Edna Watts can't be sure.

Edna believes implicitly in John Stuart's innocence, always has. For her, the moral dilemma is obvious: if Stuart didn't do it, why did his own brother — the sickly brother John Stuart protected as a child — say that he did? Why did one brother, in effect, condemn the other?

My own research revealed nothing to indicate that Daniel Stuart committed perjury, and I have no evidence — other than hearsay — that he shared in the reward. But Stuart's lament — "If I have no boyhood, I've got nothing" — says it all. Although Stuart died officially on January 1, 1979, aged 38, he ceased to "live" at the age of 15. From then, when he first entered borstal with his brilliant IQ and his good looks and his Peter Pan attraction for kids and dogs, John Stuart was no longer of this world. And he would never rejoin it.

●

Edna's story:

Brisbane's sprawling northern suburbs, flat and uniformly bleak, are where John and Daniel Stuart grew up. Strangely, considering the way things turned out, Edna Watts still lives there. Her neat little weatherboard home at Zillmere is only a few kilometres from Nundah, where Stuart spent his last months of uninterrupted freedom as leader of a local teenage gang. When Stuart was nine, Edna was remarried to Clyde Watts, a tall, silver-haired ex-bushman. They are both members of the local Assembly of God congregation, a faith that applies a literal interpretation of every word in the Bible.

Edna was icing a sponge when I arrived: with her short grey hair and regular features, she looked, immediately, the Eternal Mother. There is humor around her alert eyes, an impish look, but also the familiar marks of grief and worry. . .as it turns out, marks that barely hint at the extent of Edna's hard and disappointing life. And something else: from her face and her movements it is obvious that Edna Watts was once very attractive, perhaps beautiful.

When Edna finished the cake and joined me in the living-room, I was suddenly lost

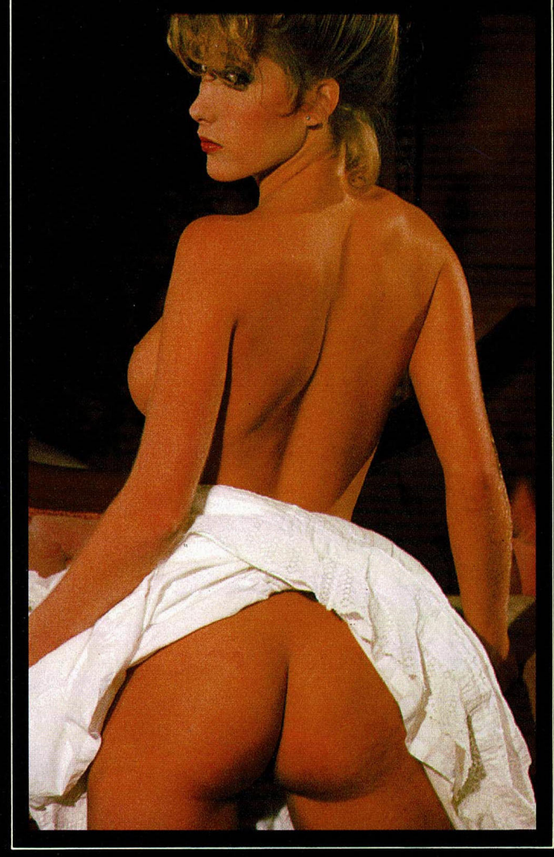
(continued on page 148)

ENCORE

She's sexy, she's starstruck, and she's just seventeen. She's Amanda Dole, our youngest Playmate of the Month (December 1981), who in less than a year has become one of the hottest young stars of Australian movies.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

Since her debut in PLAYBOY, Amanda has appeared in *Dead Easy* and *The Return Of Captain Invincible* with Hollywood star Alan Arkin and *Mad Max* girl, Virginia Hey, where she made such a big impression that she was chosen for a major role in *Midnite Spares*, the new Australian movie starring newcomers James Laurie and Gia Carides, plus Max Cullen, Graeme Blundell, Bruce Spence and David Argue.



Amanda plays the part of Janelle, the local beauty queen, who is lusted after by Rabbit (David Argue). Argue also worked with Amanda in *Captain Invincible*. Now Amanda is in line for good roles in two more films and cameo appearances in several television drama series. And between acting jobs she has modelling assignments to keep her busy.

Back in December, Amanda said her goal was "to make a success of my acting", and, being a very determined young lady, she spends most of her spare time studying. "I want to look back on my life and say — I thought it, I dreamt it, and I did it," she says. "I want to live my life to the fullest, not only for myself, but for someone I love."

Amanda's sultry beauty, 35-24-34 figure, youth and vivacity, plus her ambition to win in whatever she does, will, we are sure, make her one of the brightest new stars of the silver screen. We won't be surprised when, one day, she's in the spotlight accepting her first award.

Pitcher, Batter, Baseman

an expatriate yank tries to get to first base with cricket

HALF A WORLD away, Los Angeles writhes in terror. Their Dodgers are attempting to defend a baseball championship. The city's sports fans gnaw carbon monoxide-flavored fingernails and know the fear of having invested too much emotion in what may be failure. Such frenzy is mounting in cities throughout the United States, but only a trace of it reaches the expatriate Yank in Sydney. A recent transplant, my winters are coming back to back. Here, with cricket bats lying oiled in attics and baseball equally beyond reach, I face the humorless prospect of a season without singles, unumpired months, the year of no ball. I rationalise that this is a chance to prepare for new pleasures; new because, like any loyal American, I don't know squat about cricket. To people living in their own countries, playing their own sports, this is as it should be. If sports are microcosms of societies, with their mass hysterical chauvinism, laws made and broken, politicking and other carefully-laid plans, money and power plays, Horatio Alger myths come true, media hype, heroism and leadership, lemming-like sacrifice and tragic demise, then it's no wonder that one of the biggest, baddest countries of all likes its own game fine and has barely even heard of yours. Aussie cricket fans could smirk with impunity at the jack-in-the-box arrogance of my fellow Yanks (with

article by steve bunk

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

our "World Series" of baseball, which technically could involve a team from Toronto and therefore is international), if the event wasn't telecast around the globe, including here. You sure as hell don't see an English or Aussie cricket match televised in the US. In fact, you don't see cricket there at all.

I'm told it exists, but I never saw a cricket pitch in America, or any cricket paraphernalia in sports stores, or even met anyone who claimed to play the game.

Ever wary, though, of being ugly about my Americanism, I resolve to fill the empty hours of no ball with studies of cricket. Everyone says it's complicated, but I'm confident that I know enough about baseball to make a smooth transition. (As I am soon to relearn, over-confidence always has been one of my weaknesses.)

I reckon it doesn't matter if cricket is difficult to understand or play, because for now my aims are less ambitious, more spiritual, if you will: memorise the dogma and forego understanding wherever faith will do. This, I believe, will lead me to that well-spring of reverence shared by all cricket devotees and eulogised by Bernard Hollowood in the opening line of his epic tome, *Cricket On The Brain:* "I was brought up to believe that cricket is the most important activity in men's lives, the most important thread in the fabric of the cosmos."

This scripture inspires me. I spend hours browsing through the 168 volumes on cricket at the public library. I am delighted to discover the many likenesses between father cricket and his unruly offspring. For example: in both games, the ball is made of cork wrapped in twine and hide-bound. One player propels this object toward another, who whacks it with a piece of wood and scampers about while other players do their best to become involved.

Here the comparison admittedly breaks down a bit. The two cricket runners tend to zip back and forth in a more or less straight line, and will do so as long as confusion reigns among the opposition. Baseball, however, may have up to four runners, who follow one another once around a square, all stopping to greet each other upon arrival. This homecoming is accompanied by a good deal of hand-slapping, followed by jaunty trots back to the other teammates for yet another round of uplifted palm-smacks, familiarly known as "high fives". The congratulations generally outlast the time required to run around the bases.

In cricket, I gather that the reverse often is true, the audience's appreciation of a 50 being returned by a tip of the batsman's cap, the applause for an eons-long century acknowledged with a raised bat. But if in contrast to baseball players the cricketer's enthusiasm is understated, his scoring is hyperbolic. A score of 250-6 not only is unheard of in American sport, it also would be in appalling taste to wallop a team that badly. This is curious, because cricketers seem to be almost as obsessed with good taste as baseballers are with obnoxiousness.

Sir Donald Bradman claims that character is as important as skill to a cricketer. I recall stories of Bradman's baseball equivalent, Babe Ruth, stuffing himself with so many hot dogs and soft drinks before a game that he sometimes became too sick to play. Not a stickler for character, the Babe, but what a character. Incidentally, he once admitted to being "monumentally ignorant" of cricket, which fact startled no one.

Fans of cricket, on the other hand, appear to be the world's most well-informed sporting enthusiasts. That is, they appear so until you start asking them to explain the game. Their first response to this request always is a laugh; a curt sound, full of something. Invariably, these experts agree on the number of players per side, but from that point, definitions of the game begin to diverge. The most honest experts end by admitting that they never did take a close look at the laws. Others bluster through a string of contradictions that would awe the

Fans of cricket appear to be the world's most well-informed sporting enthusiasts. . .until you start asking them to explain the game.

most worldly of cross-examiners, finishing with a supercilious: "Of course, that's only the basics of it. I don't think that you're ready for the fine points yet."

Still others grandly (and deviously) counsel me to look it up, advice I can't recall receiving since prepubescence, when I asked my parents the meaning of "masturbate". An occasional Aussie will appeal to my foreign origins with ingenious parallels to baseball. "Take the rectangle of a cricket pitch," said one, "cinch it tight at the waist, so you have two triangles, lop off the bottom one, put it on top and you have a baseball diamond."

Another well-meaning fan, opting for recorded eloquence, produced a tape of a 1961 dinner speech by an English barrister named Humphrey Tilling. The theme of his talk was a paraphrase of Shakespeare: "The Four Ages of Cricket." Listening, I noted that one device which repeated like a refrain through the Ages was the varying use of the box. To wit, the Age of Innocence is: "When to wear a box is a sign of extreme effeminacy." The Age of Discretion: "When to forget your box is worse than forgetting your wife's birthday." The Age of Senility: "When your box has become a permanent appendage to your truss." The Age of Retirement: "When your box reposes on your dressing table, a receptacle for spare collar studs."

In all, the tape was enlightening, but at the end I disappointed its owner by asking: "What's a box, anyway?" In the US, you see, a "cup" sheathes the batsman for one sport and a "box" for another one entirely; but this was jargon of a different ilk and had no place on the playing field in question.

Instead, talk of accoutrements gave rise to considering how the two types of sportsmen are dressing for the fray these days. To the old guard, who favor no more color in the cricket uniform than that telltale smear of red down the pantleg of a fast bowler, the latest cricket fashions are outrageous. I looked at photographs of limited overs teams. Compared to baseball players, they could have been bankers. Prior to a baseball playoff game, when the teams line up for the fans' inspection, I always half-expect them to link arms and break into a high-kicking dance routine; they look Hollywood enough. For my money, the epitome of sporting fashion is a cricket umpire. (Baseball umpires dress like armoured cars.)

Is the decline of the cream-colored cricket outfit an outward sign of a changing attitude toward the game, I wonder, or is it a clever ploy to conceal grass stains? None of my sources can be absolutely sure. This, certainly, has emerged as one of life's most compelling questions.

Still, many fans seem convinced that the clothing somehow is linked to the character of cricket. Character again. The word is melded fast to the sport. I begin to understand that baseball and cricket may differ most in the very characters of the games themselves.

The act of striking the ball perhaps best illustrates this point. A cricket batsman can direct the ball to either side, play shots behind the wicket, dribble it harmlessly in front of him; he is, in effect, baseball's archetypal "spray hitter", minus baseball's restrictions on parts of the playing field to which the ball may be driven.

This sort of license would border on decadence, if it weren't true that perhaps half the batsman's object is defence. Herein lies a characteristic difference between the games. To an American batter (spoon-fed on ill-mannered imperialism) the best defence is a good offence.

The birth of cricket as a defensive game may have occurred in sheep country, a dusty history informs me, where a ball of rags or wool was rolled toward the wicket gate of the sheepfold and was fended off with a shepherd's staff. (What did the assault of that rag ball represent, I wonder? Wolves? Boll weevils? The King's tax collectors?) On the other hand, the basic goal of baseball hitting is, in the vernacular of the sport, to "knock the cover off it".

Not renowned for subtlety, the American "slugger" has been known to take such a tremendous swipe at the baseball that he falls down from the exertion. It also is not unheard of for a "home run hitter" (translation: six run boundary shot-maker) to successfully convert, say, 30 of these attempts in one season, while being bowled ("striking out") hundreds of times. The next season, he receives an astronomical raise in salary. By contrast, I discover that Bradman was bowled or hit wicket 27 percent of the 295 times he was out in his first-class career.

This not only is a wonderful statistic, but it also is a fine acquisition for my jargon collection. As in baseball, mastering the jargon of cricket is half the battle. Actually, it's much like learning conversational Greek or Yugoslavian: start with a few key nouns, follow with a list of action verbs and string them together with appropriate prepositions. Thus, "jumping out to drive" equals "stepping into the pitch". The "pitch", by the way, is a bitch. "Bowl" in Greek, er, cricket, is "pitch" in baseball, whereas the cricket pitch also may be called the wicket, which likewise might refer either to the number of batsmen dismissed or those still to bat. Now, a bowled cricket ball is said to pitch by hitting the ground, but a pitched baseball that hits the ground before reaching the batter (batsman) is often a passed ball (bye) or perhaps a balk (no ball), which in baseball means that it doesn't matter if he swings (plays a shot) or not, although he wouldn't be likely to do that anyway, unless the pitch (bowl) was an especially effective curve-drop or screwball (in-ducker, googly) or any sort of change-up (change of pace) that throws off his timing (timing). A welcome bit of jargon is the term "timing". Very versatile, timing is. Neither sport defines it well, either. I like timing.

Once bat makes contact with ball, I find that the jargon can become a tad more complex. The cricket batsman could play a late cut, hook, pull, square cut, or any number of other options. The baseball player has terms, but they generally refer to one of two things: (1) his contract; (2) how successful he has or has not been in his attempt to knock the cover off the ball. It may be said that he has ripped, slashed, slammed, clubbed, blooped, fouled or whiffed in his efforts to rearrange the baseball's face. (None of these events actually is as impolite as it may sound.) He also could bunt, which is sort of like a block, or he might knock it a block, which is nothing like a bunt.

Turning to the players who pursue the ball once it is struck, I must admit that the nomenclature of cricket is much more colorful. Baseball players stand in areas named with Teutonic logic: left field, right field, that sort of thing. To suggest that a New York Yankee was playing silly mid-off would no doubt provoke a full-fledged brawl.

Incidentally, "empty the benches" is quite colorful baseballese. It usually refers to the phenomenon of all members of both teams vacating their positions on or off the field in order to pile up and beat the crud out of one another, because someone said something unsavory about someone else's mother. Just as spectators at auto races secretly await the dirty joy of a collision, baseball fans harbor the hope at each contest that an insult will be hurled which is sufficiently nasty to empty the benches.

The logic of cricket seems to be that manners won't deteriorate because so much is allowed, and therefore expected, of players. The laws are precisely defined and yet they are open to interpretation. The problem with this admirable thinking is that it reflects justice as we know it; and wherever money comes into play, justice as we know it tends to make solicitors of us all.

In the US, a baseball player avoids this pitfall by hiring personal lawyers and agents. This leaves him time to earn more thousands hawking hair oil on television, which has the equally desirable side-effect of demonstrating to adoring fans that show business is not the exclusive domain of performers who occupy the White House. Cricket players may be catching on. This

A welcome bit of jargon is the term "timing". Very versatile, timing is. Neither sport defines it well, either. I like timing.

one-day cricket, I've heard, has done wonders for crass commercialism.

Nevertheless, the sums remain tame compared to baseball players such as Valenzuela of the artful Dodgers, who finishes one good season, his very first, then demands a million dollars or he'll quit. Mr Packer may have engineered a revolution in cricket, but thus far the coup is bloodless. When will the peasants rise to dispute salaries, armed with the famous Australian strike? Don't these cricketers realise that "professional" means, "I do it for money?" True, Valenzuela finally ended his holdout and settled for the Dodgers' original salary offer. He was forced to accept an embarrassing $350,000 for his five months of work this year, but don't forget, he's 22. Say what you will about Denis Compton's 3816 runs and 18 centuries in 1947 or W.G. Grace's lifetime 54,904 runs with 126 centuries. Valenzuela: $350,000 at 22. Now, *those* are statistics.

Perhaps all this talk of age and money isn't cricket. The books do say it's a genteel sport. Yet I hear stories of events on the cricket field that, in the bar-room days of my well-spent youth, could be described only as "dirty pool". The infamous Australia versus New Zealand Test is one everybody tells me of: the "underarm incident" whereby the Aussies sweated out a fishy victory. Another is the Australia vs England one-day cricket match, where the Poms were ahead by four runs with one over left. England lined up virtually everyone on the boundary to cut off any chance of the little beggar squirting through.

I guess what is cricket has been debatable for some time. For me, the LBW law is a piquant, if somewhat breathy, case in point. Between 1774, when it was first adopted, and 1831, the law was changed nine times, I discover. In 1888, the Marylebone Cricket Club resolved that defending the wicket with the body was "inconsistent with strict fairness, and the MCC will discountenance and prevent this practice by every means in its power". Forty-six years later, at an annual MCC dinner, the president said: "There is a strong feeling that it would be in the interests of the game if steps were taken to limit or prevent the use of the legs in guarding the wicket." Three years after that, almost a half century after the original resolution, a law was passed. The players soon found a way around it. Such is the course of progress.

Learning these things, I wonder again (as millions before me have done) what *is* cricket, anyway? Knowing now how much there is to know, I have returned to what must be the primal cricket question. I remember asking it the first and only time I ever witnessed a match. It was not a high-calibre contest. It took place in 1979 on a school ground in Dover, England. I had a few belongings strapped on the back of a bicycle and was coasting, biding my time until the ferry left for France. A pack of kids was raising a fuss, so I braked to observe.

To me, at that moment (and perhaps for ever after), cricket was the blonde schoolmarm in shorts with her blouse tied up above her waist, gliding through a thicket of ruffians who were more worried about her style, for Chrissakes, than her form.

Later, the words of an English lord who huffed that the thought of women playing cricket was like that of men knitting, echoed emptily around my visual memory of this sporting goddess. She appears to me now, an incarnation of the faith I need to be a cricket believer. Watching her bobble the ball, one smooth knee turned a bit inward, three buttons of her beige blouse undone, I know that cricket never could have been played with better intent. She bends, I lift. She throws, I release. Whatever this game is, with its irritating whelps in short pants scurrying around blocking the view, it was meant for a performance like this.

Remembering, I'm not certain now that seeing another cricket game wouldn't be anti-climactic. All my preparation for the new season may have been in vain. It's silly; the blonde at silly mid-on wore a gold ring. I guess I already know, in my heart, what's cricket and what isn't. It's just that I always seem to prefer the latter.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TANDY ROWLEY

VIDEO

the altered images of home video are creating a new reality in our lounge-rooms

IN THE Fifties people recollected the good old days of live theatre. In the Sixties they recalled the golden age of cinema. By the end of the Seventies it was time to remember the good old days of rock 'n' roll. The good old days are always times of boom and excitement, and of a certain innocence. In the good old days, supply can never keep up with demand. The *(continued on page 106)*

article by anthony o'grady

SPACE

getting to the moon is a breeze. it's getting back that burns

ON APRIL 20, three days before lift-off, Region 419 reappeared almost coyly on the extreme eastern limb of the Sun, as if it were a high school freshman girl peering around a corner in her first modish dress. Cottage, staring with the keenest interest, could detect nothing, but when he alerted the manager that the region was again visible, three experts crowded into the telescope area to compare judgements. "Lots of regions on the Sun more active than that," one old timer said. "Granted," the manager said, "but is there any evidence of significant change?" "None," Cottage said. "If you'll compare photographs of 15 days ago, you'll see it's less active now." "Thank God. Anything could have happened on that other side." The three astronauts went to bed early on the night of April 22, 1973. They were wakened next morning for breakfast at 0400, and Deke Slayton with five other NASA officials was surprised when Major Randy Claggett lifted his glass of orange juice and toasted: "To William Shakespeare, whose birthday we celebrate with a mighty bang." Claggett, the ex-football hero, profane, tough and make-believe illiterate, was always full of surprises. Slayton helped them dress and accompanied them to Complex 39, where a score of searchlights played on the waiting rocket and nearly a million spectators gathered in the pre-dawn to watch the flight. Despite NASA's unhappiness with the inaccurate description *Expedition to the Dark Side of the Moon,* this had become the popular designation, and more than 3000 newsmen and women waited in and around the grandstand erected on the far side of protective lagoons, five miles distant. Automatic cameras, emplaced in bunkers around the Complex, would ensure excellent shots of the historic moment.

By elevator, the astronauts rode 340 feet in the air, walked across a bridge to the White Room and with hardly a pause proceeded directly to the Command Module *Altair.* Without ceremony, Flight Commander Claggett eased himself into the left-hand seat, and while he adjusted his bulky suit, Dr Paul Linley awaited his turn, assuring Deke Slayton, who

fiction by james a. michener

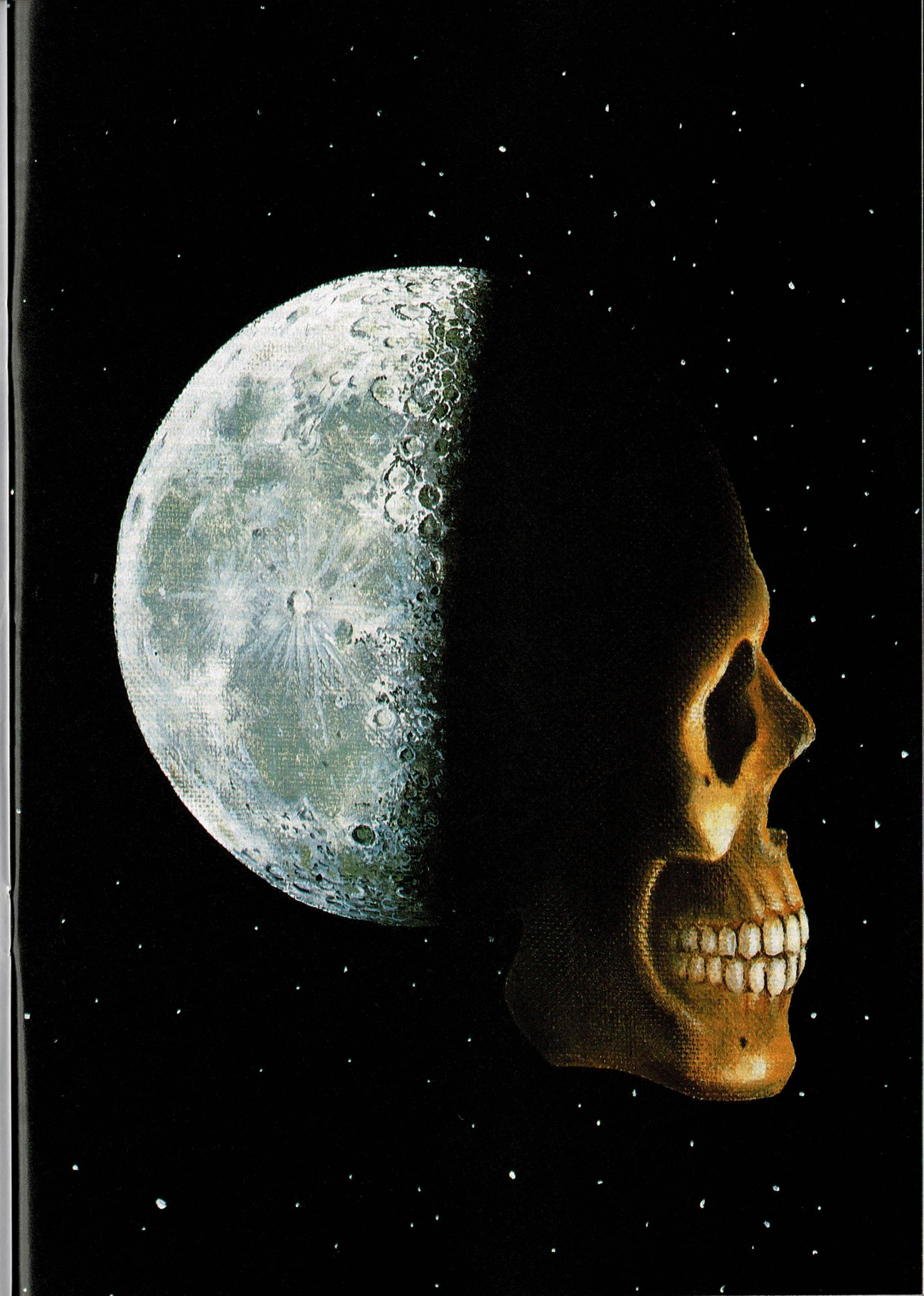


ILLUSTRATION BY KERIG POPE

had picked him for this flight, that he would send back rock samples which would answer some of the questions about the Moon's structure and perhaps its origin. Then he slipped into the right-hand seat, after which Command Pilot John Pope eased himself into the one in the middle.

When the men were finally in place, strapped flat on their backs to the seats specially moulded to their forms, the critical moment of the countdown arrived. In a bunker below, Dieter Kolff looked stolidly ahead, assuring himself that his final Saturn would soar as planned. At 00-00-00 he saw a blinding flash of fire and felt the ground tremble, as 28,000 gallons of water per second gushed forth to quench the flames, and another 17,000 gallons protected the skin of the machine. From this deluge the rocket began to rise.

Inside the capsule, the three astronauts barely felt the lift-off, and Linley, who had not flown before, said, "Instruments say we're off," and Pope, busy with check sheets, tapped the geologist on the arm and nodded. At this moment, when it was assured that Apollo 18 would be successfully airborne, control passed from Cape Canaveral, whose engineers had done their job, to Houston, where Mission Control had hundreds of experts prepared to feed information and instructions into the system:

Houston: All systems go.

Apollo: We're getting ready for jettison.

In less than three minutes the huge Stage I had discharged its obligation, lifting the entire burden of 6,300,000 pounds eight miles straight up, and now it was useless; indeed, it was worse than useless for it constituted dead weight and had to be discarded before Stage II could be fired. Claggett watched as automatic switches — he had more than 600 above and about him — blew Stage I away, allowing it to fall harmlessly into the Atlantic some miles offshore. With satisfaction, Pope noted that all events so far had adhered to his schedule.

Since Apollo 18 developed no pogo, these first moments of flight were extremely gentle, no more than a G and a half developing, but when Claggett ignited the five powerful engines of Stage II, the rocket seemed to leap upward from an altitude of a mere eight miles to a majestic 112 and to a velocity of more than 15,000 miles an hour. The flight was on its way.

Now Houston began to feed in data, all suggestions being delivered by a team of three CapComs, and it had been agreed that Hickory Lee and Ed Cater would conduct most of the communication.

Now Claggett jettisoned Stage II with its five massive engines and Apollo was powered by only the single strong engine in Stage III, the one that would be burned once to insert the vehicle into orbit around the Earth and once more to thrust Apollo into its course to the Moon, after which it too would be discarded. But of course the system as a whole would still have the smaller engines in the modules, and after Stage III was jettisoned, about three hours into the flight, these smaller rockets would control until the landing capsule returned to Earth.

"Now we can go to sleep," Claggett said, for now it would be a slow, methodical, totally supervised trip that Apollo 18 would engage in for the next 60 hours. Claggett would play country music on his tape machine, Pope the symphonies of Beethoven when it came his turn. Dr Linley monitored communications with Houston and took note of the NCAA basketball scores. On the second night, to coincide with prime-time television in the States, Dr Linley activated the *Altair's* television camera and relayed to Earth a 50-minute program depicting life aboard the spacecraft.

●

The *Altair* team was about to attempt something never tried before, a walk on the other side, and the next day, as the Moon loomed ahead, enormous in their small windows, the men could identify areas where the earlier Apollos had landed, and they felt momentary remorse that they were not headed for any of the sites they had memorised as beginning astronauts. But when they swung around the edge of the Moon and saw for the first time the strange and marvellous mountains awaiting them, they gasped with delight.

When they swung around the edge of the Moon and saw for the first time the strange and marvellous mountains awaiting them, they gasped with delight.

Flight plan called for them to make many orbits of the Moon before actually descending, and in this waiting period they talked with Hickory Lee in Houston:

Houston: Could you see any signs of previous landings?

Apollo: None. And we really searched.

Houston: That's hard to believe. When you drop to lower orbit, of course. . .

Apollo: Our landing spot is in darkness now, but what we can see of the lighted area looks reassuring. Totally different from the Earth side. Many, many more craters.

Houston: We want you to make four sunlight passes.

Apollo: You can be sure we want to.

Houston: Any glitches?

Apollo: None whatever. Fingers crossed, but this has been a perfect mission so far.

●

There was a glitch. High in the clear air of the Rockies, astronomer Sam Cottage, monitored the Sun at the Sun Study Centre in Boulder, Colorado on the morning after lift-off, and saw with interest that Region 419 had maintained its horseshoe configuration with signs indicating that a Sun-spot big enough to see with the naked eye might be developing. His summary that day informed the world and NASA scientists: Region 419 produced several subflares. New spots are appearing in white light. Region exhibiting mixed polarities. Geomagnetic field likely to remain unsettled. Region likely to produce moderate flares.

On the next day, as the astronauts were preparing their approach to the Moon, Region 419 subsided dramatically. However, Cottage could not sleep, and during the hours when Claggett and Linley were preparing their descent to the Moon, he was alone in his workroom, reviewing all the data, regarding Cycle 20 and the behavior of Region 419, and the more mathematics he applied to what was before him, the more apparent it became that if his theories were correct, Region 419 must soon erupt as a major flare.

He had nothing to work on except his correlations, but in the morning he carried them to the manager and said, "Statistically, everything would balance out if 419 did go bang."

"We're not gypsies telling fortunes."

"All right, disregard my figures. What do you think?"

"It's a troublesome region, but damn it, we don't have enough here to warrant an alert."

●

But on April 26, as the two astronauts were making their final decisions regarding preparing for a descent to the Moon, Sam Cottage did not leave his watching post for lunch, because a routine event was occurring on the Sun which, although it involved no specific danger, did produce a period of maximum risk to the two men who would be walking on the Moon. Region 419 was moving from the eastern half of the Sun's visible surface to the western, and this made it triply threatening. First, because of solar rotation, the paths followed by energetic atomic particles thrown out by the Sun are curved, so that those originating on the western half are more directly channelled toward the Earth and Moon. Even a truly massive flare on the eastern half would do little damage, for its ejecta would curve outward and away from Earth to be lost in space. Second, the travel time for deadly particles originating on the western half is much shorter than those coming from the eastern. Third, solar-flare particles reaching Earth or Moon from the western side are just more energetic than those from the east.

The most threatening single position for a flare is 20 to 45 degrees west of the Sun's central meridian, and that was the ominous area into which Region 419 now entered.

●

When Sam missed his lunch, his girlfriend appeared with a sandwich and watched the Sun with him.

"I was jittery yesterday," he said. "Took all my data to the boss and showed him nothing. He told me we weren't gypsy fortune-tellers and he was right. Look. It's a calm Sun. Region 419 is transiting from east to west in an orderly fashion. This time we're going to escape, but I'm still convinced that before Cycle 20 ends there has to be a bangeroo."

"Lucky for the guys up there it skips us this time," she said.

"Why, are they on the Moon?"

"Not yet. But I heard the broadcast from Houston and they're on their way down." She hesitated. Seeing that he was bleary-eyed and nervous, she said, "Why don't you take a walk with me over to the library? You could use a break."

At about the time that Sam Cottage was monitoring Region 419, Claggett and Linley were slipping through the chute that carried them into the Landing Module, *Luna,* and after they had satisfied themselves that everything was in readiness, they signalled Pope that he could cast them loose, but he was so busy verifying the checklists that governed his solitary command of the capsule, that he asked for more time: "I've got three more pages. I want this place to be locked up when you pull away."

"We want it, too," Claggett said over the intercom. "Something to come home to."

At the conclusion of his meticulous checking, Pope cried: "Randy, it's everything go. Contact Houston."

So the word was given; the computers aloft and their mates in Houston concurred, and the *Luna* broke away to start its descent. As the Sun began to illuminate regions farther and farther into the hemisphere, Claggett and Linley could see a Moon far different from the Earth side they had once studied so assiduously. Here there were no vast seas, no multitude of smooth-centred craters, no rilles leading out in tantalising patterns. This was a brutish Moon composed of great mountain ranges, valleys perilously deep. The Earth side had been known for 20,000 years and mapped for 300. Grammar school children could make themselves familiar with their own side, but only scientists studying the Russian and American photographs could say that they knew much about *Luna's* chosen landing spot.

Claggett skilfully brought the lander right down the middle of the corridor — enough Sun to throw shadows which identified every hillock — and as the long delicate probes which dangled from the bottom of the landing pads reached down to touch the Moon and alert the astronauts to turn off their power, lest they fly too hard onto the rocky soil, the final conversation with Houston took place:

Luna: Everything as ordered. God, this is different.

Houston: We read perfection. Soon now.

Luna: No signals from the probes. Could they be malfunctioning?

Houston: You're still well above the probe level. All's well.

Luna: (Claggett speaking) Too busy to talk now. Drifting to left. Too much.

Luna: (Linley speaking) No strain. Straighten up, dead ahead I see it.

Luna: (Claggett speaking) I can't see a damned thing. We're tilted.

Luna: (Linley speaking) You are tilted. Left. Five degrees.

Luna: (Claggett speaking) I thought I was. There, that's better. Houston, I see now. All is copacetic.

Luna: (Linley speaking) Perfect landing.

Houston: Great job.

As gently as if he were parking a large car at a supermarket, Randy Claggett had brought the *Luna* to rest at the extreme far edge of the Sun's rays. Ahead lay darkness, soon to be converted into dazzling sunlight, behind lay the areas which had been bathed in sunlight but which would later pass into the terrible cold and darkness of space where no atmosphere reflected light.

Luna: We've had a close look through the windows. Same only different.

Houston: (Ed Cater as CapCom) You must get some shut-eye.

Luna: We want some.

Houston: All systems shut down?

Like a child's toy unfolding at Christmas, a complete Moon rover materialised with batteries strong enough to move it about for three days.

Luna: All secured.

Houston: We'll waken you in seven hours. Egress in nine.

Luna: That's what we came for.

So eager was Sam Cottage to see what his Sun was going to offer the morning of April 27, that he unlimbered his solarscope an hour before dawn, then spent his time nervously waiting for the great red disc to appear over the flatlands to the east. For about an hour after sunrise it would be fruitless to take photographs, for the Sun would be so low in the east that a camera would be unable to penetrate effectively the extreme thickness of atmosphere. Later, when it stood overhead,the thickness would be at a minimum and good photographs became possible. Even so, he studied the Sun through its blanket of haze to see whether any conspicuous event had happened overnight.

Against the possibility that he might have to issue an alert he spent his time reviewing the data on radiation.

When light filled the room, Cottage walked nervously about, stopping now and then to study the remarkable series of photographs taken on June 4, 1946 showing seven stages of the greatest solar prominence ever recorded — Grandpa it was labelled officially — a wild, tempestuous arch reaching a quarter of a million miles out into space. It had covered that distance in 15 minutes, and the flare that must have been associated with it would have generated, Cottage estimated, a total dose of something like 5000 Rems as measured on the Moon. More than enough to kill instantly.

●

Randy Claggett's style was to be irreverent about everything: marriage, fatherhood, test piloting or engaging Russian MiGs in Korea, but when he felt his heavy boot touch the surface of the Moon and realised that he was standing on a portion of the universe which no one on Earth would ever see, not even with the most powerful telescope, he was overcome with the solemnity of the moment:

Luna: Nothing could prepare you for this moment. The photographs weren't even close. This is. . . it's staggering. An endless landscape of craters and boulders.

Houston: And not a dark side at all?

Luna: The Sun shines brilliantly, but it's sure dark in spirit.

As soon as Dr Linley joined him on the surface a curious transformation occurred: up to now Claggett had been the skilled test pilot in command, but here among the rocks of a wildly unfamiliar terrain, the geologist assumed control, and he reminded Claggett that their first responsibility was to collect rocks immediately, lest they have to take off in a hurry. Placing the scientific instruments and doing the systematic sample collecting could come later.

Only when the emergency bags were filled with rock samples and stowed aboard did the two men proceed to what seemed a miracle when it was flashed by means of the orbiting satellites to television watchers back on Earth: at an opening in the base of the Lunar Module they opened a flap, activated a series of devices and stood back as a most bizarre creation started to emerge like a chrysalis about to become a butterfly. It looked much like a frail shopping cart which had been run over in some truck accident, compacted and twisted, but as it came into sunlight, its various parts, which were spring-loaded, began to unfold of themselves: four wheels mysteriously appeared, a steering handle, a tonneau with seats. Like a child's toy unfolding at Christmas, a complete Moon rover materialised with batteries strong enough to move it about for three days or 80 miles.

When the rover stood clear, the astronauts did not leap into it for a gambol across the Moon; in fact, they ignored it as they went about the serious business of unloading and positioning the complex of scientific instruments which would make this journey fruitful for the next 10 years. In each of the preceding Apollo missions, men had placed on the Moon devices which were expected to send messages to Earth for up to a year, but they had been so beautifully constructed and with so many sophisticated bypasses if things went wrong that all of

them still functioned long after their predicted death. "Sometimes we do things right," Claggett said as he emplaced the instrument which would measure the force of the solar wind.

"You seem to have the wires crossed," Hickory Lee cautioned from Houston. "Red to red."

"I had it arse-backwards," Claggett said, and Lee had to remind him: "We're working with an open mike."

When the eight separate scientific devices were placed, and the antennae which would relay their findings were oriented so that the satellites could intercept their transmissions, the two men were ready to send test signals.

Houston: We read you loud and clear.

Luna: Voltages in order?

Houston: Could not be better.

Luna: We're going to rest 15 minutes.

Houston: You earned it.

Luna: Then we start on Expedition One. Seven miles to the reticulated crater.

Houston: Roger. Are you checking your dosimeters?

Luna: Regular.

After their rest, taken to avoid perspiration or heavy breathing which might consume too much oxygen, the two men climbed into the rover with Dr Linley at the controls.

Luna: Linley speaking. Please someone inform my uncle Dr Gawain Butler, who would not allow me to drive his used Plymouth, that I am now chauffeuring a jalopy with a sticker price of 10 million clams.

Houston: Obey all traffic signs.

Each trip had been constructed with almost every minute accounted for; the men would work incessantly, searching for specific things which would illuminate the history of this other side. The distance to be travelled had been carefully studied, for a basic consideration had to be the point of safe return, that point so far removed from the module that if the rover broke down completely, the astronauts could still hike back, taking into account exhaustion and oxygen supply. On previous flights six miles out had been the limit, but Claggett and Linley were in such superb physical shape, and their travelling gear had been so improved that seven miles was being authorised.

This carried them to a most interesting small crater, whose flat central section was so reticulated, like a mud flat in August, that the astronauts had given it the name The Giraffe Crater. When they climbed a small mound at its edge, Linley gasped with pleasure, and informed Houston that it was even more exciting than they had supposed when studying photographs.

Luna: Magnificent. We have a whole new world here.

Houston: Better change that to Moon.

Luna: Corrected. We're going down on foot to collect samples.

Houston: Too steep for the rover?

Luna: We think so.

Houston: Roger. We'll follow you with the television camera.

Luna: We're going left. To get those rocks that look yellowish.

It was truly miraculous. The two astronauts left the rover and descended gingerly into the crater, but as they went, technicians in Houston sent electronic commands to the television camera mounted on the side of the rover, and obediently it followed the progress of the men.

Its electrical impulses were dispatched by a special antenna on the rover to one of the waiting satellites, which reflected them to collecting stations at Honeysuckle in Australia and Goldstone in California, where they were transformed into television pictures for commercial stations.

●

At the Sun Study Centre in Boulder, Sam Cottage turned the cranks which moved his solarscope into position, brought the hydrogen-alpha filter into the optics in order to obtain the most sensitive view of activity on the Sun and waited for the great star to lose its redness so he could get a clear look at its face, and when he did so he saw that Region 419 had reached the precise spot from which it could create the maximum danger. It had edged across the mid-line at which it would have stood closest to the Moon but still remained close enough to deliver a powerful shot, and it had entered the ultra-dangerous western hemisphere from which extra-powerful discharges were possible.

With one mighty surge, Region 419 of the Sun exploded in titanic fury. It was one of the most violent explosions of the past 200 years.

With every minute successfully negotiated, the possibility of danger diminished, and Sam was pleased to see that it remained quiescent: however, for his morning summary Sam consulted his charts to make an estimate of the size of the region and was surprised at his figure: "Region 419 is now 63 times larger than the entire surface of the Earth."

Before filing his report he looked back to verify the astonishing size of this disturbance, and as he did so he saw the area expand significantly: "Jesus, what's happening?"

He reached backward for his telephone but never found it, for his attention was riveted on that distant battleground where primordial forces had reached a point of tension that could no longer be sustained. With one mighty surge, Region 419 exploded in titanic fury. It was no longer simply a thratening active region; it was one of the most violent explosions of the past 200 years.

"Oh, Jesus!" Cottage gasped, and while he fumbled for the phone, figures and delimitations galloped through his head: "Sun to Moon, less than 93,000,000 miles. What we see now happened 8.33 minutes ago. But radiation travels at speed of light, so it's already hit the Moon. Oh, Jesus, those poor men! Rems? 5000, maybe 6000 total dose." And in the brief seconds it took for him to find the phone two thoughts flashed across his mind: "What else might have happened during the eight minutes it took that flash to reach here?" and "God, God, please protect those men."

He spread the alarm but by the time his superiors could alert NASA, two other observatories and three amateurs in the Houston area had already reported that a gigantic solar proton event was underway.

Houston: Luna, Altair, do you read me?

Altair: I read.

Houston: Why doesn't *Luna* answer? *Altair,* can you see *Luna* at this point?

Altair: Negative.

Luna: [breaking in] I read you, Houston.

Houston: There seems to have been an event on the Sun. Have you checked your dosimeters?

Luna: Oh, Oh!

Houston: We read your telemetry as very high.

Luna: So do we. Dosimeter is saturated.

Altair: Confirm. Very high.

Houston: We now have confirmation from different sources. Major solar event. Classification 4-bright, x9 in X-ray flux.

Luna: What probable duration?

Houston: Cannot predict. Wait. Human Ecology says two days, three days.

Luna: (Claggett speaking) I think we may have a problem.

Houston: The drill is clear. Return to Lunar Module. Lift off soonest.

Luna: We do not have data and time for lift-off. We do not have data and time for rendezvous.

Houston: Our computers will crank up and feed you. What is your ETA back at Lunar Module?

Luna: Distance seven miles, top speed seven miles. Yield, one hour.

Houston: How long to button up?

Altair: Am I to drop to rendezvous orbit?

Houston: Stand by *Altair.* We'll handle your problems later.

Altair: Roger. Wilco.

Houston: Repeat, how long button up, *Luna?*

Luna: Abandonin' gear, 20 minutes.

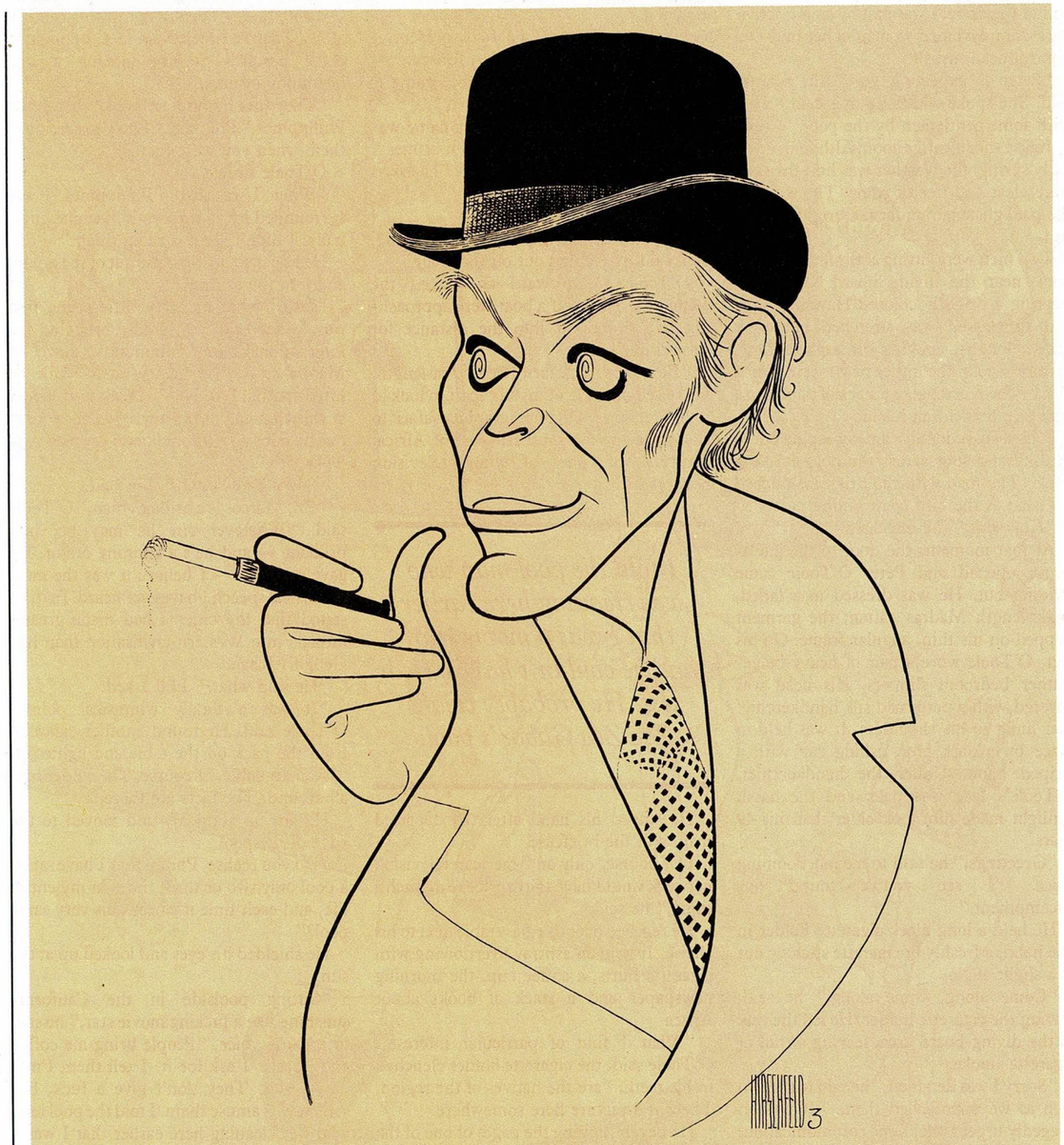
Houston: Abandon all gear. *Luna,* there is no panic, but speed essential.

Luna: Who's panickin'? We're climbin' out of a crater, rough goin'.

Houston: Manufacturer assures rover can make top speed 11 miles an hour.

(continued on page 144)

THE OTHER LIFE OF



one day he's hunting crows in ireland, the next he's poolside in hollywood

THE HOUSE in Bel-Air had tall iron security gates, which were standing open. Sitting in the centre of the driveway — and blocking the entrance — was a black Cadillac limousine with darkened

profile by o'connell driscoll

PETER O'TOOLE

ILLUSTRATION BY HIRSCHFELD

windows. A chauffeur dressed in black was sitting behind the wheel of the car, listening to the radio and reading a copy of *The Hollywood Reporter*. As I reached the end of the drive, I was met by an attractive, dark-complexioned woman in her mid-30s. I introduced myself.

"Peter is expecting you," the woman said. She spoke with a Latin accent. "He's with some gentlemen by the pool."

It was shortly after noon. Although it was early spring, the weather was hot; the skies were clear and free of smog. The water of the pool glistened under the bright midday sun.

Two men were sitting at the far end of the pool, near the diving board. One man, wearing a brightly colored Hawaiian shirt and sunglasses, was stretched out on a chaise longue, looking through a large picture book; the other was sitting in a nearby chair, arranging a stack of papers in a briefcase he held on his lap.

A blue jay suddenly came sweeping out of the sky and shot across the pool at a low angle. The man with the briefcase ducked his head as the bird went sailing past.

"Holy shit," the man said.

At that moment, the door to the guest-house opened and Peter O'Toole came striding out. He was dressed in a faded, ankle-length Madras caftan; the garment flapped on his thin, angular frame. On his feet, O'Toole wore a pair of heavy beige-leather bedroom slippers. His head was covered with a patterned silk handkerchief that hung to his shoulders. It was held in place by a dark blue fishing cap with a striped band. Under the handkerchief, O'Toole's face was pale, and the harsh sunlight made him look older than his 49 years.

"Greetings," he said to me in a booming voice. "I see you've found our encampment."

He held a long black cigarette holder in one hand, a freshly lit cigarette sticking out at a slight angle.

"Come along, come along," he said, waving the cigarette holder. He led the way to the diving-board area, leaving a trail of cigarette smoke.

"Sorry I was detained," he said to the two men as we approached them. "It was an allegedly urgent telephone communication. The telephone has been driving me mad since I've been here. I shall be very happy to return to Ireland, where the bloody things don't work and one is not bothered."

The man with the briefcase stood up.

"I'll be going," he said. He had dark, wavy hair and wore a khaki shirt with a military cut. A diamond ring on his pinkie finger flashed in the sunlight.

"I'll have these other papers sent over to you," the man said to O'Toole.

"Smashing," O'Toole said, shaking the man's outstretched hand.

"I'm sure this will be a very successful project," the man said.

"One always hopes," O'Toole said.

The man with the briefcase said goodbye and walked up the hill. O'Toole settled himself on a chaise longue and adjusted his head-dress. He motioned for me to sit down.

"This gentleman," he said, presenting me to the other man, "is here to observe my every movement. We're possibly going to be doing something for PLAYBOY."

The other man, who said his name was Phil, looked at O'Toole and then at me.

"Do you want me to piss off?" he asked O'Toole.

"Not at all," O'Toole said.

"If you want me to piss off, just say so," Phil said, stretching out on the chair.

O'Toole sat forward and faced the swimming pool as if a boat were approaching. He stared off into the distance for several moments.

"I'm going on safari," he said at length. He raised one side of his silk scarf to look in my direction. "A photographic safari to Botswana, in the southern part of Africa, courtesy of one of your television networks."

I told the pool man who was cleaning here earlier that I was a movie star and he couldn't have cared less. He probably cleans Zsa Zsa Gabor's pool.

He waved his hand after the departed man with the briefcase.

"Of course, only an American television network would have the caprice to do such a thing," he said.

He reached over to a glass table next to his chaise. It held an ashtray overflowing with cigarette butts, a coffee cup, the morning newspaper and a stack of books about Africa.

"What I find of particular interest," O'Toole said, the cigarette holder clenched in his teeth, "are the natives of the region. There is a picture here somewhere. . ."

He began flipping the pages of one of the books. Phil leaned forward to see what he was looking for. O'Toole pointed to a picture of a small man covered in ceremonial paint, standing among ferns.

"*Jesus,* these fellows go back more than a fortnight," he said. "When our hairy ancestors descended from the trees and went out on to the grassy plains and so on, these fuckers stayed right *there*." He pointed to an arbitrary spot. "There at the base of the trees. And there they stayed."

He passed the book to Phil, Phil looked the page over thoughtfully.

"They're sort of orange," he said.

"Very interesting coloration," O'Toole said, dropping back against the cushion. "Not at all Negroid. Different characteristics entirely."

"Sort of orange," Phil said.

"They're completely primitive," O'Toole said. "They're not of this century at all. They're timeless, in fact. Looking at these bastards is like looking at the beginning of man."

"They just found a tribe like that in the Philippines," Phil said. "Did you see any of them when you were there?"

O'Toole smiled.

"When I was in the Philippines, I was surrounded by 75 men with machine guns, baby. I didn't see a fucking thing."

He knocked his cigarette out of the holder and into the ashtray.

"Jesus, what a merry little scene that was," he said. "Marcos brought the international film community down to Manila as a diversionary tactic while he lifted martial law. Ha!" He laughed loudly at this thought. "And there we all were in our tuxedos — with soldiers every place you looked."

"Sorry I missed it," Phil said.

"Oh, Marcos is a brilliant man," O'Toole said. "Whatever *else* he may be, he's brilliant — and he's a cunning orator. He gave a speech — I believe it was the most whimsical speech I have ever heard. In it, he stated that the cinema had made greater inroads into Western civilisation than had Genghis Khan."

"He said what?" Phil asked.

"It was a totally whimsical point," O'Toole said. He found another cigarette from the pack on the table and lighted it. "It's inarguable, of course. The evidence is all around. The facts are there."

He got up suddenly and moved to the edge of the pool.

"Do you realise, Philip, that I have sat by a pool only two or three times in my entire life, and each time it's been this very same pool?"

He shielded his eyes and looked up at the sun.

"Sitting poolside in the California sunshine like a fucking movie star," he said in a rising voice. "People bring me coffee and juice if I ask for it. I tell them I'm a movie star. They don't give a fuck, but somehow I amuse them. I told the pool man who was cleaning here earlier that I was a movie star and he couldn't have cared less. He probably cleans Zsa Zsa Gabor's pool, and I can get stuffed."

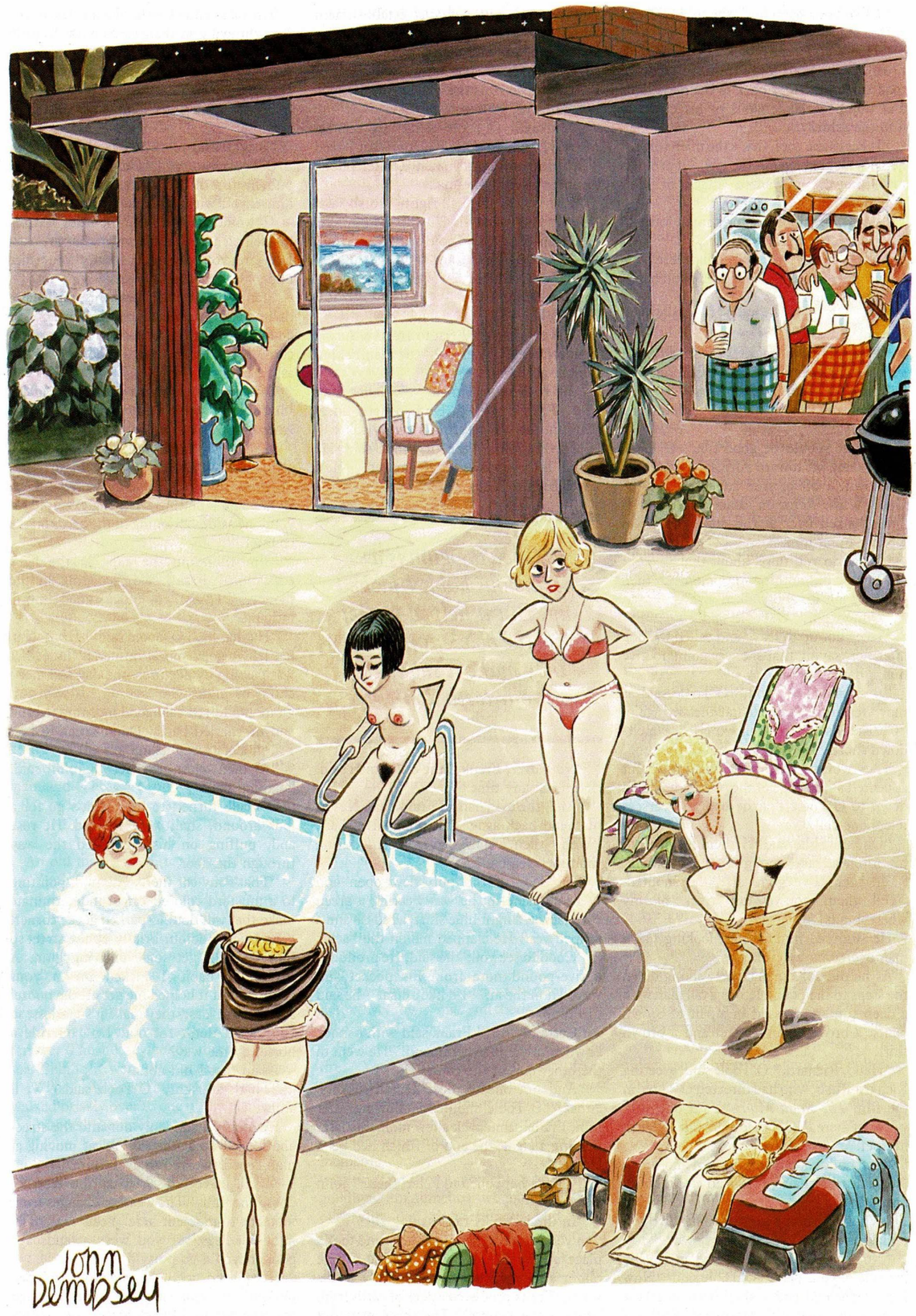
As he spoke, a golden retriever came racing up the hillside. The dog ran about the area for a moment as if looking for prey, then settled down to a slow walk.

"Enter the canine creature," O'Toole said.

The dog was followed by a girl in her teens, dressed in blue jeans, sneakers and a shirt with a buttondown collar.

"Hello, Stacey, my love," O'Toole said.

"Hi, Peter," the girl said, coming closer. The dog went over to her and she began petting him.



"If this doesn't get them away from the keg, nothing will."

"I like your hat a lot," she told O'Toole with a smile.

"Thank you very much," O'Toole said, brushing the scarf away from his face. He took three fast steps back to the glass table and dumped the remains of his cigarette into the ashtray.

"It keeps me cool, that's the main thing," he said, looking over at the girl. "It protects me from the unwanted attack of solar radiation."

"Yeah, I could use some suntan lotion," Phil said, examining his arm.

Stacey looked at the books that were lying about. She picked one of them up and began leafing through it.

"Are you going to Africa or something, Peter?" she asked.

"I am," O'Toole said. "Very shortly. I'm going on a photographic expedition. We will look for wildlife of all sorts."

"That sounds neat," Stacey said, turning the pages.

"Yes, it should be good fun," O'Toole said, gazing off toward Africa. "Something unknown, a bit of true adventure. . . the Great White Actor on safari."

He looked over at the dog, which was looking up at him.

"What do you think about that?"

The dog did nothing for a moment, then leisurely got up and walked away.

"Quite right," O'Toole said.

Stacey got up to leave and called the dog after her, saying that she was going to give him a bath.

"Best of luck to you," O'Toole said as they went off. He looked at the sky again. "Christ, it's hot! I shall experience meltdown shortly if I don't get out of the sun."

The woman with the Latin accent appeared at the edge of the patio. She called down to O'Toole that he had an overseas telephone call.

"Oh, shit!" he said. He held his hand to his forehead and thought for a moment. "Tell them I've gone off!" he shouted. "Tell them you've lost track of my whereabouts!"

He slumped into a chair, looking like a man overcome by events.

As he did so, a man came walking down the steps to the pool. He was a tall man with a deep suntan, dressed in a pair of brown pants, a brown sports jacket and a brown shirt.

"Hello, Richard," O'Toole said, greeting Richard Rush, who had directed O'Toole in the film *The Stunt Man*. "Your daughter was just here," O'Toole told him. "With her pet."

Rush nodded, took off his coat and threw it on a nearby chair. He looked at O'Toole's outfit.

"What are you up to?" he said. "Are you remaking *Lawrence?*"

"No, I've just been enjoying myself by the side of your pool," O'Toole said. "Now I'm overheated and I shall have to take a shower and cool off. Afterward, Philip is going to drive me to Westwood village so I might search out a *falafel* establishment with which I became acquainted on a prior visit." He turned to Phil, who had come over to join them. "What was the name of the chap who runs the place?" he asked.

"Murray," Phil said.

"Murray," O'Toole said. "Of course. Murray, Prince of *Falafels*. Just what I need — a little jaunt, a little lunch. The telephone has been driving me mad!"

"Can you manage all right?" Rush said. "Out in the naked city?"

"I can cope," O'Toole said. "After all, I'm a fucking movie star."

"Oh yes," Rush said. "I thought I'd seen you someplace."

•

"Have you never been to Ireland during shamrock season before?" the man behind the bar asked me.

"He's never been at all," the man sitting next to me answered. He had dark, curly hair, and he was wearing a green jacket.

"Never, John?" the first man said. He raised his eyebrows as if amazed. "He's never been to Ireland?"

Chewing gum is a pernicious habit I picked up. But it helped me get off the booze, and now they make it sugarless, so your teeth don't rot.

"No, never, Frank," the other man said. "Never at any time."

"Ah," the man named Frank said. He ran his hand back against his long silver hair. "Well, then. He's never been during shamrock season."

The door of the pub flew open and O'Toole came in; he was wearing a green cord jacket, a light blue shirt, a red tie and a striped vest. He clapped me on the back.

"Good to see you," he said. He produced a five-pound note from his pocket and waved it in the air. "I'd like a cigar," he said to Frank.

"Certainly, sir," Frank said with a mock bow. "I'm yours to command." He went to the other end of the counter.

"And not one of those Dutch fuckers, either," O'Toole shouted, following after him. Frank came back a few moments later holding a cigar, the end of which had been clipped.

"What's happened to Peter, then?" John asked.

"In the jakes," Frank said.

A young man in his 20s came in and took a place at the bar. He was wearing a blue blazer and a silk scarf, tied nattily at his throat. Frank produced a deck of cards from beneath the counter. The three men put money on the bar and the cards were dealt.

The hand ended with John and the young man throwing in their cards with disgust.

"Bastard!" John said balefully, staring at Frank. He pounded the countertop for emphasis. "Whoremaster!"

Frank smiled at him and shrugged amiably.

"Brightness, John!" he cautioned.

O'Toole returned from the rear of the pub, his face dripping wet. He was mopping himself off with a handkerchief.

"I would like to ask," he said, settling himself on a stool at the end of the bar, "just how are you supposed to dry your face under one of those blowers?"

Frank handed O'Toole his cigar and lighted it for him with a plastic lighter. "It's an interesting question," Frank said, considering it a moment. "I doubt it's been asked before."

O'Toole looked at the young man in the blue blazer and said: "How are you, Andrew? Good to see you."

"I'm well, thank you, Peter," Andrew said. "And yourself?"

"Fine, fine," O'Toole answered. "I see your uncle is setting a sterling example for you," he said, motioning to the cards on the counter.

"I'm filling in the gaps in the lad's education," Frank said, scooping in the money. "I try to be a good moral influence."

"Ha, ha, ha," O'Toole said. "Ha, ha, ha, ha. A good moral influence, indeed! I was passing by a church one day and met a chum of mine who was on his way out. Quite politely, I said good morning to him, and he snarled back, 'Don't speak to me! I'm in a state of fucking grace!' "

"A man close to God," John said, laughing hard.

O'Toole turned to me. "Let's go for a look around, shall we?" he said. He rose and, puffing on his cigar, led the way through the door.

"That's my car there," he said, pointing to a mustard colored car of indeterminate make that was double-parked at the corner. "We have to detour briefly up the street so that I might get some chewing gum. A pernicious habit I picked up in your country. But it helped me get off the booze, and now, at least, they make it sugarless, so your teeth don't rot out. Do you ride a horse, by the way?"

I said that I did not.

"That's all right," O'Toole said. "We'll adjust."

He stepped suddenly out into the street and looked up at the sky. A car moving at high speed swerved to avoid him.

"We'll have to see what the weather does," he said. "The weather changes from moment to moment here. Yeats said, 'The light has legs.' If you were a landscape painter, you'd go potty."

He pushed open the door to a crowded gift-and-souvenir shop. O'Toole marched purposefully to the back of the store, where there was a metal rack holding an assortment of sweets. He lingered over his choice a moment, then selected two packs of gum and paid for them. A pair of grey-haired ladies in tweed walking outfits stood nearby and watched him with shy interest.

"Hello, ladies," O'Toole said, towering above them. "Lovely day!"

We left the store and walked back to O'Toole's car. The town of Clifden consisted of one main street with an old stone church at each end. We passed a butcher shop with a side of beef in the window; a man walked by carrying a large fish in each hand.

"It's only within the last year that I've been driving an automatic transmission," O'Toole said as we got into his car. "Consequently, I have a tendency to shift gears with the ashtray. Please don't allow this to alarm you."

He started the car and we took off, leaving the town by a narrow road that wound upward along a hillside. The ground to one side sloped down to the Atlantic. The water was grey-blue and calm under an overcast sky.

Off the coast, there were a number of dark green humps in the water.

"Most of those islands are inhabited," O'Toole said, "as they have been for centuries. Mostly by fishermen, though they also graze cows and sheep."

He stopped the car in the middle of the road and pointed to one island.

"That island," he said, "was inhabited up to several years ago by a population of 30. One day, four of the island men drowned in a terrible storm at sea." He unwrapped a stick of gum and popped it in his mouth. "It destroyed the spirit of the island," he said. "So the people left and came here to the mainland. These are some of their houses."

He indicated whitewashed cottages with thatched roofs that were set back from the road.

An old man passed, leading a donkey.

"You're in the most primitive part of Europe," O'Toole said to me. "Don't let the stray bit of electricity fool you."

The road continued to climb until, at last, we arrived at O'Toole's house. Gravel from the driveway scattered as we pulled in. The house was quite large in relation to its neighbors; it stood two stories high, built solidly of stone, and was encircled by a stone terrace. The house looked directly out to sea. Behind it were blue-green mountains.

O'Toole hopped out of the car and walked briskly over to one of the plants that surrounded the terrace.

"Hello, hello," he said, bending over to the plant's level. "How are things today?" He looked over his shoulder at me. "I must check on them constantly and reassure them of my presence." He straightened up and gestured around. "I planted everything you see here. The trees, the bushes — every fucking thing. Ninety percent of what was planted was blown away by the wind. The wind's a mighty thing, coming off the ocean."

He looked at the ocean accusingly. "Plants must be sturdy to survive here," he said. "Just like the people."

The entranceway to O'Toole's house was hung with raincoats, overcoats, hats and mufflers. There was a row of shoes and boots lined up on the floor.

The living-room was high-ceilinged, with a stone fireplace. There was a large wooden sideboard against one wall, the surface of which was covered with cassette tapes and recording paraphernalia.

There was a fire going in the fireplace. O'Toole examined it, rubbing his hands together. He took a large piece of turf and threw it on to the fire.

"I'll make some tea," he said, going into the kitchen. "It's part of my limited culinary repertoire."

The living-room was panelled in light wood. There was a sofa in front of the fireplace, with a large brass stand-up lamp behind it and a table in front. There were two windows in the room, both looking out to sea.

After a few moments, O'Toole returned with a tray holding a teapot, mugs, milk and sugar. He poured some tea for himself and added milk; the milk clung to the top in scummy flecks.

Communication is largely irrelevant here. I usually keep the phone in the oven, since it has no useful function. Sometimes people do get through.

"Don't mind that shit," he said, referring to the milk. "I mix rubbish with good stuff, but it's not sour."

He went over to the sideboard and examined the cassettes. He selected one and put it into a tape player. Phoebe Snow came on as the fire began to spark and fill the room with smoke.

"I have my own bachelor inventions," he said. "My own mad methods of housekeeping and so on."

He came back and stood in front of the fire. "You just missed the photographs of my trek to Africa," he said. "We had literally hundreds of them here. Everything we did. It was an extraordinary, *extraordinary* adventure. We had only two bad moments. Once, we came across a pack of wild dogs and for a moment, it looked like goodbye, but somehow we managed to get out with our skins intact. The other happened when we were stalking — of all things — bull elephants. Amazingly, they are the stealthiest of all the animals of the bush. Isn't that amazing?" He paused to see whether I thought it was amazing. "They appear *absolutely* without warning. And so we turned around, and there in front of us. . ."

He was interrupted by the telephone — a single long, piercing ring. O'Toole looked up as if a bomb had gone off.

"*Jeeesus!*" he said. "You've witnessed an event. The fucking telephone actually rang. Good God!"

Standing up very straight, he picked up the receiver and spoke into the mouthpiece.

"Good afternoon," he said in a deep voice. He waited for a moment but evidently received no answer. "Good afternoon," he said again, a little louder. He held the receiver away from him and looked at it.

"*Hello!*" He shouted into the telephone. "Hello! Yes, yes! *Hang on!*" He put the receiver down on the table with a bang. "Will you hang this up for me?" he said, and dashed out of the room.

O'Toole returned in a short while, a delighted expression on his face.

"That was all the way from the United States of America!" he said. "A major achievement! Communication is largely irrelevant here. I usually keep the phone in the oven, since it has no useful function. Sometimes people do get through. The odd daughter gets in when she needs something. . ."

He wandered around the room for a moment, as if trying to locate something. "Electricity came to this peninsula only five years ago," he said, finally crossing the room to stand by the window. "It altered the reality around here. It changed things. Modernisation breeds its own brand of schizophrenia. . ."

He trailed off, looking out the window. He stood and stared for quite a long while, as if he had fallen into a trance. "I'm sorry," he said at last. "I have this habit of looking out to sea."

He turned away from the window, seemingly with renewed vigor. "Let's go for a jaunt, shall we?" he said. "I don't like to be closed indoors."

He got a canteen, which he filled with water from the kitchen. He stopped in the entry and lifted a pair of binoculars from one of the coat racks. We stepped outside. Although the sky had brightened, the air was cold and crisp.

"Everything is fresh here," O'Toole said as we stood on the porch. He took a deep, invigorating breath. "There's no pollution, and even if there were, the wind would blow it away. Here, take a drink of this." He handed me the canteen.

"The water comes from my own well," O'Toole said. "I take water with me everywhere I go. One must always be prepared when one ventures out. Here, have a look."

He had the binoculars raised to his eyes; he lowered them and handed them to me.

"Look straight out that way," he told me, pointing toward one of the islands. "Look up at the top."

(continued on page 136)

Uschi

When there's a new man in Uschi Termath's life you can bet on two things. He'll have a strong face with lots of character and a strong body with lots of muscles. "When my heart is up for grabs, only he-men need apply," she says with a laugh.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARGARETHA OLSCHEWSKI & PETER WEISSBRICH

Our 23-year-old Playmate of the Month says that the early days of a new relationship are the most exciting. "There's just so much to learn about each other — our likes and dislikes. It's so important. I believe that a lot of love affairs don't last because the people involved have not made the effort to really learn about each other."

Although she lives in a small town, Miss October doesn't find village life boring. "I studied ceramics, but that's not what I want to do for the rest of my life," says Uschi. "I've got no set plans. Who knows what might come along now that I've posed for PLAYBOY?"

MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Uschi Termath

BUST: 35 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 8½ SIGN: Sagittarius

BIRTH DATE: 13-12-1958 BIRTHPLACE: Borken, Germany

AMBITIONS: To have an interesting and varied life with lots of surprises along the way.

TURN-ONS: Beautiful bodies, muscles, music, leather and lace, motor bikes

TURN-OFFS: People who are set in their ways, posers, artifical flowers, cheap wine, compact cars.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Cheap romance novels, the Lensman series by E.E. Smith, Asimov's Trilogy.

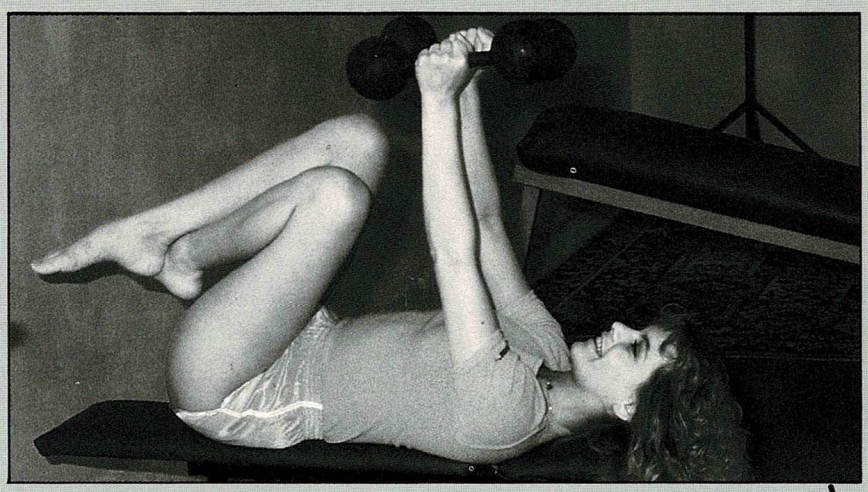
FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Rolling Stones, Talking Heads, Monty Python, Kate Bush, Clint Eastwood

FAVORITE SPORTS: Cycling, Skiing

IDEAL MAN: Strong, well-built with brains and a sense of humor to match his brawn.

SECRET FANTASY: If I told you, it wouldn't be a secret.

Young and sweet



The shape of things to come!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Didn't I say I could make you forget that foreign girl, boss?" asked the piano player.

"You sure can," murmured the expatriate American in the locked office of his North African bar. "Play with it again, Sam."

A newly-wed couple was relaxing in bed after a particularly frenzied night of sex. The wife was nagging her husband about possible baby names, should the need arise.

"Look," said the husband, "I told you we aren't having any kids for at least a year."

"But what happens if I do fall pregnant?" argued his wife.

With that, he grabbed the just-used condom, tied it in a knot and threw it out the window exclaiming: "If he can get out of that, we'll call him Houdini!"

An art buff in Sydney named Rowe,
Accosted a fortnight ago,
Is alleged to have quipped
When a flasher unzipped,
"Your exhibit's well hung, sir. Good show!"

There's an American Express card holder who's a firm believer in early morning sex. He never leaves home without it.

It was a miracle!" the old man shouted, waking up his wife. "When I went to the bathroom just now, the light came on, though I hadn't touched the switch . . . and then, when I had finished, the light went off again, all by itself! It was a miracle, I tell you — a real miracle!"

"It wasn't any miracle, George," his wife sighed resignedly. "You just pissed in the refrigerator again."

My blind date was so boring," the girl confided to her flatmate, "that I finally agreed to sit on his face just to get him to stop talking."

A money-wise prostitute who specialises in selling her favors to accountants is known to members of the profession in a certain city as Cash Flo.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sex-starved heterosexuals* as desperate straights.

Sexual rapport is good insurance for a happy marriage," the counsellor advised the woman. "Tell me, do you and your husband have mutual climax?"

"No," she replied, "I'm pretty sure we have T and G."

I'll shortly be at your cervix, madam," the gallant gynaecologist quipped when the woman was in stirrups.

"And for my part, doctor," answered his high-spirited patient, "I'm dilated for you to see me."

A vasectomy surgeon named Gough
Says that drinkers would probably scoff,
But the pleasure has gone
From his tying one on —
He prefers to be tying one off.

It was an unusually frank singles-bar conversation. "Some fellows refer to their organs as Peter or Dick or John Henry or something," said the girl. "What do you call yours?"

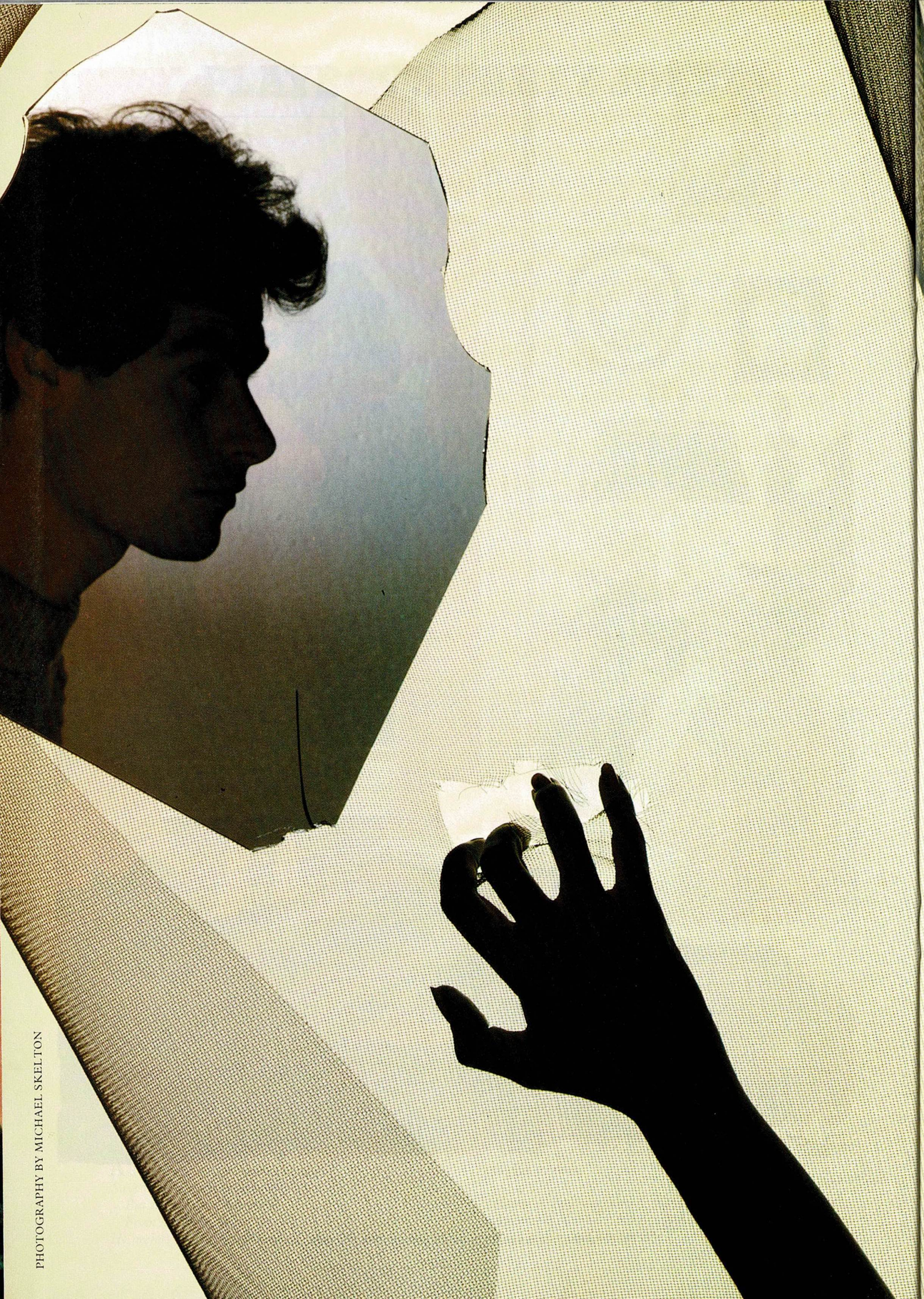
"I don't call mine anything," he replied. "In the proper circumstances, it comes without being called."

The man had managed to talk the pretty bank teller into bed. "Aren't you going to warn me," he grinned as he slipped in beside her, "that there'll be a substantial penalty for early withdrawal?"

"That isn't likely," the girl smiled back, "as your interest begins to peak."

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"As the gardener, you never get to see the garden from this view, do you?"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL SKELTON

PRETTY BOY

the great love of e.d. roberts' life was the image in his mirror

E.D. 'PRETTY BOY' ROBERTS woke slowly. He always enjoyed the first wakening in the early morning light. No. The milk light of early morning. That sounded better. Perhaps he could use it somewhere.

The woman by his side slept on. Jane. She even sighed in her bloody sleep. It irritated him.

E.D. swung over the side of the bed to look at himself in the full-length mirror. It was a ritual he took immense pleasure in, before he got on with the day.

E.D. had carefully set up the relationship with Jane, but now she was talking of going and it was too soon. He'd have to think of something to make her stay until he was ready. She wasn't a bad lookin' sort of woman, and E.D. laughed with himself. He'd left just enough of his working class

fiction by ginny lowndes

background in his accent to attract curiosity from the circles he moved in. It was amazing how well it worked when he dropped the g off his ings and discussed Monet at the same time. A lot of people said his work was like Monet. A reincarnation. But even though he enjoyed the reaction, the careful calculation was no longer really necessary. He knew enough by now. Still, even if he had to say so himself, the effect was charming, a sort of working class intellectual with serious overtones, colored by humor. It worked well, and always immediately set him apart from the others.

E.D. stretched himself out in front of the mirror to really enjoy looking at his body. That bitch of an ex-wife of his, Fran, used to mimic him from behind when he did it near her. She was always crowding up the mirror one way or the other. E.D. smiled with himself again. He had another one down in his studio, where he'd sleep a couple of nights a week, just so that old bag Fran would know she was going to have to go without.

At 40, E.D. observed critically, as he slowly turned this way and that, he was holding up well. His body could pass for 30 odd at any time.

The woman stirred in her sleep. E.D. glanced at her through the mirror. She'd have to go, but not yet, and he hugged himself in delight. It never ceased to amaze him, how well he could use it. Time and time again, no matter who they thought they were. And if he missed out occasionally, there were plenty other waterin' holes.

E.D. arched his body slightly. That was better. Jesus, he looked good.

I'm still trying to sort things out with Jane, he'd told Nicki last night, and he'd looked into Nicki's eyes, then let his own slowly fill up with tears. Nicki'd tried to comfort him. I still, love her and yet, it's strange, I think I'm in love with you too. I'm just so confused, he'd said as he'd flung himself into Nicki's arms, then they'd trembled together at the wonder of it all.

E.D. frowned but not enough to make a mark upon his brow. Perhaps he'd piled it on a bit too fast, a bit too thick, but as he went back over his performance, no, it was probably just right. E.D. fingered his hair and held it out to catch the light. I can't promise you anything, Nicki, he'd whispered, not at this stage, it wouldn't be right. Then he'd added in desperation, Jesus, just hold me, please Nicki, and don't let's talk any more. Nicki'd held him.

E.D. let his hair fall slowly through the light. It was probably his best feature. He loved his hair. So thick and so brown. Like a lion's mane, Nicki'd said, and to be truthful, so had just about every other woman he'd ever been with. Not what they said mattered at all, but it was good to have his own opinion of it confirmed every now and then. He caught a glimpse of Jane in the mirror. He wasn't ready for her to leave yet. Mainly because he'd over committed himself when he'd bought that house. Our house, he'd told Jane when he found he didn't have enough to make the deposit. He'd ultimately wanted to share it with Nicki, but meantime, he still needed Jane's money coming in every week to meet the payments. And if Jane insisted on going, she might want her money back. Jesus! He'd stalled Jane for as long as he could on the move. He'd be damned if he was going to live rough any more. He'd done his share of that. He wanted to put in a new bathroom and kitchen, and for that he needed Jane's money.

E.D. fanned his fingers through his hair again and held it out to catch the sun. God, he looked beautiful. But this worrying all the time prevented him from really enjoying it. Besides, sometimes he hated them all.

E.D. traced the bones of his face with one hand, and held his hair back off his face with the other. Perhaps, he'd been overdoing it on the booze lately. Little lines were beginning to show. He turned his head this way and that to catch every angle. Sometimes, in a certain sort of light, he looked almost like a woman.

E.D. angled himself to catch the light again. The small fine hairs lit up like a silken halo around his body. E.D. caught his breath.

I can't tell you how much it hurts, Nicki, I get so confused. Jane and I, we had so many dreams, and it's all slipping away. Then he'd bitten his lip in worried sincerity. This is all so very unfair on you though isn't it, to be here with me and have no real future, to never know if I'll be able to come again.

E.D. had to think of some way to stall Nicki. I can't promise you anything, not yet anyway, just let me feel safe here with you for a while, I only have such a little time to share with you. I don't want to go back there to Jane, you have no idea what it's like. And Nicki'd fucked him more wildly than ever before.

When he did get home, E.D. grinned with himself, he'd quietly but methodically told Jane he didn't like the chicken curry she'd prepared for dinner and if she'd cared about him at all, she'd of taken the trouble to find out what he really did like.

E.D. was rather pleased with himself and it reflected in the mirror. He'd learned that early in the piece, keep them on the defensive.

E.D. used the tip of his finger to smoothe down his eyebrows. All of this was well and good, but it wasn't enough to keep up the payments on the new house. His salary simply didn't keep up with his lifestyle. Nicki'd begged him to stay. She couldn't stand the thought of his going back to the pain of living with Jane. She'd wept and told him how much it hurt her to see the hell he was going through. E.D. had waited a while and then flung himself, half curled up like a small defenceless child, sobbing, I'm not too sure how much more I can take.

E.D. smiled with himself in the mirror as he remembered last night. Nicki had held his wonderful old lion's head in her lap whilst he'd apologised to her in his helpless way. I know you're here, but sometimes I don't feel very good about it, he'd said. I guess in a sense, I'm using you, but then, we're probably using each other. Oh God Nicki, you've got no idea what it means to me to know you're here. Then he'd roughly pulled off her jeans. It's all so unfair, so hard, isn't it? E.D. snickered softly. He liked to play on words. His other one, when you go to make love, you are in a sense bearing yourself to the other person, was almost as good, because then he could grin that shy, boyish grin and put his hand to his mouth as if he'd just understood what he'd said in *faux pas* when he'd meant to be profound.

E.D. laughed with the mirror. He had a nice laugh. Soft and gentle. Sometimes he preceded it with a quizzical expression of wistfulness. He liked to think of it as fey.

If only Nicki had the money. That settlement from her ex-husband might take longer than six months. He had to think of something to delay Jane's departure until Nicki's money came through.

E.D. angled himself to catch the light again. The small fine hairs lit up like a silken halo around his body. E.D. caught his breath swept up in the simple joy of it all.

Jesus, why did he have to be bothered with this first thing in the morning, besides, he glanced in the mirror, he was feeling pretty horny. I still have dreams of a family, silly isn't it? he'd asked/told Nicki. Nicki'd shaken her head. E.D. had already known it was what she'd wanted. Jane, with two kids of her own was a bit more cautious when he'd said that to her. Nicki's old man had never had it in him to produce any. It was one of the reasons they'd split up. These precious stolen moments we have together, he'd said, have made me want, to hope — and when he saw the same hope rise up in her, he'd smiled his rueful smile and shrugged in the semi French way, dipped his head a little as if someone like himself should never have a wish or a dream, then added, I'm not very good at it, am I? Nicki had almost ripped his clothes off in the frenzy of fucking that followed.

Still, that was last night. I hope she's not pregnant, he thought suddenly, the last bloody thing I want are more kids. His prick never ceased to fill him with a sense of — what? pride? to see it. If I'd never met that old whore when I was picking, I'd never really thought about using it as a means of control. God, he was such a pretty boy when she'd picked him up. Naive, too. E.D.

peered into the mirror. Yes, he'd still managed to hold on to that tiny touch of naivety. Once the women had a taste of him, it seemed they couldn't do without.

E.D. got off the bed to move closer to the mirror. He half turned so he could catch the curve of his behind and watch his erection at the same time. He'd have to stall Nicki for at least six months.

He'd done it with Jane when he was living with Fran. I need time to heal, to get rid of the memories, and he'd bloody near blown it when Jane'd caught him with another woman. But then Jane thought she was a free spirit, so it'd been easy. They don't mean anything to me, these women, he'd said quite truthfully, I need to be free for a while, you of all people must understand that. And she did. They all did. But Nicki might not. That's why he needed the six months to hook her in.

E.D. sighed with his reflection and then flung himself back down on the bed. He'd known Jane had three thousand stashed away that she was keeping for her kids. That oldest one, he'd have to watch her. Those eyes. They never missed a flamin' thing. Stinking little bitch. He'd fixed her once. He'd fix her again. She'd told Jane after she'd caught him with Theresa, but he was too quick for her. He'd convince Jane the little bitch was lying because she was jealous of their relationship. The kid now went to a shrink. E.D. smirked with himself. The kid was a bit more wary now, cunning. He knew that cunning. He'd have to watch it.

Nicki'd been impressed by the house he'd bought and was dying to help him renovate it. Unfortunately, so was Jane. The problem was, how to keep them all in their places until he was ready to make a move.

E.D. idly watched Jane through the mirror. He'd have to do something to try to buy some time till Nicki was ready. I crave it still, you know, Nicki, to be part of something, to create an "us". I still haven't given up hope, but I don't know what's wrong with me that I can't. I'd had so many hopes with Jane, and he'd watched Nicki's eyes fill with tears. It was silly of me, wasn't it, to spend so much time, trying to make a go of it with Jane, when it was obvious from the start it wouldn't work.

He knew that'd do the trick. He'd used it on Jane, or was it Theresa, when he was trying to ditch Fran. Fran'd had two of his kids. They'd kept that oldest bitch of Jane's in line for him anyway. She never left her room all the weekend when his were around. Wasn't game. His kids had beaten the shit out of the two of them last weekend, even though he'd told them to cool it. That's what'd made Jane decide to leave.

Fran was getting fat, E.D. mused, funny how they all get fat. His body was as lean as it'd always been. He looked over at Jane's fluttering eye lids. The bitch could always smell it. Maybe he should tell Jane to go on a diet, or had he already told her. E.D. pondered, yes he had, the other night when he'd come in because Nicki'd held on too long. He'd mentioned it to her then. E.D. smiled with himself, she'd been all set to have a go at him when he jumped in with, you want to know why we don't any more? You're too fat, and as an artist it offends me, I find it aesthetically unattractive. E.D. chuckled with himself. When he'd said that to Fran she'd nearly starved herself to death, but Jane just rolled right on to the edge of the bed. Then he'd relented. He'd fucked her into the night and she was grateful. Stupid bitch.

E.D. stroked himself, looking into the mirror. Jane was watching him now. She'd gotten the same wary look in her eye as the kid. E.D. watched her from the mirror. He stroked up and down and smiled at her.

I'm such a strange man, Nicki, you should accept me for what I am, someone who comes when you need them, and he knew that he'd hardly have the words out of his mouth, when Nicki'd say she wanted him now and forever. When you put the whole lot of them together, they were hardly an original lot, E.D. thought, not like he was anyway. Nicki could hardly

E.D. smiled at her. His other smile. The one where he'd wet his lips first with the tip of his tongue, and make his eyes go dark with desire.

believe her luck in finding him after years of loneliness and self doubt, and to be frank, E.D. could hardly believe his when he heard about the amount of her divorce settlement. Jane'd paled by comparison. He'd been getting tired of Jane anyway. But, Nicki was six months away, and he needed the money now for the payments and the renovations.

Jane was watching him. E.D. had no illusions about that. He was sweet for as long as she still wanted it. From the wild nights of fucking, he'd tapered her off to about once or twice a week. Desire was a funny thing, E.D. mused, she'd come to approach his body in an almost holy sort of way. E.D. smiled at her again through the mirror. His other smile. The one where he'd wet his lips first with the tip of his tongue, and make his eyes go dark with desire. That old whore'd taught him a thing or two.

E.D. waited for Jane to respond. She moved her hand out to touch him. Nicki always did that too. I make love like a women, he'd said to her, but in all the women I've ever been with, there's never been a lover like you. Jane was saying something so E.D. had to strain his head away from the mirror. He caught the end of what she was saying. Love. That shit again.

E.D. suddenly remembered something Jane'd said about her grandmother. She had nursed her until she died. It vexed E.D. as he watched Jane run her tongue over his body, to think he'd forgotten something he could've used. But, just as he remembered, he caught a glimpse of himself making love in the mirror. Jesus he looked good. Just the right angle. What's she on about now, Christ, he couldn't think of himself for two minutes these days. It wasn't as if he'd ever lied to them. He'd told them all, they fell in love not with who he was, but the potential of what he could be. You love what I could be, the promise of me, he'd said to them over and over again. They always swore bloody black, blue and brindle, they didn't. E.D. angrily shifted his body again. Jane's head was in the way.

He rolled off her then watched her body crouch, waiting. She was ripe, E.D. judged, as he watched himself assume a face that was torn with despair. It's no good, Jane, he said, sorrowfully. You really want to leave me, don't you. Oh God, Jane, there's no one else. There never will be anyone but you. How could you even ask? After all we've meant to each other. E.D. ran his fingers through his hair to give it an air of ruffled anguish. I've hoped, dreamed of a future with you, but you don't want it do you. I can't even be a proper lover with you any more. E.D. rolled himself off the bed and sat in front of the mirror. He buried his head in his hands.

It was foolish on my part, silly, silly me, to think it would last forever, and he'd slapped the side of his leg to punctuate the words. Jane put her arms around him from behind. Christ knows, it took her long enough to respond, E.D. said savagely to himself. He turned around and buried himself in Jane's arms, soaking her shoulders with shuddering tears. It's too late now, but he wondered if she could hear him properly, she hadn't said anything in reply. I need time to be on my own, sort things out as best I can, E.D. stole a quick look up to see how she was taking it. Jane's face looked farrowed with grief, distraught. Time to continue, E.D. said to himself.

I don't regret anything we've done, so for Christ's sake, don't blame yourself or your kids for it, because God only knows how much you tried to make things work. E.D. slowly brought his face up to look into Jane's eyes.

You thought I had another woman, didn't you Jane? E.D. kept to just the right note of indignation mixed with disbelief. Even so, she's still too wary, too tight. I wanted to tell you before, in my own funny way, I've been testing you, but I know you've been unhappy living here with me, and I've felt so — so dirty. I'd better pause here for a minute, and you wanted me to go, Jane. I didn't want you to feel sorry for me.

I wish she wouldn't stroke my face like that, it's bloody irritating, E.D. thought to himself as he watched to see if she was ready for some more. She was, and E.D. almost

got carried away by the rush that came with the genius he was about to deliver.

I've got cancer, Jane, E.D. said with a catch in his voice, that's why I've hardly touched you in the past few months (that and bloody Nicki's insatiability, he smirked). I've known for months but I couldn't bring myself to tell you, to burden you up with any more problems. E.D. watched Jane's reaction, felt the fierceness. Yes, she was good for another six months. He'd better do a quick follow up. The best I can hope for is to have a good summer. It's not much of a hope, is it? If you still want to leave me, E.D.'s voice caught huskily in his throat, it's probably for the best. We can't go on like this, we're destroying each other and I've only been trying to come to terms with this thing that's gnawing away at me, my life. I can't cope with the destruction of our love too. Every time I go out, you think I'm with another woman and it's just not true, Jane. Oh God, she's bawling again.

It wasn't an easy thing for us to do, he continued after the tears had dried up a bit, for us to try to live together, your kids and mine, romantic, but not easy. He'd better leave it there and not overdo it. Besides, that evil little bitch is probably listening in outside the door, E.D. thought savagely to himself. See what she'll do about this one.

E.D. allowed Jane to almost devour him with devotion and he thought rather sardonically, she could've picked a better choice of words. As Jane babbled on about the rest of your life and stuff like that, he winced just to remind her that she'd found her mark. E.D. watched Jane and thought about what he'd just done in admiration. Jesus, he'd picked the wrong profession. Instead of being an artist, he should of been an actor. The two went hand in hand anyway. Jane was winding down a bit, and beginning to talk about telling fat Fran, and his sister, getting help. It was time he stepped in again.

No one must know about it, Jane, please, he begged. I don't want pity. I have to learn to live with this thing by myself. I need to maintain my dignity, my pride, to be allowed to get on with things, to move at will, to consolidate my work, because time is so short.

How short should I make it? E.D. suddenly thought. It'll be my last Christmas, Jane, oh God, what will I tell my children. Jane bent her head down on his, half suffocating him, so he pushed her away from him gently. He looked whimsically but seriously into her eyes. It's so sad, Jane, isn't it, we had so much together for it to end like this. E.D. smiled with himself in the mirror, and when Jane put her head down on his shoulder again, he gave himself a big wink.

No love, don't stay, not on my account, I've caused you too much pain already, E.D. said as he cupped Jane's face in his hands. He glanced at his fingers. He'd always felt they were a little too short, but at this moment they looked perfect. I'll be alright on my own, I'll get used to it again. I'll move down to the house, and try to do it up a bit before I go. I have to leave the kids something, you know what Fran's like at providing for them, poor little buggers. Even if it's only the house, it's something. I'll still come and see you for as long as I'm able. That was a nice touch.

E.D. idly wondered whether he should fuck her now or draw it out a bit longer. There's no point in our continuing our relationship Jane, if it causes you so much pain. I can't give you anything, a future, not now. You deserve some sort of a future Jane, and so do your kids. Jesus, E.D. admired himself through the mirror again, once I get going, bloody amazing. I don't have a future any more, Jane, I have nothing to offer you or anybody else.

He'd fuck her now. He liked watching himself fuck. His movements were so slow and sensual, they really turned him on. He'd have to get Nicki to move a mirror near the bed, without it there wasn't much enjoyment. He loved it. The pull of the muscles in his thigh, the arch of his back,

His movements were so slow and sensual, they really turned him on. He'd have to get Nicki to move a mirror near the bed. He loved it.

his long, elegant feet, his prick going in and out, and his hair — his wild and beautiful hair that framed his face and fell like a lion's mane around his shoulders.

E.D. gave a glance at Jane. She was too uptight to come, so E.D. wouldn't either, instead, he cradled her in his arms and let her cry it out. E.D. was touched that she was so upset about his imminent death. He'd better remember about dying by Christmas, and he had a sudden thought which nearly made him laugh, he was just like Christ.

E.D. shook Jane softly and she looked up at him. It was time for hope. There is a chance, Janie, but it's too slim to hold out much of a hope that it might work. God, she's eager. There's a doctor in Mexico who will do laetrile treatments. I've been reading everything I can about cancer ever since I was told. This doctor, he'll send it over, but it's very expensive, and you know how Fran is about the maintenance money and on my salary I can't afford it. I've racked my brains, but as I said, it's not much of a chance, but it's the only one we've got. No, the doctors say radiation or chemo therapy is useless, it's too far spread. It's in my lungs, my stomach, my bowel.

Should I cough or was that Camille, E.D. thought as he waited for Jane's reply.

Foregone conclusion really. No, I couldn't take money off you, love, you've worked too hard for it, besides you need it for the kids. They're the ones with the future. No, I couldn't take it, Janie. Well, all right. There will never be any one else like you, Jane. Except Nicki in six months. Yes, you're right, you were always the more sensible of us two, but I can't just take your money and give you nothing in return. Jesus, why did I say that? E.D. listened to Jane for a while and was truly touched when she told him that just being with him was enough. But E.D. knew enough about the law not to take money under these sort of circumstances so he said, I'll tell you what, Janie, I'll give you a painting.

E.D. pretended to try to go inside her again, but instead, he broke down and cried, begging Jane to help him.

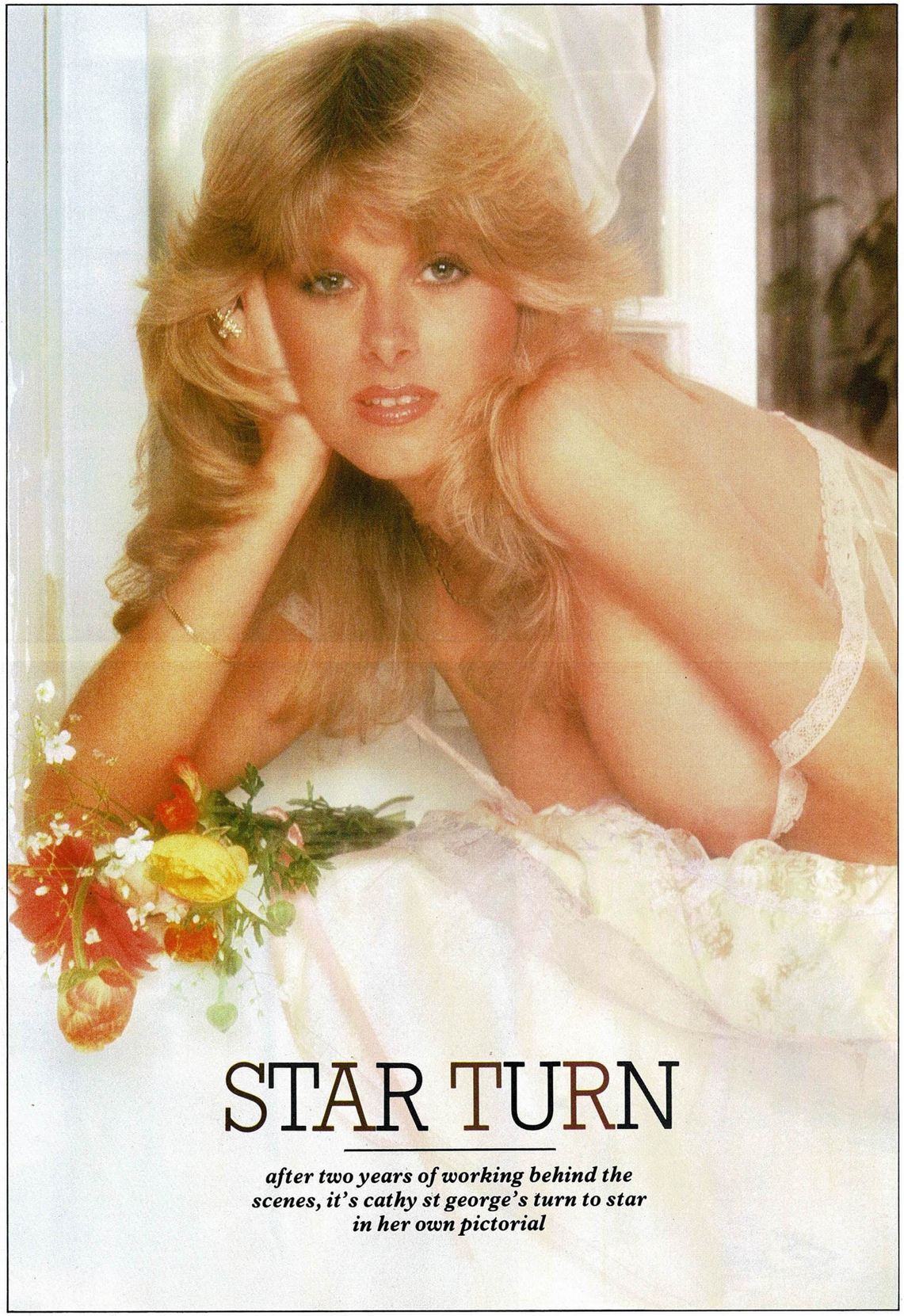
Really, E.D. thought, as he caught a glimpse of himself, it was just so simple, too simple, but I'd better watch that kid. He nestled into Jane's arms, shivering. Well, that's the money for the next six months. He calculated. He'd get the three thousand now and put it into the new bathroom and kitchen.

Jane's fingers caressed his body. E.D. let her do it as he lay thinking about his next move. He'd have to be careful.

He'd wait a while after he got the money, then tell Jane, very gradually'd be the wisest move, that he couldn't burden himself on her any longer, that he had to be on his own. By that time, he'd have the place in pretty reasonable shape and he'd be able to move into the house without having to rough it too much. Nicki wouldn't be a problem, not yet anyway. He'd crack up over the end of the relationship with Jane, then let Nicki come around two or three nights a week for a start, or more if Jane or anyone else wasn't around. Then, when Nicki had the money, he'd move her in so probably within a couple of years, he'd have a reasonable place to live in. He'd move out of that shitty studio and set up a good space in the house. Nicki's money could pay for the extensions. He could realise a dream, to live and work in the one place. E.D. sighed, then there'd probably be someone else around, there always was.

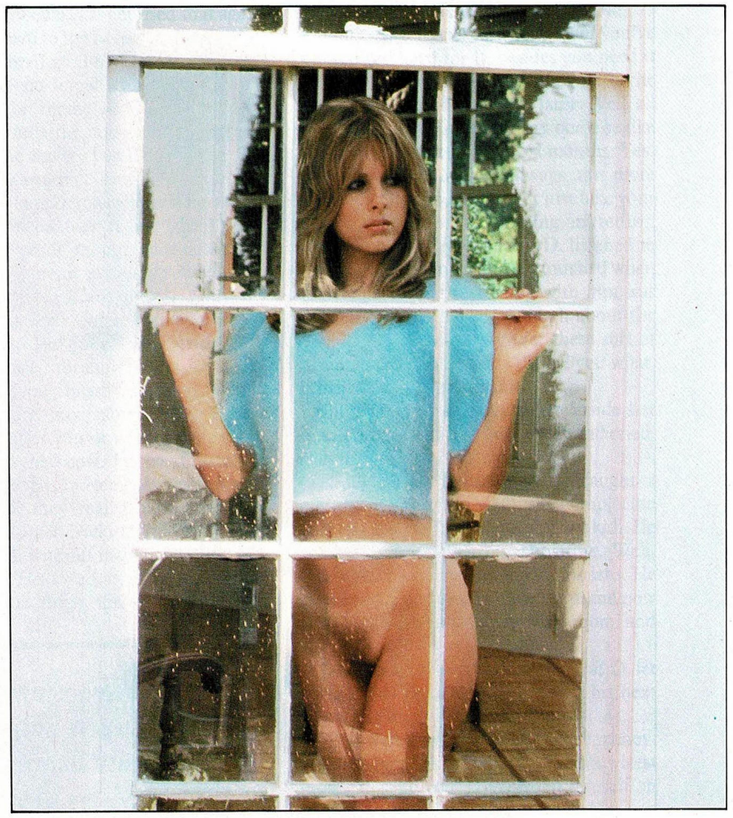
A sudden thought made him laugh. Jesus, she was a hard woman that one. She'd asked him once why he bothered with women at all, and he'd shrugged. She'd looked at him and said, E.D. if it weren't for your job teaching art and your dopey-eyed women giving you an air of respectability, you'd be just another ageing old con. It wasn't said in malice, E.D. remembered, but in admiration. He must give her a ring sometime.

E.D. decided to get on with it, so he rolled Jane over and came inside her. He smiled with himself in salute. It was all so easy, but then, the one thing the old whore'd taught him, only mugs got their lives in a mess.

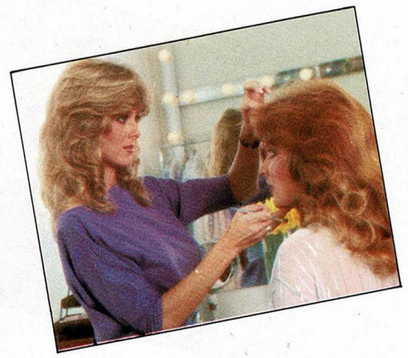


STAR TURN

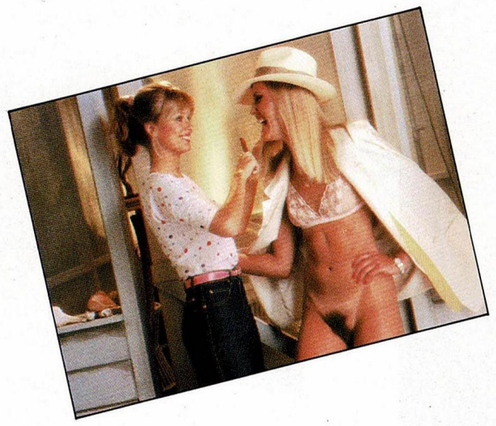
after two years of working behind the scenes, it's cathy st george's turn to star in her own pictorial



When Cathy St George walked into US PLAYBOY's West Coast office on a routine modelling assignment, she was hired on the spot. And for the past two years she has been entrusted with a critical job: preparing the girls for the camera. She has done make-up for several pictorials, hundreds of Playmate tests and at least 25 Playmates. And she appeared on the cover of the US magazine.



"Basically, I think I'm a ham," says Cathy. "I used to do impersonations for my mother's friends when they came over. I would do Marilyn Monroe, Phyllis Diller or Mae West. I wanted to be Brigitte Bardot when I grew up; I didn't know that you had to be *born* Brigitte Bardot!"



She may not be Bardot, but with her winning ways and 34-22-34 figure, Cathy certainly has nothing to worry about. And it was inevitable that after working on so many pictorials Cathy would star in her own. "I never felt I was pretty," she admits. "I thought my personality was the only thing that would get me anywhere."

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL ARISMAN

HAIG: CAMPAIGN OF CUNNING

the inside story of the man whose star rose with nixon and fell under reagan

IT BEGAN almost quietly. Early in December 1968, at his transition headquarters in New York's Hotel Pierre, on Fifth Avenue facing Central Park, President-elect Richard Nixon introduced to the press his choice as national-security adviser, an unfamiliar Harvard professor named Henry Kissinger. Typically, it began, too, with a little deceit on a matter that would prove monumental. Having vouchsafed beforehand to a gratified Kissinger that they would "run foreign policy from the White House", Nixon proceeded to announce to the reporters that his new assistant would confine himself to planning and leave diplomacy to a "strong Secretary of State" about to be named. Out of "eagerness to deflect any possible criticism", Nixon's public pretence was "substantially at variance" with their private intention, as Kissinger delicately described it later in his memoirs. It was also an omen of much more such variance to come.

From the Pierre, Nixon and Kissinger fastened their absolute control over the governance of the country's international relations. They fashioned and implanted a new circuitry of decision making in which all the impulses of foreign policy fused in the White House, shorting out the bureaucracy and the Cabinet secretaries. Yet in the hotel that December, a time Kissinger remembered as a "moment of charmed innocence", those fateful consequences were scarcely apparent. It was an unlikely diarchy, the German-born academic strategist with a fondness for great power concepts and the California politician of native suspicion, bigotry and home-grown anti-communism. Least of all was there any foreshadow that their historic collaboration would produce one more figure — a third man, who, raised in the strange inner ferment of their regime,

article by roger morris

would eventually succeed to Kissinger's place and pretend to Nixon's.

Like the seizure of power at the Hotel Pierre, the extraordinary rise of Alexander Haig from 1969 to 1973 happened largely out of sight.

●

While his future employers were making their respective ways through electoral politics and establishment jockeying to the rendezvous on Fifth Avenue, Haig was returning home from Vietnam in June 1967 to vaguely uncertain prospects. Years later, the *New York Post* called him "probably the only ranking officer to emerge from Vietnam stronger than when he went in", but that was distorted hindsight. The war had laid bare the post-Korea decay of the Army, and by 1967, the ultimate toll or taint in careers was by no means clear. The system that in peacetime routinely ground out rhapsodic officer-efficiency reports had applied the same practised reflexes to the surreal paperwork of Saigon, fattening the Viet Cong body counts that proved victory, falsifying the intelligence reports that would have pointed to awkward numbers of enemy troops — and, with them, to the unwanted signs of another unwinnable war. A subsequent war-college study concluded nimbly that there had been "a clear loss of military ethic" among the officer corps in Vietnam. Other scholars found, more clinically and more bluntly, that the Army there bordered on "an undisciplined, ineffective, almost anomic mass", its commanders manifesting "severe pathologies".

All of that provoked an exodus of disillusioned soldiers, many at Haig's grade. Yet Haig had no part in the soul searching, remaining sternly aligned with a system that had, after all, been very good to him. For long before his opportunity with Kissinger and Nixon, Haig had been advanced by a remarkable run of patronage. Making West Point only on a second try and graduating in the bottom half of his class, he had begun his Army career with neither intellectual distinction nor family advantages. But he had married the general's daughter during his first post-academy assignment in Japan, and from there he was handed a series of aide-de-camp positions that took him into the imperial command of General Douglas MacArthur during the first year of the Korean War, and later into the Pentagon under Robert McNamara, Cyrus Vance and Joseph Califano during the Kennedy Administration. Thus well schooled in the arts of the courtier, he would eventually come to the Nixon White House, raised, ironically, by powerful Democratic patrons, as well as by the Army's nepotism and careerist ethic.

The West Point to which the then Colonel Haig returned in 1967 was in its staff ranks a bastion of orthodoxy. Yet the siege mentality of the Vietnam-tortured Army may have been visible in the account of his 1967-1968 tenure at the academy written by one of Haig's regimental cadets. Lucian K. Truscott IV was the offspring of an old Army family who later grew disillusioned with the Service and left to become a reporter and novelist. His memoir in New York's *Village Voice* in May 1973 was predictably acid. Set against Haig's past, as well as what followed with Nixon and Kissinger, however, it also seems in many ways a trenchant portrait of the man and his culture on the eve of his White House rise.

Haig had "an almost maniacal desire", Truscott wrote, to keep "within the regiment" and unknown to superiors "anything which he felt would reflect badly upon his command". When seven cadets were implicated in a marijuana investigation in the autumn of 1967, in a unit in which drug use was widespread, according to Truscott, the seven were furtively punished by loss of summer leave and instructed to lie to their parents about the reason; the incident was covered up, because "neither Haig nor his superiors at the academy wanted it known at the Pentagon that his regiment harbored a bunch of junkies and perverts".

The hiring of Haig as Henry Kissinger's military assistant at the National Security Council took on a kind of mystique in bureaucratic lore.

●

Afterward, the hiring of Alexander Haig as Henry Kissinger's military assistant at the National Security Council took on a kind of mystique in bureaucratic lore. West Point superintendent William Knowlton was fond of telling visitors years later how, in December 1968, "a phone call came from New York City" and the otherwise obscure colonel was magically "summoned to the inner sanctum".

Public credit — or blame — commonly went to Joe Califano, at the time Lyndon Johnson's chief counsel for domestic affairs. As Haig's fame grew, Califano never tired of telling reporters how ardently and in what bipartisan spirit he had recommended his old aide when Kissinger came asking for counsel that winter. If Califano's recommendation was important, though, it was not original. Seldom given to soliciting Democratic house lawyers for general diplomatic advice, Kissinger, like a dutiful personnel officer, had called Califano simply because he already had Haig's name and the Pentagon connection. He got them from General Andrew Jackson Goodpaster, the Pierre's military adviser for the transition, who had known Haig when he was the courier for Vance, then for McNamara.

Yet Goodpaster's was only one vote for Haig; another was the decisive one. While at his Pentagon staff desk, Haig had come in contact with one of the intramural legends of the building, Fritz Kraemer. Monocled, with a large head and a German education and accent, the 60-year-old Kraemer displayed gothic affectations and political preferences that made him, much more than Kissinger, a Strangelovean figure. He had risen from a precocious Army private in World War II intelligence to a Pentagon colonelcy and a backroom-advisory role as an Army-department "strategist"; far more important for Haig, Kraemer was also known as the man who discovered Henry Kissinger. During the war, Kraemer had picked out the young Kissinger, a fellow refugee and an Army private, for administrative duties in the German occupation. He had then encouraged Kissinger to go to Harvard and had nurtured his later consultancies and contacts, including the vital connection with Nelson Rockefeller.

In mid-December, after a swift enlistment, Haig was sent to Washington, where he routinely filed to Kissinger in New York daily intelligence briefings from the bureaucracy for the President-elect and his staff.

It was during this period — for approximately a year and a half — that I worked around Haig on the National Security Council (NSC) staff, sometimes at close range and usually on cordial personal terms, whatever our policy differences. His duties during this time "varied dramatically", he said during his 1981 confirmation hearing. He began by funnelling intelligence reports to Kissinger and, through him, to Nixon. Then, as the stream of staff papers, cables and bureaucratic studies rose with Kissinger's control, Haig joined Lawrence Eagleburger in reading and transmitting a share of those as well. It was, then, an orthodox staff position, one in which Haig was to see that the disorderly Kissinger disposed the papers and decisions expected of him and that the outflow from Kissinger's desk on to the President, to the NSC staff, to the bureaucracies beyond, ran without major snags. To that end, he worked 14-to-16-hour days, always on a schedule that stretched just before and beyond Kissinger's. Like all such high-level Government clerking, it was an uneven rhythm of quiet and rush, late nights as often the result of the lumbering inefficiency of the bureaucrats whose papers he processed or of the fashionable night hours thought *de rigueur* among key officials as of the actual significance or volume of a day's work.

Outwardly loyal to Kissinger, Haig could nevertheless be ingratiating with the staff officers who trooped through to push their papers or to see Haig's boss. Posing as their irreverent, sympathetic advocate in the West Basement, he was just another of

"It was a fantastic party! There was great coke, mandies, pot, group sex, and Marge made the most fabulous guacamole dip."

Henry's victims, one of the boys. When Kissinger sent a staff officer to conduct delicate secret negotiations with foreign factions in defiance of the State Department — a doubtful mission for which Kissinger could claim credit or disavow the aide, depending on the outcome — Haig, with a sympathetic smile, passed the man a note after Kissinger had left a meeting. "He gets the diamonds," read the large scrawl. "You get the rocks."

But often the empathy was discreetly self-serving. When aide Anthony Lake resigned over the invasion of Cambodia in the spring of 1970, Haig — who could not have been more opposed to Lake's philosophical position — was told by Kissinger to take Lake to lunch to try to rescind the resignation. He should not leave, Haig told Lake as they sat down in the White House mess. Then Haig launched into a familiar, unbroken litany of how difficult and demeaning it was to work for Kissinger. "He was very subtly working on all the feelings I had about leaving, all the embers of my resentment, having resigned as planned. "He knew what *he* wanted from me, and he meant to get it."

Haig's first break came in midsummer 1969, when Eagleburger collapsed in the office and consequently was fored to leave the job altogether for a calmer post as a NATO diplomat in Brussels. Bellowing for staff attention and service even as Eagleburger lay on an office sofa waiting for an ambulance, Kissinger soon replaced him with Lake, a 30-year-old junior foreign-service officer — at one stroke leaving Haig the senior and stronger figure on Kissinger's immediate staff. There, where routine and compliance far outshone any other abilities, Haig flourished by enduring. Within months, Morton Halperin, another aide, was gone under a shadow of the wire tap and questions of security; the same political doubts hung over Helmut Sonnenfeldt as well, even though he stayed. Lake left over Cambodia, along with another possible rival, staff secretary William Watts, who had worked for Rockefeller. Of the men who followed them in Kissinger's personal orbit, none was strong enough or senior enough to rival Haig, and none would be so politically or personally compatible with the Nixon regime.

If Haig first distinguished himself with Kissinger by sheer perseverance and seniority by survival, he took one office initiative in 1969-1970 that was crucial to his progress. In a time-honored feudal technique of bureaucracy as well as of diplomacy and war, he formed a quiet precautionary alliance with his tormentor's nemesis — in this case Kissinger's White House adversary, H. R. Haldeman. The single contact point between the two staffs (Kissinger did not trust his NSC officers dealing independently with his White House rivals any more than with the President or the rest of the Government), Haig cultivated the Nixon inner circle with casual, then increasingly sympathetic, conversation about Kissinger's spreading notoriety, which both Nixon and his senior men viewed with resentment. To Bill Gulley, head of the White House military office and a close observer of staff politics, Haig had "found a way to make use of Bob Haldeman. He began to tell him little intimate tidbits of gossip about Kissinger — he's screwing this or that broad in New York . . ." Gulley wrote in his memoirs. "Kissinger was hot copy and everybody wanted to be let in on the inside story, a story nobody but Haig could give out." It was "valuable currency", thought Gulley, and Haig "bought Haldeman's support with it". One colleague called Haig "Kissinger's man in Haldeman's office and Haldeman's man in Kissinger's office".

The most important benefit of the Haldeman tie was to cast Haig in a favorable light with his ultimate patron, Nixon. Kissinger allowed no one any direct exposure to the President in those early months, but when Haldeman turned the attention of the Oval Office to Kissinger's staff — to questions about leaks and the disloyalty of the NSC bureaucrats — Haig was a notable exception, the soldier who saw Kissinger's flaws as clearly as Haldeman.

Haig cultivated the Nixon inner circle with casual, then increasingly sympathetic conversation about Kissinger's spreading notoriety.

There was a prophetic scene late in 1969 when Nixon, Kissinger and speech-writer William Safire were working in the President's hideaway office and Haig was summoned to bring a piece of missing information. He brought a paper with the answer and was dismissed with a nod from Kissinger. But as Haig turned to go, Nixon suddenly said to him: "No, stay while we're doing this," adding to Safire in an aside, "thought and action." The cryptic reference was to a favorite Nixon theme drawn from a passage by Woodrow Wilson about the distinction between "men of thought and men of action". Nixon had given a 1966 campaign speech with the line: "The man of thought who will not act is ineffective; the man of action who will not think is dangerous." The maxim ran deep in the precarious self-image of Nixon, who struggled to prove himself the suitable blend of the two characteristics. Safire, who recorded this incident and others like it, observed that "the President — unknown to Kissinger — saw that combination in Al Haig" and sought to encourage it.

Despite wistful talk about resuming his Army career, Haig stayed and was promoted, at the very least resigned to pettiness and megalomania and malevolence as occupational routine. "He moved me up based on human chemistry," Haig once described his early rise with Kissinger, "not bureaucratic wiliness or all that."

Later, when there were vicious jokes and leaks about President Carter from NATO headquarters, when there was a year of savage rivalry and personal battle with national-security advisor Richard V. Allen in the Reagan Administration, those who had seen him in the West Basement wondered if Al Haig knew any other way to govern.

●

The malignant style of the Administration tended to obscure the fact that the same people were engaged in the deadly serious business of foreign policy. For those who were inside, for those who later studied the era and the personalities, there was a fascination with the ugly confederacy of power and then with all the hypocrisy and connivance as omens of Watergate. Haig came to be judged in his fitness for even higher office against that perverse standard: had he been part of the worst excesses or only a staff retainer? Had he committed one of the outrages or somehow stood unknowing and apart? Finding no felonious evidence, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee would heartily endorse him as Secretary of State.

●

It was Vietnam that Haig staked out as his main policy concern. His military-staff role and his past experience drew him there as a matter of course at the beginning and once established, his involvement thickened not only as a result of his bureaucratic intimacy with Kissinger but because he was so in agreement with the deepening secrecy and the periodic ferocity of the White House war policy.

By the summer of 1969, Haig had stepped up his memos, notes and comments on the issue. Watching the growing frustration of the Administration in the face of a negotiating deadlock in Paris and renewed Viet Cong offensives on the ground — an impasse produced in large measure by Washington's failure to formulate a new policy and by Hanoi's exploitation of that indecision — Haig pushed Kissinger to consider the old military nostrum, an unlimited attack on North Vietnam.

It was the logic Haig and other Pentagon officers had professed for years. When military plans were sent to the NSC as part of the study (without Defence Secretary Melvin Laird's knowledge, of course), they were no more than retyped versions of war plans drafted years before. Christened variously the September or the November Group by its participants, the task force produced a scenario based upon the mining of the port of Haiphong and inland waterways; a Naval blockade; carpet bombing of population centres; the destruction of the Red River dyke system, causing widespread loss of life and farmland in North Vietnam; and the closing of the main railroad pass into China by a nuclear explosion — all accompanied by a political/diplomatic campaign to neutralise domestic opposition, hold the Chinese and Russians at bay and pressure Hanoi to a peace settlement. When the plan was submitted to Nixon and, finally, to Laird and State Secretary William Pierce Rogers it was narrowly defeated.

Ironically, by the close of 1969, Haig's involvement in the September Group was almost incidental to the role he had already begun to play with the most furtive and, in many ways, most fateful part of the war policy — Cambodia. He had attended the first White House meetings in early February 1969, when the Saigon command urged on the new Administration its perennial request to bomb the Cambodian border areas through which the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong had marched and camped for years. The proposed bombing had never been approved in Washington, mainly because the military yield was uncertain, and Cambodia tolerated the sanctuary in return for Hanoi's ignoring the handful of local Communists, the Khmer Rouge.

Now, however, the old recommendations to attack "fell on fertile ground", as Kissinger wrote later. Nixon had contemplated a "very definite change of policy toward Cambodia" at the Pierre, and Goodpaster had obligingly supplied him the vague Pentagon intelligence about supplies pouring through the country and the need for "pre-emptive operations". In late February 1969, when Viet Cong attacks planned months earlier suddenly raised American casualties, Kissinger found Nixon "seething" with "all his instincts to respond violently" to what he saw as a challenge to his new authority. On February 23, while Nixon was on a European trip, Haig, Haldeman, Kissinger and a Pentagon planning officer charted the attacks in the Presidential cabin of Air Force One at the Brussels airport. The bombing would be strictly secret, they decided and acknowledged only in the unlikely event that Cambodia protested it. After some weeks of bureaucratic vacillation by Rogers and Laird (pushing Nixon still further toward Kissinger and Haig), the raids began on March 18.

On the weekend of April 24-26, with Nixon lurching toward decision, Kissinger shifting with his mood and Haig firmly in favor of an American ground attack into Cambodia, the train of events was expressive of the men and their rule. On Friday morning, there was a rambling White House meeting with Nixon, ordered the previous midnight when the President telephoned Kissinger — who, in turn, called Watts to pull together needed documents, telling him: "Our peerless leader has flipped out." Friday evening, Kissinger met with three dissenting staff members (including myself), who argued their opposition to the invasion. Afterwards, Haig told Kissinger to dismiss the dissent as the views of the "Eastern Establishment" and to disregard another staff member's critique of the plans, because he was not a military officer. Having meanwhile flown to Camp David with White House intimate, Bebe Rebozo, Nixon called Kissinger frequently through Saturday, on one occasion with Watts listening in at Kissinger's request as the President drunkenly taunted his adviser on the invasion. "If this doesn't work, it'll be your arse, Henry," Nixon said thickly, adding in an aside at the other end of the line: "Ain't that right, Bebe?" Saturday evening, Nixon returned with Rebozo, was joined by Kissinger on the Presidential yacht *Sequoia,* watched the movie *Patton* for the fourth or fifth time and ordered the invasion.

Nixon announced the attack on April 30, and the aftermath, amid the public furore, reflected the tone of the Government as well. Nixon said he had bolstered a wavering Kissinger, while Kissinger leaked that the President had been "on the edge of a nervous breakdown".

When Allende lay dead and Chile was in the grip of a savage military dictatorship, Haig denied any knowledge of the conspiracy.

●

Of the Nixon Administration policies in which his role was later questioned, none would be more charged for Haig than the covert US intervention in Chile.

One of the few Latin nations with a firm tradition of nonmilitary democratic rule, Chile also had a history of regular CIA intervention. The Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson Administrations all spent covert money to back pro-US candidates, including $3,000,000 in propaganda and various secret subsidies in 1964 to ensure the defeat of Salvador Allende, the avowedly Marxist presidential candidate of a loose socialist/Communist/moderate coalition. In the 1970 election, however, Allende's Christian Democratic and rightist opposition was splintered and leaderless, and his victory seemed likely. Precisely what danger an Allende regime represented to Washington was one of the tragic puzzles left when it was all over.

In any case, Allende's prospective triumph at the polls rang alarm bells throughout the Administration's covert precincts early in 1970. The highly secret 40 Committee — a sub-Cabinet body chaired by Kissinger, staffed by Haig and responsible for overseeing clandestine operations — voted on March 25 to spend as much as $1,000,000 on a "spoiling" operation against Allende in the September Chilean election. That sum was supplemented by International Telephone and Telegraph's $350,000 payment to stave off nationalisation of its lucrative holdings in Chile. Meeting again on June 27, the committee voted yet another $500,000 to bribe the Chilean congress in its final presidential certifying vote in October should Allende win the popular election. When Allende won in a free election on September fourth, the committee launched still more covert actions prior to the October 24 congressional vote to prevent his assumption of power "through either political or military means".

With that intervention already in train, Nixon met on September 15, with PepsiCo's Donald Kendall, an old supporter and corporate-law client and one Agustin Edwards, a Chilean Pepsi distributor, publisher and long-time ally of the CIA. Already harshly anti-Allende, Nixon emerged from the Kendall meeting and summoned CIA Director Richard Helms, John Mitchell and Kissinger to order a new, wholly separate covert onslaught in Chile. In a policy that was to be kept secret from the 40 Committee, the Secretaries of State and Defence and the US ambassador in Chile, Nixon told Helms to go all out to mount a military coup to "save" that country. *Not concerned risks involved. . . best men we have. . . make economy scream,* read some of Helms' handwritten notes on his instructions. "If I ever carried a marshal's baton in my knapsack out of the Oval Office," the CIA director later confessed to the Senate Intelligence Committee, "it was that day."

Thus began Track II, as it became known, the White House's last-minute intervention paralleling the somewhat less extreme Track I already laid out by the 40 Committee. Over the next five weeks, the two Tracks snaked through Washington and Santiago while Allende went on to be confirmed by the Chilean congress anyway. But before it ended, Track II had endorsed the plot of a few Chilean Fascist officers and led to the murder of Chile's army commander, General Rene Schneider, a bulwark of the country's constitutional process who had spurned all coup conspiracies.

When all this was exposed in 1975 — when Allende lay dead as the result of a 1973 coup and Chile was in the grip of a savage military dictatorship — Haig denied any knowledge of the conspiracy.

●

By the spring of 1972, Kissinger's fear seems to have been justified, if not fully realised. Haig — the clerk of the taps and

(continued on page 143)

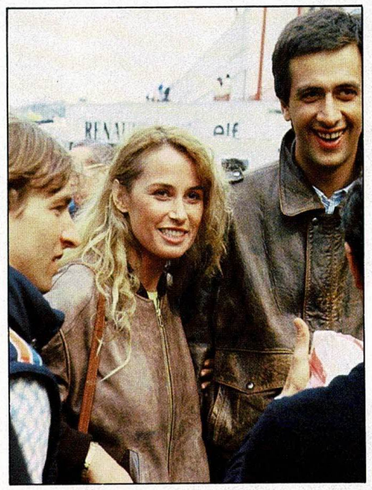
GRAND PRIX - IN SEARCH OF A FORMULA

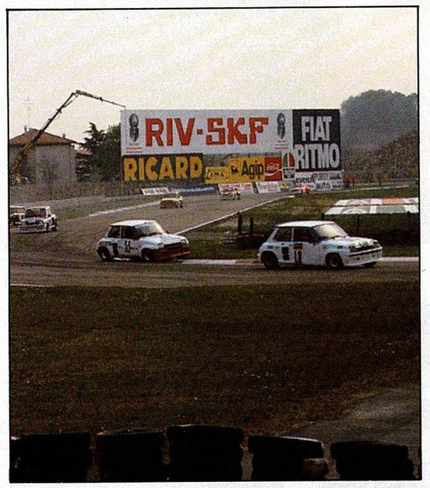
will australia play a star role in motor sport's most spectacular circus?

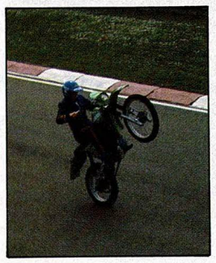
IT IS the most mobile, colorful, extravagant, human circus in the world. It is Formula One Grand Prix motor racing, a

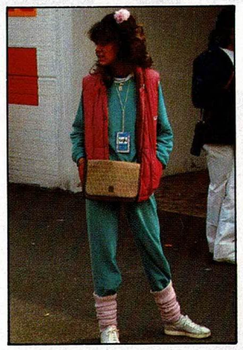
motoring by rob luck

Scenes from the San Marino Grand Prix — a glamor destination that offers a blueprint for an Australian Formula One Championship round of the type proposed for Victoria.









billion dollar industry, a spectacular blend of technology and showbiz, pathos and people, glamor and tragedy.

It is at once a giant playground and a battlefield, a gladiatorial arena and a circus, a test track and a new frontier. It is perhaps The Greatest Show on Earth. The sport that has everything.

Of the modern supersports, it is the great survivor. It feeds off drama and sensation, manipulates politics and controversy. It is bigger now than ever before. And better. At each Formula One arena, around 40 drivers in $100 million worth of machinery battle for 24 grid places. The backup is enormous — in the pits, in the paddock, in the background: another thousand million. Or more.

The start light unleashes 12,000 horsepower from seven different engines in 17 or more car types. The world looks on — five million at the circuits, 100 million more electronically — by live satellite TV links. Almost everyone reads the results, succumbs to advertising, follows the heroes.

We can have a slice of it — if we just reach out and grab it. Australia fits perfectly into the modern Grand Prix syndrome — a romantic destination, an ideal venue, a boost to the circus circuit, a new injection of life.

We've been offered. For 1982. We can't make it. But we can make 1983 or 1984. All we need is some energy, some inspiration. The integration of goals. Good organisation. The mobilisation of ideas.

We need to scoop up the available loot, throw it into a pool, weld together a masterplan. We should do it soon. While the world is still hot for us.

Particularly the Grand Prix moguls. Like Bernie Ecclestone, head of the Formula One Constructors Association (FOCA), the most powerful Grand Prix insider organisation. Ecclestone has offered to set it up — in the streets of Sydney. He should know how. He masterminded and/or developed Las Vegas, and Long Beach Grand Prix. He's kept Monte Carlo alive, and managed Hockenheim to financial success.

Like Jean Marie Balestre — President of the Federation International du Sport Automotive (FISA), the governing body of motor sport. FISA ratified a 1982 date, and is keeping 1983 open for us. And FISA has opened the door to Formula Mondial — the new world-wide super formula just below F1. A stepping stone for drivers and teams on the way up. And perhaps a stepping stone for us. For we've been given entree already — starting this year.

Formula Mondial is for open-wheelers, with production-based 1.6 litre engines — basically our Formula Pacific, Australian Formula One. Very little change is required to integrate with world-wide regulations for Mondial.

And very little time is necessary. Australia has been declared the centre of the Oceania Zone — one of four world-wide zones involved (Europe and Africa, the Americas, the North Pacific). It will effectively launch the series world-wide, the Australian Grand Prix (at Calder this year) probably forming the opening round.

Yet another event will be staged here in November (location to be determined), followed by a race in Malaysia, and two in New Zealand (January). Drivers from these countries will be eligible to compete in all the events. Between eight and 10 will be selected as "finalists".

These drivers/cars will contest four world-wide finals — along with eight to 10 drivers from each of the other zones. The Oceania zone will most likely have its final in Australia about November 1983, rounding off the inaugural series spread over two years. In 1984, the season will start and finish within the calendar year.

Australia was stitched into the deal by the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport (CAMS) President John Roxburgh, elected head of the Oceania zone at Casablanca in May. Roxburgh was also elected onto the new FIA sporting commission governing all world motor sport except F1. However, it gives him closer ties with the F1 scene. And it puts Australia at the forefront of the Antipodean racing scene.

It is a toe in the door, the opportunity to prove our organisational prowess. The sharp end of the wedge that can drive us right into Formula One.

And that is not out of the reckoning for 1983.

●

A sunny Sydney mid-week morning. A breakfast show squawker is making his contribution to air pollution by describing another Qantas arrival in pseudo-lyrical terms. Only this time a substantial part of Sydney is actually listening. And watching. For in over the blue Pacific, come two Qantas Jumbos. On board, their charge is the entire Formula One Grand Prix "circus". Bound for the streets of Sydney, and the Australian Round of the 1983 Formula One Grand Prix.

●

Impossible, improbable, or just far fetched? Far from it. At least Paul Dainty doesn't think so. And he's probably the resident expert on the subject. Dainty is an entrepreneur whose modus operandi is more or less philosophically opposed to his name.

His career in the field of entertainment promotion has been signposted by some landmark promotions and others that might best be forgotten. Like the rain-gutted, sound-fused, concert by the Swedish ABBA team at the Sydney Showground. Even that relative disaster is noted for its size, spectacle and financial success. Definitely a Dainty strongpoint, like his promotion of McCartney, Stones, McEnroe-Borg, Bee Gees and Neil Diamond extravaganzas.

When I investigated Formula One racing in Australia in the January 1981 issue of Australian PLAYBOY, and refloated the old idea of a round the houses rort, a lot of people stood up just to put their thumbs down. Dainty was hard at work ignoring them. In the past 18 months he has produced a 200-page manual on how to do it. Reportedly a close compatriot of FOCA boss Bernie Ecclestone, he claims to have all the necessary international support. He says he has the numbers with the local authorities — municipal to sporting bodies. He has put up his hand as organiser. He claims he can find and front the necessary funds. And he is not operating under any apparent financial delusions. His no-chicken-shit budget totes up to nearly $10 million.

Dainty has described a circuit he believes is feasible. It's a build-a-brix type deal, providing a variety of options to cater to the various whims and pressures of social, economical and practical considerations. At minimum it utilises a slab of Sydney's Darling Harbor north docks area including Hickson Road up to the Harbor Bridge footings.

The master plan sends the track snaking onwards around the harbor foreshores past the international shipping terminal, skirting Circular Quay, and U-turning in the Opera House forecourt before heading back west! The International television magic formula. Wall-to-wall harbor views through the eyes of the cameras. A juicy spectacle for 100 million world-wide viewers. And a seemingly irresistible offer for New South Wales' tourism. And for Australia.

Dainty's master plan, as far as it is known, goes beyond most of the problems, apparently coming to terms with circuit design that allows for run-off areas, and provides for major wrecks to be easily removed. Certainly, if it was integrated with some master planning by established circuit designers, organisers and sporting officials, it would run a reasonable chance. And at up to $5 million dollars (circuit establishment costs), it is a cheaper alternative than a new circuit program — worth at least $20 million to get operational on a conservative basis.

It would be quicker too. Dainty says 1983 would be possible, given a decision now. But, realistically, he says 1984 would be better. And that is the earliest date we could see the Victorian circuit operational.

The governing body of Australian motor sport seems to favor the new Melbourne circuit. CAMS was embarrassed by its premature release of the Ravenhall circuit, the bid for the GP round (widely publicised in Europe in late 1981), and claim of Government support (Federal and Victorian).

Some see the new "greenfields" circuit (meaning it will start from scratch) in a location apparently adjacent to Ravenhall as being a CAMS face-saver. Still, negotiations appear to have raged along, producing lots of insider rumors from both governments about support. The latest figures suggest the Victorian Government

will contribute $2 and the Federal Government $3 for every dollar spent. In other words, raise a million and you get to play with an effective six.

In reality, around three or four times that amount will be required to sculpt a new facility from clear ground and lift it to F1 Grand Prix standards. Unofficially, I believe CAMS has costed the total exercise at less than $20 million. They apparently have consulted the best experts and reportedly done their figures well. Yet the numbers don't sit well with figures I obtained in Italy for the San Marino Grand Prix at Imola, a circuit now only three years old.

Circuit organisers quoted $8 million for the track, $7-9 million for facilities including pits, two-storey control centre, press hospitality centre, $1 million for the control tower, $5 million for grandstands and spectator areas, plus a lot of "extras". Some extras are hardly small change — $1 million worth of guardrail, $500,000 cyclone fencing, plus access roads, tunnels, overbridges, communications, etc. The circuit caters for upwards of 100,000 people.

These are establishment costs, based on fairly impressive facilities at the new glamor Italian circuit. However, a lot of them simply can't be avoided — they are required by strict FIA regulations, laid out in 'the Concorde Agreement.'

For example, minimum circuit length is 3.5 kilometres, a distance that won't get you much change out of $2 million dollars according to estimates of most road-builders. CAMS may have costed a control tower at $1 million for five storeys including elevator, but the FIA also requires 232 metres of pits to accommodate the teams — and it is accepted these must be closed-in, or alternative closed mechanical workshops provided. Then there's press facilities (Imola hosted nearly 2000 press, photographers and special guests from around the world), including 16 telex machines — 8 record, 8 broadcast — plus 30 international telephones, information facilities etc. Most circuits also provide for international banking, plus various retail activities (film as well as clothing, food etc). In Sydney, such a facility could be provided by "hijacking" a public building, for instance, the international passenger terminal at Circular Quay or a wharf store.

Land has to be purchased and Calder's land-value estimates two years ago were more than $2 million for their proposed government purchase, lease-back arrangement.

The emergence of the real figures in this enterprise have served to cut down some of the more fanciful proposals. They also tend to eliminate some desirable, but impractical options. Like Bathurst. Bathurst City Council would love to stage an event at Mount Panorama. They've studied some concepts that would probably gain FIA approval for a revised circuit, pending the injection of suitable government funds for a project that might cost $6-$8 million, and alter the character of the existing facility.

However, there is one new development in accommodation that opens another possibility: the staging of the Commonwealth Games in Brisbane. The adjacent circuit at Lakeside is not highly favored for upgrading, although this is not impossible. An all-new circuit however, would bring the project into head-on confrontation with the Victorian proposals, with their heavyweight support.

The land boom may go against land prices, and the development of an all-new facility runs against the Victorian proposals that are further advanced. Which turns the prospects back to Sydney again. Of all the concepts, this could be the fastest to move into gear. Important if an early GP date is internationally acceptable. It was this year, remember, we were offered a date in October 1982.

This date seemed largely unacceptable — not just on the basis of insufficient time, but also because it conflicted with our major motor race at Bathurst. (The final race of 1982 will be run at Caesar's Palace, Las Vegas on October 18.)

But in 1983, the situation could pan out somewhat differently. This year, Argentina bailed-out of the Grand Prix scene, a financial burden it didn't require on top of its reputed $39 billion national debt and looming Falkland Islands military Grand Prix.

This is known to have put excessive pressure on Brazil, which could fail to nominate for 1983, thus opening a fairly sizeable slot in the calendar between the South African Grand Prix (late January) and US GP West (traditionally early April at Long Beach).

Wherever it is staged, Australia has to come to terms with another cost — getting the circus here. Australian PLAYBOY put days of research into this question, concluding that the costs are enormous, however the numbers are calculated. Ideally, some cost-sharing with a halfway house in the US would cut corners.

But in round terms we need two 747 loads. Stock charter rates for a passenger aircraft (440 seats would just about accommodate the key personnel) and a freighter, run out to around $1.2 million, return costs from Frankfurt/Paris, including depositioning fees for the aircraft (getting them back to a viable market like Hong Kong or Singapore). Qantas could carve away a little of these costs by employing aircraft on regular routes, and Australia's airline has aircraft that are ideal for the exercise: 747 Kombis which carry 250 passengers and still lift 25 tons of freight each. Splicing in 24 or more Grand Prix cars and equipment would be a cinch.

There again a good deal for everyone could be a contra deal. Qantas carries the team, and becomes official carrier for the event. They could expect a minimum 3000 international visitors — $3 million income at the cheapest fare levels.

●

Indianapolis, May 1911. The first event at "The Brickyard" is already stamped with the sort of sensation that is to typify future 500s. An enterprising racer, Ray Harroun, driving his Marmon to a 74.59 mph average, has gained a signficant weight advantage over his rivals by replacing his riding mechanic with the world's first rear-view mirror. He scores a runaway win.

●

Road cars are bred up out of race cars. Then and now. It seemed easier in the early days. Motor sport integrated with regular motoring, running on ordinary roads, often blending with regular traffic. Primitive machines manoeuvred along makeshift highways by colorful characters, be-goggled, scarfs flowing, arms flailing as they wrestled the cumbersome machines from city to city, against the clock, against each other, against all odds.

Brakes, suspension systems, steering, engines all developed visibly out of motor racing. The transition was rapid. So too were the changes in the sport. Racing was soon restricted to closed-roads, then artificial circuits. Safety quickly became an issue, speeding changes that had been slowed due to other factors.

Almost all the commonplace artifacts of motoring were tried, tested and proven in motor racing — windscreen wipers, head restraints, instruments. Aerodynamics got an early start — in vehicles as obscure as tourers, where airflow and strength were improved and proved by the early requirement at Le Mans for vehicles to complete a certain distance with the hood erected.

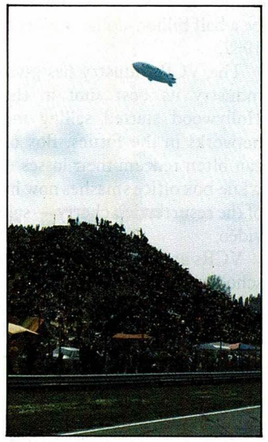
Now, direct contribution from the sport runs deeper than ever, reflecting motoring requirements warped by changing economic and social environments. Even the magnificent ballyhoo of the modern GP scene can't swamp the significance of the rise and rise of the turbocharger, so relevant to extracting economical high performance from small-capacity engines in road cars.

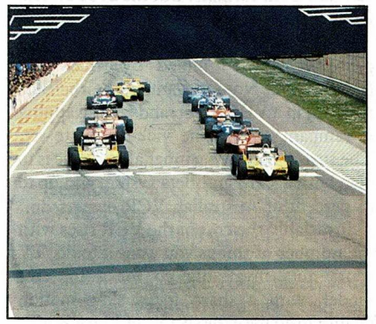
Simultaneously, the sport is producing almost every breakthrough in oils, friction materials (clutches and brakes), fuel ingestion systems, aerodynamics, and high-performance small-capacity engines.

●

Monaco, May 31, 1981. Research doctors from the Universite Paris Val-d'Marne attach scientific equipment to Ferrari No 2 driver, Didier Pironi, to monitor his heartbeat rate. From a relaxed rate of around 70 while strolling the pits, a mark which he only just exceeded while awaiting the start (73), his pulse doubled from the green light (to 144) and peaked at 207 in an incident while dicing with Eddie Cheever. It was almost two hours after the start, and several minutes after he had alighted after the finish, before his pulse rate again dropped below 170; a reflection of the

(continued on page 114)





Freezeframes from Formula One — the greatest show on earth. GP racing is a super industry — worth billions and seen by millions. Photos by Rob Luck.

VIDEO (continued from page 57)

In this less-than perfect world, cassettes for all three systems cannot be played through each other's machines.

good old days of the VCR (Video Cassette Recorder) are right here and now.

Everyone wanted TVs in the Fifties, Beatle records in the Sixties, a good stereo system in the Seventies, and now they want a video cassette recorder.

Video cassettes have been around for decades, but domestic models only arrived in Australia, in quantity, in 1978. The boom started for real in 1980. By the end of 1981, more than 250,000 units were in Australian homes. Present figures put the total at more than 335,000, with the half million target sure to be reached by year's end.

By the end of 1979, the entire industry — VCRs, blank tapes and pre-recorded tapes — was estimated at $75 million. It grew to $110 million in 1980, then zoomed to $250 million in 1981. Most pundits think it will be a half billion-dollar market by the end of 1982.

The VCR industry has given the movie industry its best shot in the arm since Hollywood started selling movies to TV networks in the Fifties. Box office failures can often redeem their losses via the VCR, while box office smashes now have two bites of the resurrection cherry — sales to TV and video.

VCRs are also used as educational aids in schools, universities and tech colleges. They've become essential coaching aids for all forms and grades of sport. They've also influenced decision-making in championship sport. In America, the umpire will trot to the sideline for a peek at the instant replay before ruling on a borderline play.

VCRs have revolutionised the making of home movies: domestic video cameras are now comparable in function and mobility to the Super-8. And the huge advantage of video is the instant result (film of course has to be processed before it can be seen). With the improvements now incorporated into top-of-the-line VCRs, recording and editing that home epic has become swift, simple and fail-safe.

In fact, the Hollywood trend is towards shooting big budget features on video, then transferring the completed assembly to film. Francis Ford Coppola plans to shoot his next movie on video.

There's probably not a leisure, entertainment or working area in your life that can't be made more enjoyable or productive with the miracle ingredient of a VCR. But then again, while the video boom is all rosy glows and go-go-go in the overview, the undergrowth can get very tangled and confused indeed.

THE MESSY VIDEO MARKETPLACE

Most VCR careers start with a yearning for some high-class, lounge-room entertainment. But wander into a store to choose the machine of your desires and you soon find out VCR also stands for Verily, Confusion is Rampant.

There are three VCR formats in Australia: VHS, Beta and Video-2000. VHS and Beta are very much the big two — so much so that it's barely possible to buy pre-recorded tapes in the 2000 format here. But the 2000 format claims a 25 percent share of the English and European market and if Philips or Grundig can get a successful model away here, distributors say they'll make their titles available in the format.

When it comes to market share, VHS is the world leader — no risk. Somewhere between 60 and 70 percent of all VCRs sold worldwide are VHS. In Australia, nearly 70 percent of video homes have VHS. But strangely enough, Sony who developed, then threw its considerable multi-national muscle behind the Beta format, also developed a VHS prototype. However Beta seemed the superior format and Sony abandoned VHS development. It was taken over by JVC, who promptly developed it to the point where many VHS systems offered more advanced features than Beta machines. JVC also licensed VHS to another five multi-nationals, outflanking Sony's marketing and promotional thrust, while still collecting royalties on every VHS system sold.

In Australia today, there are 28 VHS models available from a total of six manufacturers, and nine Beta machines from three producers. Grundig and Loewe-Opta offer Video 2000 in Australia, although Philips (who pioneered the 2000 in Australia a few years ago, but met with such disappointing response, they ceased production) have now announced they'll market only VHS here.

In the late Seventies, while VCRs were undergoing rapid technological development, it made sense to rent rather than buy. These days most VCRs offer enough facilities to make ownership attractive — recent refinements have been more cosmetic than revolutionary. One major step, however, is stereo sound. Most current models are able to be linked through a hi fi system to give good quality mono sound, but most VCR owners are not going to make the connection until VCR-stereo becomes a common feature.

Laser discs, once touted as the logical successor to VCR, are currently available in America, Japan and England. They offer stereo sound and a much longer playing life than video cassette, but they can never offer the record mode of VCR and all indications are that the video market wants a machine that can record from a TV set as well as play pre-recorded tapes.

All three VCR systems, when connected to a suitable TV set, will result in a sharp, clear, color-true picture. *Nota bene* the words "a suitable TV set". Some European-manufactured TV sets won't accept Beta or VHS without expensive modification. And some sets assembled in Australia have to be adjusted before they'll accept a video signal. Then again, most TVs in Australia readily accept all formats, but the wise VCR neophite takes note of their TV series number, then rings a local distributor to check on the video compatability rating.

THE INCOMPATABILITY CLAUSE

Once you know your TV set can receive video, get ready to be totally confused by the claims, counter-claims, exclusive features and rumored drawbacks of each system. You'll read test after test, proving conclusively that VHS sits on the right-hand side of the creator in Video Heaven. You'll also find test after test proving the same for Beta.

In this less-than-perfect world, cassettes for all three systems cannot be played through each other's machines (although you can dub from one system to another). All three systems claim superior recording clarity and number of replays for their cassette tapes. The 2000 cassette has the unique feature of being able to be flipped over, giving up to eight hours recording and playing time.

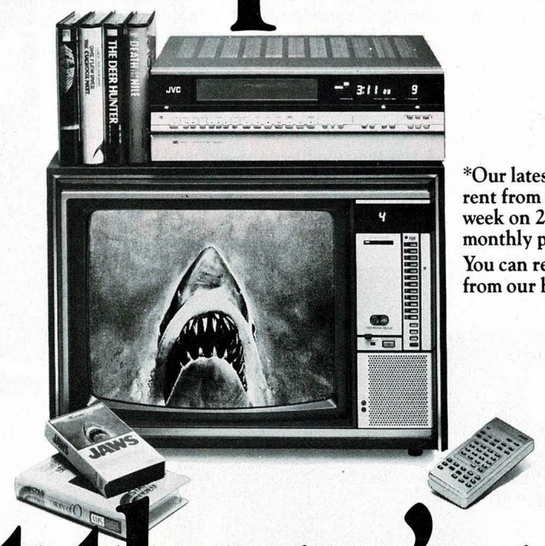
Video cassettes can last for up to 400 plays, or over 50 recordings before picture drop-outs render the tape unviewable. But the effective average life of a pre-recorded tape seems to be about 50-70 plays. Many in the industry believe VHS and Beta systems will eventually come with an adaptor that can take both formats. But the 2000 system looks like being on its own forever.

The system you finally choose will probably be determined by what your friends have. No one wants to be the Beta man out in a VHS street, and tape swapping is rampant among the video cassette set. The sure way to be a winner all the time is to own both a VHS and Beta system and up to 15 percent of Australian VCR owners do.

Invariably the cost of the VCR rises with the number of things you want it to do. TV sport nuts invariably go for a top-cost model, with a sharp focus slow motion facility to analyse the secrets of Bjorn Borg's backhand or Johnny Miller's golf swing. Some of the models that suit are the Akai VS 10, the National NV-7000EM, or the Sony SL-C7. Price range is $1200 — $1700. On the other hand, if you want to analyse your own backhand frame by frame, you could look at the Hitachi VT 6500E or the Blaupunkt RTX 200 — both come with their own video cameras and cost around $2700.

But then again, you can simply add a

VCRs have many good points.



*Our latest video recorders rent from only $8.84 per week on 24 month plan, monthly payments.
You can rent top movies from our huge video library.

But there's not much point in buying one.

If you're thinking about buying a VCR (video cassette recorder) – don't. Here are some points you should know.

When you rent, obsolescence is a problem of the past.

These days technological developments are progressing at an incredible rate. Buying a VCR this year could mean it's next year's museum piece. For instance, at the moment the two systems available, VHS and Beta, are totally incompatible. Eventually, one of these systems may be the only one available. That's about $1,000 of your hard earned savings down the drain. There's a simple solution to this dilemma. It's called Radio Rentals.†

For as little as $8.84 per week* you can enjoy the very latest remote control VCR and if you want to up-date just give Radio Rentals† a call and we'll install a new model.

When you rent, costly maintenance costs you nothing extra.

Radio Rentals† guarantee all service and maintenance in your rental agreement. What's the guarantee if you buy a VCR? We bet it probably doesn't cover the "heads" for more than 12 months. Overseas reports indicate that regardless of make or model, all VCRs will need their "heads" replaced after about 1,000 hours of use, at a cost of $200 to $300.

Until they make a VCR that won't date and need expensive servicing and maintenance, there's really no point in buying one. The sensible way to enjoy a VCR without the hassles is to rent your VCR. And the best people to rent from are Radio Rentals,† because we're the biggest. Come in to one of our showrooms now or phone.

Radio Rentals TV-Video

Soon as they invent it - we rent it!

† In Adelaide: Baird TV Rentals TV-Video.

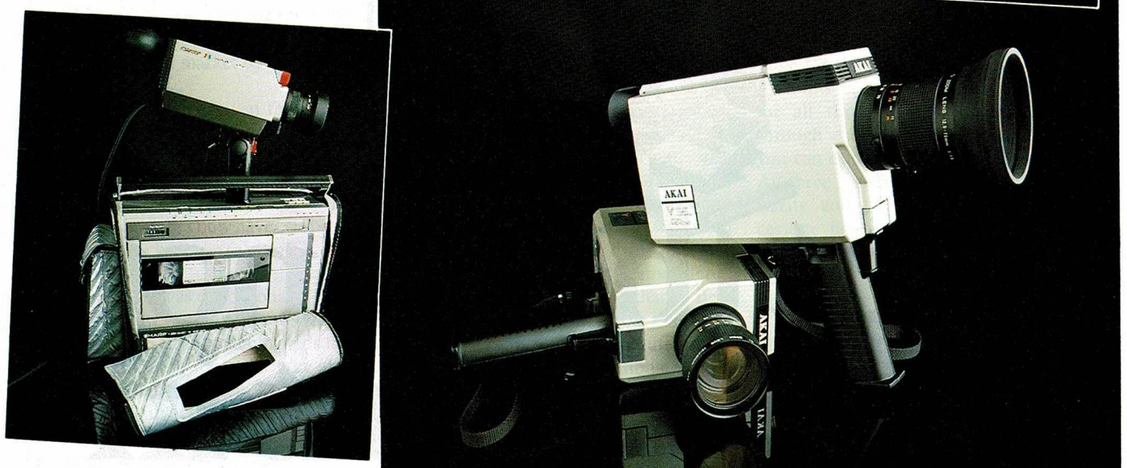
RARE 0441

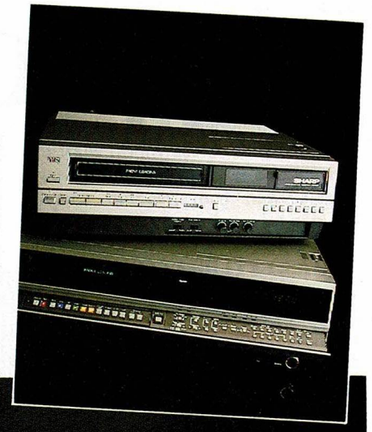
camera to the recorder you already have. Today's video cameras work perfectly with all existing VCR formats. Hitachi has a top-of-the-range beauty for about $3500 with motorised zoom and auto focus. If you're a more sedate sort, who just wants to record TV programs and watch movies, you'll be just as well set up with any model that offers picture search, which allows you to scan a tape at five to 13 times normal speed. So you can flip through three minutes of Issi Dead on the late movies in under 15 seconds and cue up replays of gripping scenes with easy precision.

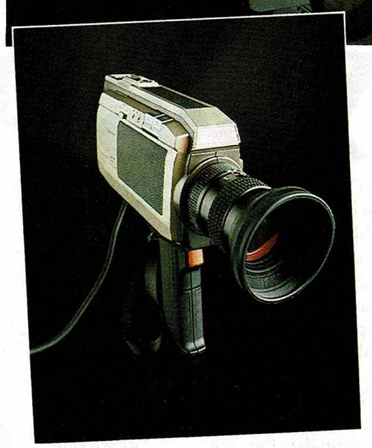
Sony makes the cheapest machine that fits the bill — their SL-C5 retails for under $1000, and can sometimes be found on special for less than $900. VCRs without picture search can cost $600-$900, or $250 to $500 second-hand.

THE AIRWAVE PIRATES

Once you've made your choice of VCR you'll be wanting to know your rights as a VCR user. You'll be flabbergasted to discover you're breaking the law nearly every time you press the record button: 97 percent of all TV programming is copyright.







Front-loading fun with Sharp's VC-9300 and VC-9700 (top). Sharp's do-it-yourself combination (centre left) and camera ranges from Akai (centre right), and Toshiba (bottom) display some of the options.

You'll be relieved to know the Video police are unlikely to cart you away as you enjoy Sunday Night at the Movies on Tuesday evening. You'll scream like a stuck pig if a submission currently before the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal is accepted. It seeks to make home taping legal, but wants to add a copyright royalty to the price of blank tapes.

The legal ramifications of home taping are being hammered out across the Western world right now (in the Eastern Bloc, VCR culture is still regarded as a degenerate capitalist luxury). The main battleground is America where a multi-million-dollar battle has been snaking through the Californian courts, towards the US Supreme Court, since 1979.

It's called the Betamax Case and it started when two Hollywood studios, Universal and Walt Disney, sued an individual Sony owner and the Sony Corporation for breach of copyright. Sony claimed the individual has the right to record programs from a TV set for his own use, at his own leisure. A VCR, they say, is merely a device to beat the constraints of time. The studios said they supplied programs to TV to be shown strictly according to contractual conditions, and for a VCR to preserve that broadcast flouts the copyright structure between TV stations and studios.

The studios wanted all VCRs to be recalled and further sales made illegal. Later they modified this demand in favor of a "fair and reasonable royalty" from manufacturers to copyright owners. The "reasonable royalty" of course would ultimately be paid for by the VCR user, as a levy on blank tapes. It's the same proposal currently before the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal.

Sony won the first round of the case, the studios won the appeal and then initiated similar action against every known VCR manufacturer in America.

While waiting for their appeal to come before the Supreme Court, Sony has spent over $2 million on an advertising campaign urging VCR owners to write to their senators and congressmen, demanding legislation making home taping legal and royalty free. Current betting is that legislation will overtake the judicial process. The VCR industry is currently worth $10 billion annually in America, and the millions who spend those billions could be formed into one hell of a pressure group. But the Hollywood studios and TV production houses are a firmly entrenched lobby, and more likely than not, a copyright levy will be imposed on blank tapes.

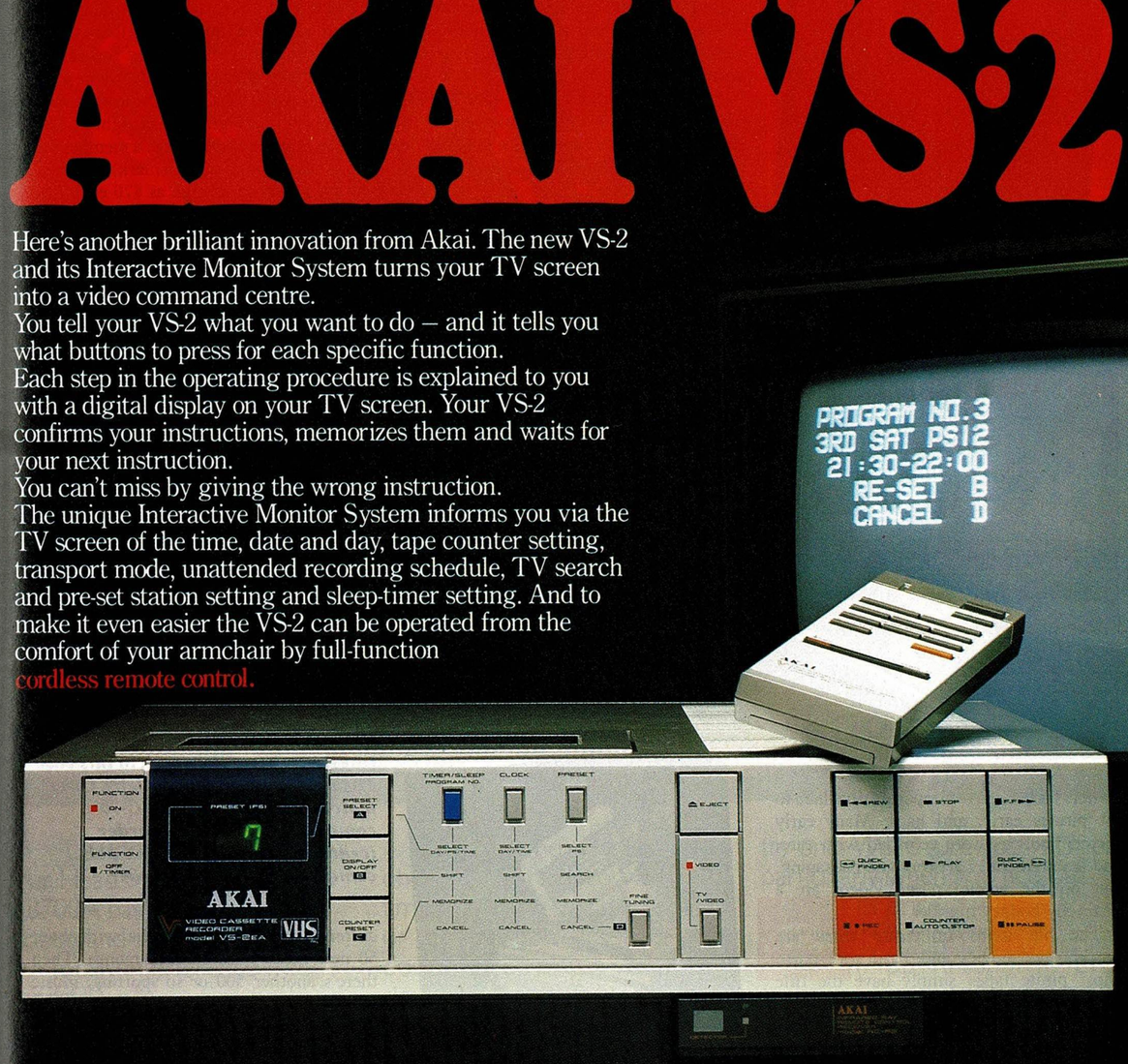
Even though, legally speaking, a video pirate is anyone who presses a record button on a VCR, copyright owners make a distinction between the "clean" offender whose sins can be exculpated by adding dollars to the cost of a blank tape, and the dirty villain who dubs and programs for resale.

The record industry had a long, hard fight against bootleggers in the Seventies, mostly because the electronic home enter-

THE ONLY VCR IN THE WORLD WITH THE 'YOU CAN'T MISS' INTERACTIVE MONITOR SYSTEM.

AKAI VS-2

Here's another brilliant innovation from Akai. The new VS-2 and its Interactive Monitor System turns your TV screen into a video command centre.
You tell your VS-2 what you want to do – and it tells you what buttons to press for each specific function.
Each step in the operating procedure is explained to you with a digital display on your TV screen. Your VS-2 confirms your instructions, memorizes them and waits for your next instruction.
You can't miss by giving the wrong instruction.
The unique Interactive Monitor System informs you via the TV screen of the time, date and day, tape counter setting, transport mode, unattended recording schedule, TV search and pre-set station setting and sleep-timer setting. And to make it even easier the VS-2 can be operated from the comfort of your armchair by full-function cordless remote control.



Other big VS-2 features are: The Quick Finder Picture Search at 7 times normal speed. • 4 Week Timer allows absentee recording of 9 separate programmes over a 4 week period • Pause button for still picture viewing • Automatic Editing Control eliminates blank spaces and distortion when editing • Auto "O" Stop gives automatic rewind to any preset position and there's Auto/Rewind/Stop in case you are not there when the tape runs out. With all the features of more expensive models plus Akai's exclusive Video Instruction System, the VS-2 must be the video cassette recorder with the ultimate difference.

AKAI
Audio & Video.

TWP/AK79

PLEASE NOTE: Unauthorised recording of some programmes may infringe copyright.

tainment boom had outpaced existing copyright laws. But once the record multinationals had gained stricter, more easily enforced copyright laws, bootlegging became a high risk crime. And by the time VCRs were in common usage, copyright

owners had effective weapons with which to hit pirates early, and hard. Many early record bootlegs were recorded with care, and featured classy artwork and packaging. But on the whole, pirate videos are a distinctly bodgey number.

The big items in pirate video are blockbuster movies and hard core porn. Most pirate tapes simply have the title printed on a white gum label stuck to the cassette, but a few dress up the presentation with a black and white photocopy of the legitimate title and credits.

Quality can always be dodgy, but most prone to awfulness are tapes of blockbusters not yet released on video. *Raiders Of The Lost Ark* was available on pirate up to a few months ago but the dull murk of color and movement and the static storm on the soundtrack made it hard to judge whether you'd paid $45 for the movie, or for an electronic Picasso with soundtrack by John Cage.

A few would-be pirates have actually been caught setting cameras and tape recorders from theatre seats. Pirate cassettes worth $100,000 retail were seized in Newcastle recently after alert investigators noticed a local video club advertising titles not yet released on video — including *Gone With The Wind, Picnic At Hanging Rock* and *Breaker Morant*.

But then again, you only need $3000 to set up as a small-time pirate, producing reasonable quality videos. That's what it costs to buy two VCRs, gain access to a video library and voila! a blank tape worth $10 can be turned into a $45-$50 pre-recorded movie simply by pressing two buttons.

A successful pirate can nett up to $2000 a month, dubbing at nights and a few hours each weekend. But for such a high profit, simple crime many villains still manage to be remarkably inept. There's the story of the man who bought a copy of *The Sound Of Music* on hot special and settled down with the wife and kids and grandparents for a pleasant night's viewing. But the closest thing to an Alpine family scene on the tape turned out to be two sets of Scandinavian twins working up an X-rated, sticky sweat. The teenage son cheered when the Shetland pony came on, but the wife and the in-laws were distinctly chilly about the whole thing.

Cabaret has turned out to be dog racing at Dapto, and *Behind The Green Door* has somehow turned into Swan Lake. Buyers and renters should be suspicious if they're refused the opportunity to check the quality on hot tapes offered at a cool price.

THE HIGH BUY/LOW RENT CONFUSION

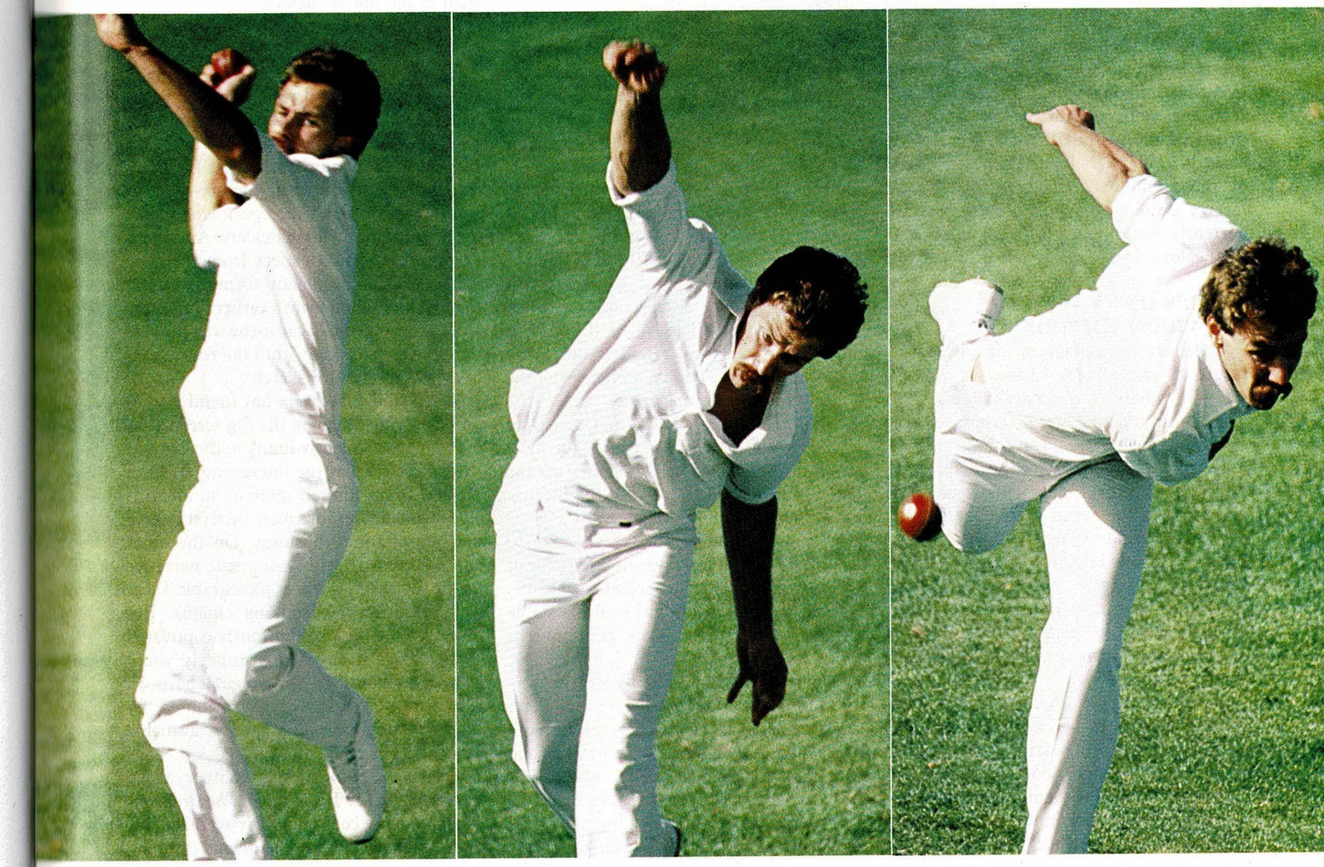
Prices of pre-recorded videos range from $50 to a top of $100 for *Star Wars*. Some distributors offer their titles for sale or rental, others offer rental only. Some video clubs rent tapes for a low $2.50 a night, or $5 a week, or for as high as $10 a night or $20 a weekend. Some clubs charge a membership fee (usually around the $50 mark), others hit you for a deposit as high as $70 each time you take out a tape.

There are well over 1000 movie titles currently available in Australia, with about 50 new items released each month. Then there's another 500 or so sporting, music and special interest titles. For special interest read s-e-x. When the video market first came into being, over 80 percent of all tapes sold and rented were hard or soft porn. Today, sex accounts for only about 20 percent of the market — but that's not a victory for Fred Nile, the figure simply reflects the penetration of movie titles into the home.

Sales figures are hard to come by in this infant industry, so you'll often find rival companies confidently claiming "the most successful video release *ever* in this country" for *Star Wars, Mad Max I* and

Independence comes with pairing camera, like Toshiba's IK-1900PD (top), with matching VCR, in this case Toshiba's V8700A (centre left). Other match-mates are Akai's VC-90E camera and VP-77EG recorder (centre right) and JVC's GX-88E camera and HR 2200 recorder.

TOSHIBA HAS FINALLY BROUGHT VIDEO RECORDER TECHNOLOGY TO A COMPLETE STANDSTILL.



Using an outstanding new Four Head System the Toshiba V-8700A has advanced slow motion and still picture quality to a totally interference-free standstill.

It's quite a substantial improvement on conventional two-head video cassette recorders.

In addition, the V-8700A is a Beta Format machine, which gives you the convenience of smaller, easier-to-store tapes, and a recording time of up to 3¾ hours.

Furthermore, it features a one-week, three-programme timer, a picture search at seven or 25 times normal speed, a double speed play, a vari-speed slow motion, a soft-eject system and a full seven-feature infra-red wireless remote control.

The V-8700A is possibly the best quality video cassette recorder available today.

Make sure you try one. We're sure you'll agree, particularly when you find out its price.

Toshiba TOSHIBA (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

TOS527

Saturday Night Fever. But a hot property can ship an initial 3000 copies to retailers for sale or rent.

Stephen Priest, managing director of ECV, the company that handles tape duplicating for two of the five major video movie distributors in Australia, says ECV's two highly expensive imported duplicating machines are churning out 2000 cassettes a day. Translating this into an across-the-board figure means the majors will distribute over 1,250,000 pre-recorded cassettes around Australia in 1982.

Add another 300,000 to 500,000 cassettes from everyone else concerned, and that's a pre-recorded video tape market worth well over $110 million annually. Sounds big, but then the value of albums and cassettes produced in Australia annually, currently exceeds $750,000 million. Then again, a lot of those albums are sitting on shelves, forever unsold, while the video market is currently snapping up every tape from the duplicators, and speedily coming back for more.

MOVIES ON TV — THE DIFFERENT EXPERIENCE

There are two schools of thought on the future of home video — some say the TV set will mutate into a mini-cinema with video projectors and stereo sound.

Video projectors beam an enlargement of a TV picture on to a screen, usually sized 1 x 1.2m. Projectors have been around in many forms for some years, but mostly they've been duds: blurred color and focus, and usually only effective if you're over 20 metres away from them. But a few companies have now ironed out the bugs and projectors are starting to be sold into American and Japanese homes, in quantity, for the first time.

Stereo sound, as discussed earlier, is a definite for future VCRs. But even a high resolution, half life-size picture with accompanying sound booming from your cross-over speaker system will never give you the awesome kick in the guts of seeing Luke Skywalker freewheel through space in 70mm panoramascope, with ear-tingling sensorama sound.

It's most likely TV sets will stay the same size they are — the trend is definitely towards compact sizes with small to medium screens — but your video and TV will move next to your hi fi, to be connected for more discerning sound. This trend recognises that watching a movie on TV is just a different experience from seeing it in a theatre, and that no measure of technology can make a TV set simulate the big impact of the big screen. Also, watching a movie on TV is a cooler, less emotional experience than seeing it come at you from the big screen.

It's interesting, for instance, that fans of movie and rock stars tend to be over-awed by their idols. TV stars on the other hand usually evoke more relaxed feelings, and a large degree of familiarity. Rudolph Valentino excited riots, Mick Jagger is more Jumping Jack Flash than mere mortal. But Bert Newton or a Young Doctor will be approached in the supermarket and chatted to as if they're an old friend of the family.

A film like *Star Wars* or (when it's released on video) *Raiders Of The Lost Ark* won't have TV audiences yahooing and cheering like they did in the cinema. But suddenly, the TV viewers will pay more attention to how the characters in the film relate to each other — the human story becomes more than just a time-filler between the special effects.

Some big screen epics can take this redistribution of emphasis but some can't. The high camp of the big screen *Superman* can verge towards burlesque on a TV set. Yet a horror movie like *Halloween* or *The Exorcist* can be viewed with less trauma on the small screen than in Cinemascope. Horror is one of the big-selling categories in home video — it's perfectly safe to have a tame bogeyman in your home.

CAN VIDEO MAKE SEX SEXIER?

The answer to that of course is that everything makes sex sexier . . . when you're in the mood. Sex led the way in video, before the movie houses unleashed their catalogues. Today it's pioneering the format of the video magazine.

Video Classics is the leading Australian distributor of R-rated romps and the most interesting items in their brochure are the Electric Blue and Red Tape series. Electric Blue (the series is numbered 001-008) is produced in England. The tapes run for 60 minutes each, and usually contain a string of sex vignettes (gardener, secret agent, etc, screws girl; girl screws girl is also a staple item) plus soft focus, slow pervs over a series of nude stills.

Maybe there's also a bit of sex comedy — some filth from Dudley Moore and Peter Cook as Derek and Clive, or a sex cartoon, plus something on a macho sport like hang gliding, motor racing, or skiing. And there's always one or two recognisable names, a guarantee that the merchandise shown is, above all, a classy cut of pubes. Nude footage of Ursula Andress, Bond girl Lalla Dean, English singer Hazel O'Connor, Marilyn Chambers, Britt Ekland, Amanda Lear, Susan George, Brigitte Bardot frolicking with Jane Birkin . . .

And there's the nude wives segment — equivalent of a letters to the editor page — that proves conclusively that willing amateurs are as unconvincing as well-versed veterans, when it comes to conveying eroticism on the boob tube via a strip routine.

There are so many current affairs shows on TV it's hard to visualise a successful news video magazine but weekly sports videos are already hot items in pubs and pretty soon there could be as many special interest magazines on video as there are in print.

Video cassettes, by the way, are currently covered by the same censorship rules and regulations as the Australian cinema. So if you're annoyed at what happens to films before they reach the movie houses here, don't hope for the missing moments to be returned in the privacy of your home.

The top selling, R-rated tits and bum property in Australia right now is Marilyn Chambers in *Insatiable.* It comes in a sponge rubber, tactile, blue box. But on TV it appears no better acted or plotted than it did in the cinema. On the other hand, the slow motion, golden glow, backlit screw scenes seem a lot less pretentious on TV than in the movie theatre.

The top-selling comedy shows on video cassette are *Nine To Five,* Monty Python's *Life Of Brian,* and *10. Brian* was shot in soft focus as a movie and when reduced to the half-inch video format, the image and color becomes a little hazier again. This aside, the film is a high rotation treasure on TV. *Brian* owners tend to use their picture-search a lot, flicking through the episodic storyline for favorite funny bone ticklers. And that's exactly what you'd expect from the team which pioneered comedy formats. In fact the Monty Python team's earlier films often suffered as cinema because the writers were too used to working within the restrictions of a five-minute TV sketch.

Many find that *Brian* has found a truer home on video than on the big screen. The film is not as violently funny in the lounge-room, but TV has the interesting effect of making Brian himself more of an identifiable character, less of a mere catalyst linking the bits of funny business. On the other hand, a comedy with a dramatic narrative theme such as *10* works as pleasurable TV as well as highly entertaining cinema. But unless you've become curiously captivated by a particular scene, it's unlikely you'd want to flick through it on a regular basis. In any case, the cassette is distributed by Warner Communications and is available for rental only.

Theatre of violence is another video staple and Bruce Lee's *Enter The Dragon* is probably more compellingly visceral on TV than its banal plot and atrocious dubbing caused it to appear at the movies.

The category that seems to suffer most in translation to video is the Art film. *Atlantic City,* which was often a touching, desolate experience on the big screen, just seemed lead-footed and quirky on TV. And not even a lifetime approval of David Bowie could make *The Man Who Fell To Earth* seem as chillingly beautiful as it appeared on the big screen.

But maybe we're looking at this the wrong way around — in the future we probably won't be deciding what videos to buy by the movies we've liked, we'll be deciding what movies to see by what we're seeing on video.

Pretty much in the same way as we now decide what rock shows we'll fork out for, by how many of the group's albums we have in our record collection.

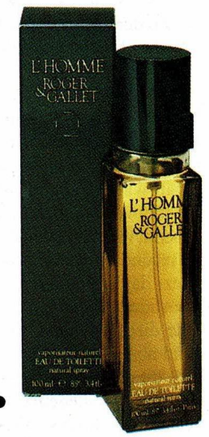
affairs shows

L'Homme est rare
A RARE KIND OF MAN

The kind of man who makes a total commitment to life. A man of style and confidence who is equally at home in city or wilderness.

His forceful lifestyle makes constant demands on his body. Driving it to the limit yet treating it with care and respect. Uncompromising in his insistence on correct skin care.

The solid woodiness of L'Homme Eau de Toilette suits him. He uses it to please himself alone. Like him, it too is different, far removed from the group. Assertive? Certainly, but with a quiet self-assuredness that's characteristic of certain rare men.



L'Homme Roger & Gallet.

At selected department stores and pharmacies.

Roger & Gallet. Paris.

CSO 1234

GRAND PRIX

(continued from page 104)

Modern GP drivers serve harder, longer and in the face of far greater risks, than drivers from any previous era.

massive stress levels of GP racing compared with the relatively low evident physical exertion. Pironi experienced one other pulse rate peak for quite a different reason. While out of the car, a surprise twitch to 102 was caused by an enthusiastic encounter with a well-stacked fan!

●

Grand Prix drivers can attract massive fees, yet the entrance and exit from the sport may be spectacularly difficult and dangerous. At the departure end, the sport easily adapts to the old adage that there are few old, bold drivers.

It is a syndrome that has in recent years seen the voluntary retirement of some of the legends of racing — notably Jackie Stewart, James Hunt and Alan Jones — all unable to reconcile even vast amounts of money with the attendant continuing risks.

But it is an approach to motor racing that is rarely put into perspective in the current context. For contrary to some callous and casual opinion, modern GP drivers serve harder, longer and in the face of far greater risks, than drivers from any previous era.

The situation is reflected in the World Formula One driver ratings calculated in the Motor Sport "bible", *Autocourse '81-'82* (30th anniversary edition). John Taylor rates Fangio at the top of all GP drivers in 32 years of competition, but this is assessed on a "quality" basis, or the ratio of highly-placed finishes to the number of starts. For sheer volume, Fangio with 277 starts is nowhere near the head of the list trailing Jackie Stewart with 360 starts, Carlos Reutemann 304, Niki Lauda 292, Graham Hill 289 and Emerson Fittipaldi 281. Similarly, Stewart and Jim Clark scored more wins (Fangio was third here).

●

Zolder, Belgium, Saturday May 8, 1982. As the clock ticks off the last few minutes of practice, all eyes focus on Gilles Villeneuve's Ferrari. The enthusiastic Canadian is stabbing the car down the straights, twitching through the corners, relentless in the pursuit of the few tenths that will ease him up the grid — and particularly past team driver Pironi, former friend, now fierce rival, and still one tenth of a second ahead on qualifying times for the next day's Grand Prix. On the fastest curve he slides the car from entry to exit, misreads the direction change of a slower car ahead and noses the back of the vehicle. Instantly, the car shoots high into the air, lands, leaps, bounces. Villeneuve is thrown out, and catapults across the track, bouncing, impacting a post. His helmet is shattered, his body crushed, boots and gloves are ripped off with the force and thrown more than 200 metres. The inquest would find the car's first impact exposed him to 70-100g forces (g-suited jet pilots can't survive more than 26g) killing him instantly.

●

The saddest cost of the pressure and tearaway pursuit of technology in motor racing is the loss of human life. Good race drivers rise to greatness by process of daring exploits which perpetrate survival. No driver reaches pinnacles of greatness without surviving monumentally stacked odds against it. It is part of the magnetism of motor sport. Knowing and accepting the risks and sometimes promoting their own hazards, does not minimise the race driver's sense of loss. So it was that Villeneuve's particular sense of urgency and charisma had to be marked. And marked immediately. Canada instantly renamed its Notre Dame circuit after him. In Italy, streets signs near Ferrari's Modena factory went up bearing his name. The Grand Prix drivers collaborated in a tacit agreement to commemorate his racing number — 27 —to his memory. It will never be used again. Lauda called him "the best driver in F1."

But Villeneuve anticipated his own epitaph in an interview shortly before he died. His definition of driving to qualify is now poignantly significant: "To get the best time, you must put in that one perfect lap. You must save the car for it, warming the tyres and mechanicals until the car is at its peak. Then you must commit yourself to the circuit, to the absolute maximum of performance at every point. To do this you must disregard the presence of other cars on the circuit. When you encounter a slower car you have to assume that the driver will move the right way out of your path. To back off is to lose the opportunity. There is only one chance."

That philosophy and the pressure of performing ahead of his team rival Pironi, who Villeneuve considered had cheated him of deserved victory in the Imola Grand Prix beforehand, set in motion the chain of events that cost him his life. Yet this was not the sole contributor, for Villeneuve's death was just as much a product of the tearaway pursuit of advanced technology that so typifies modern Grand Prix racing.

Technology in this case was represented by an aerodynamic concept known as "ground effects" — a principle which uses the air under the car to suck the chassis down on to the road at speed, making it corner at up to twice the g-levels of pre-ground effects cars. But also making the car suddenly and suicidally unpredictable when the suction is broken. In Villeneuve's case, bumping the car in front lifted the nose, propelling the car into the air like a rocket from a launch pad. Getting airborne, perhaps to a height of 10 metres, produced the sort of resultant impacts that are most feared in GP racing. Villeneuve's six-point racing harness was secured to a sheet of tough, strong, lightweight carbon fibre. In the enormous impacts the sheet split, releasing all six mounting points of his harness. Had this not occurred he would have been cut in half by the seatbelts (according to the inquest).

Villeneuve's death may help save the life of other motor racing drivers. Importantly, it has produced valuable data that may save lives in more mundane areas of motoring, including the family car of the future, already strongly committed to super-plastics. It is part of motor racing's commitment to vehicle design.

●

Casablanca, April 29, 1982. FISA, the controlling body, is meeting to consider the future of Formula One, the result of protests and appeals in the opening rounds, future developments. FOCA is represented. Rules are laid down under a firm directive for teams to observe them in the future. But there is another surprise. Marlboro (arguably the biggest sponsor in Formula One) and Elf (backing Renault) and purportedly representing the views of most F1 sponsors, throw down a steel glove to the F1 teams: race, race regardless of rules, of protests, of problems. Race — or we pull out!

●

It is sponsorship that has re-written the total concept of F1 racing just as it has with most modern sports. But perhaps motor sport represents the pinnacle of advertising underwriting. Motor racing is the greatest sporting industry in the world.

Last year, at least four Grand Prix were sponsored outright, the sponsors buying the title to the event. These included the Nashua Grand Prix of South Africa, the Labatt Grand Prix du Canada, the Marlboro Grand Prix of Great Britain, the Toyota US Grand Prix West, and so on. Principalities or governments sponsored perhaps another four, although the involvement didn't result in a commercial change of name. It is difficult to dig up the numbers, although rumors suggest Marlboro weighs in more than $2 million for the Grand Prix, as much as 20 times more for the teams it supports! Toyota reputedly put up $5 million for the US GP West.

It is not the end. Circuit billboards raise millions more. Imola generated about $1.5 million in hoarding advertising.

The sponsorship support is generally undisclosed, but the numbers are big. This is established by a process of deduction. For example, Niki Lauda was reportedly offered $2.6 million to return to racing this year, James Hunt $2.4 million, Jackie Stewart $3 million, Alan Jones $2-3 million. Figures that don't get firm denials from the teams involved. And figures that have to be effectively doubled — most teams run two top drivers. Admittedly, they are scaled fees — flat base (say $1 million) the rest on performance (the driver not the car).

In 1981, Brabham got up to its 16th chassis (BT49C and 50 series), Lotus 12, McLaren 8, Renault 8, Williams 6; even small teams like Arrows and ATS ran 5 and 6. Many constructors value their chassis at a million dollars each.

Each chassis carries an engine. Cosworths, to date the most durable, most in-demand engine, were apparently purchasable for a flat $250,000 apiece. A team might need anything from 10 to 20 per season. The cost of the turbos is anyone's guess. Ferrari and Renault could spend half a million or more an engine.

Each chassis and engine is matched with spares. A rough rule-of-thumb is around one-fifth — $200,000 spares per $1 million chassis. All this depends on the team's "consumption" or rate of wear, write-offs, blow-ups, biffs. A lucky team, trimmed tight, may spend $10 million all-up. For others it could be four or six times that. Consider the crews. A full factory team can run up to 50 people. Or more. Manager, mechanics, designers, builders, fabricators, tuners, drivers, navvies. Tyrell, which started 1982 without a sponsor, ran a team of 26.

Then there's transport, accommodation, wages to cover 16-18 GP events in at least 10 countries on four continents. Tyres, oil, fuel, brake pads and a myriad other bits and pieces — many of which are fortunately provided by support sponsors — must be considered.

There are some other guidelines to costs. FOCA fees for the "circus" are currently running at $750,000 to $1 million per event. This is administered by FOCA (negotiated by Ecclestone) and carved up on a complex formula relating to performance this year and last, finishing order to date, qualifying, position at race quarters. The carve-up apparently works out at $60,000-$120,000 per team per event.

Before these figures were uncovered, top teams claimed the FOCA fees paid for around one-fifth of their team race costs. The top end of that is $1.2 million per team per event.

Added to general overheads, cars and jockeys, it's not hard to come up with some substantiation for the figures trotted around for the Saudis, the mob who bought Alan Jones' title-winning Williams team. A figure of $40 million per annum.

Totalling the value of the Grand Prix circus is not easy.

This year there are 17 teams attracting various levels of financial injection from private, factory and sponsor sources. Around 41 drivers from 17 countries are contesting the events.

If the costs are high, the rewards are geared to match. A minimum television audience of 100 million per event world wide.

Saturation audiences in some countries, generous airtime, long hold shots on the grid, in the pits. Enough coverage in fact to persuade some drivers to negotiate "body money" for extra spots on their overalls, helmets and gloves.

Spectator attendances vary from great to overflowing. The mean European average runs at around 110,000. The German GP has pulled 250,000; Imola, with half a field in 1982, grabbed 80,000, Monte Carlo could be described as "total audience" with figures of 350,000-500,000 being mooted. Many of course, non-payers. Of the paying public, average per-head price in Europe is $20 (over a range of gate entry ($12), to grandstands ($150). That's $2 million from 100,000 people, plus exposure from advertising and world-wide press. Several thousand different glossy titles are produced each year on various aspects of Grand Prix. Dozens of hard-bound books are published. Product endorsement, product design and names follow with posters, stickers, T-shirts and other marketing material.

Formula One takes man and machine to the limit of endurance. Not perhaps as visibly as a marathon or a decathlon, but to the limit all the same.

commercial support from almost every conceivable area.

●

Next time you get in your vehicle and drive through the suburbs, try to imagine you are in a Grand Prix machine. Picture a car that is roughly the same external size as a family sedan — only less than half as high. Imagine now you are lying down, as if in bed, propped up by a single pillow. You have a wheel that is straight-arms ahead, low, and so small it almost fits between your knees. Moving it one half turn is sufficient to describe a wide radius U-turn. The front tyres are out there at the corners, exposed, and devoid of any tread. Slicks. You can't see anything behind, even the rear-view mirrors seem to be full of wings and things. You can't move, you are bolted to the chassis by at least six tightly-wrenched straps, across your shoulders, waist, down your inner thighs. You can move your arms and legs (from the knees down). You can shift the tiny gearlever the 1.5ins or so through the gate. Tap the pedals. That's all. There is a tacho visible through the wheel. Perhaps an oil gauge. Nothing else. With you aboard, plus fuel load, the whole thing weighs 1350lb at most. Your family car weighs 2-2¼ times more. Yet this has seven to eight times more power.

The nett difference is a vehicle that is 12 to 14 times more powerful than most road cars. Capable of covering a city block in a few seconds from rest. Of reaching perhaps 200km/h by the end of that block. Of generating more than 1g acceleration or braking forces. And perhaps 2g or more cornering forces. So strong that your helmet may need restraining with ties. In a straight line it is an F111 skateboard; in the turns, as sickening as a funpark Octopus or Supa-loop. If you are a Formula One driver, you will have to drive it like that. For two hours. How do you think you would handle two hours on the roller-coaster?

●

The 1981 Formula One World Championship ended in sensation on a Las Vegas carpark — the scene of the Caesar's Palace Grand Prix. One more lap would have seen Nelson Piquet drop his place and lose the World Championship (Alan Jones ran away with this race). Piquet was dragged from the cockpit, totally exhausted, unable to stand properly, unable to move his head muscles. The g-forces had taken their toll.

Formula One takes man and machine to the limit of endurance. Not perhaps as visibly as a marathon or a decathlon, but to the limit all the same. It is reflected in the heartbeat measurement conducted on Pironi. On Piquet's collapse at Las Vegas (far from the first by a current GP driver, however fit). It is a unique measurement of super-stress, the sort of pressure that you would expect for an astronaut.

The man controls the machine, and it is his task to take the machine to its limits also. That he does his job is evidenced by the number of times he steps over that limit. Each time a modern Grand Prix car slides in a curve, the driver has pushed it beyond its limit; never more so than now, when ground effects engineering is designed to keep the car stuck down.

In the final equation, it is the ultimate proof that man is still master of the machine, that he is still very definitely up to the tasks of exploring the limits of the machine; despite technological super-progress.

Safety innovations have never limited the man-machine equation. However advanced, they provide only for an escape clause when the equation gets out of balance. Which means that none of the intrinsic elements of the ultimate form of racing are lost in the modern interpretation. It is still an ultimate gladiatorial sport. It is immensely spectacular, even terrifying at times.

However controversial, it is a vital ingredient of the motor industry, the proving and development ground for the present and the future. With its unique mix of technology, competition, money and humanity, it is perhaps the Greatest Show on Earth. Coming soon?

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON BUCHANAN

CASH CROP

growing dope is a high risk high

REMEMBER *Sixty Minutes* a few months back? George Negus tromping through the bush in California with a couple of heavyweight, camouflaged dope growers to their secret patch. Each plant, we were told, was worth two and a half thousand dollars.

If that's your idea of marijuana growing in Australia, forget it and let's start from scratch.

I'll tell you what I know from my experience, spanning a decade, as a dealer and grower of marijuana. I've never been busted and since I've decided not to deal or grow again, I never will be. I know dozens of growers, many of them friends, thus the picture I will paint can be taken as accurate, particularly as a picture of the NSW north coast, where I live.

Here alone, dope growing is a multi-million dollar industry, with a healthy growth rate, a very definite place in the local economy and a strong profit incentive to join the game. It is also a covert, risky, nerve-racking business in which you can be screwed at any moment. It provides the income, or addition to the dole income, for thousands of people and, make no mistake, everybody from the police to the local shopkeepers knows it. My local storeman recently reeled off a list of names of people in the district he knew were growing and even told me the area where two of those people had their patches. With the exception of me, he was accurate and missed only a couple of the more secretive and painstakingly careful growers.

That incident serves to highlight two very relevant points; in the country everyone is familiar with their neighbors and to a large extent, what their neighbors do. People on the dole, or with no visible means of support (and most growers fit this category) have one hell of a job concealing the comfort of their lifestyle. Country communities are far too intimate to be blind to the obvious. The other point is that business people, who represent a major force of the mainly autonomous authority of country areas, have a strong vested interest in keeping the dope industry alive; ie. we know you grow dope but as long as you spend your money in town, we don't care what you do.

So who grows the dope? The vast majority of growers are the "new settlers", people in the 25 to 40 age group who have moved to the country within the past 10 years. Most often middle class, intelligent, frequently professional or university educated people, with roots generally in the southern capitals. This group includes the antiquated hippies, to be found especially around Nimbin, Lismore and Bellingen, resplendent in Sixties' style long hair, beards and even (if you don't believe me go look for yourself) beads. I rate the hips pretty low in terms of efficiency and professionalism in their growing. The dope they produce is often as good as is to be found anywhere, but they fuck up on the business side of things with their idealism about free dope for everyone and their split on the delights and evils of money. Nonetheless, the 10 to 20 thousand that very many of them make each year provides an enjoyable supplement to the dole.

There is another group beside the hips under the umbrella of "new settlers". These people, as indeed did the hippies, moved to the country to enjoy the relaxed, more personal lifestyle that non-city life offers. Having gotten here, the dreams of making money from craft or alternative farming, or even pursuing that dream of dreams, self-sufficiency, went to the wall. To most, growing a crop became quickly irresistible. With little of the poverty consciousness of their peers on the communes, a considerable proportion of this group rapidly became efficient bush farmers. These people maintain a high yield and a fairly low profile, earn closer to $50,000 than $10,000 a year, sometimes clean their money through solicitors, have Bankcards, loans and overdrafts, establish fronts as craftsmen, nurserymen or whatever their hobby/interest is, work extremely hard on their crops, smoke very moderately, and do not get caught.

Getting caught brings us to a second group of growers, the locals. The locals are guys (always guys, which is not so with the previous group) who grew up in or around the towns, had their first smoke a few years ago, really prefer alcohol to dope but decide to grow it because they can see the money is good. These people often blow it for a variety of reasons. They have the head start of knowing the bush like most city kids know their neighborhood, but the advantage is miserly compared to the odds stacked against them. Firstly, every other local knows them, their brothers, parents and friends etc, and it may be okay for the new settlers to grow the stuff, but the powers that be won't tolerate a local lad messing about with it, and they come down like a ton of bricks if they find out that he is. Second, they find out that much easier because of the long nurtured and highly efficient information network that invariably exists in country towns.

Given the old country mentality and morality (this is the home of the Country

article by peter jennings

Party, remember), the only thing to do if one of the "powers that be" finds out, is to dob him in. To teach him a lesson. For his own good. He'll thank us one day. He's a good lad, just got in with the wrong crowd, blah, blah. Anyway, the poor bugger cops the shit and truly, these guys get busted a lot. Not uncommonly, they get lumbered for amounts of far less than I've known cops to ignore.

(Don't pour out your heart to this group though, they are the unchallenged kings of the rip-off. Because they have so much local terrain knowledge, they can find a patch with unnerving skill if they know the general vicinity of it. They are a greater menace than the police and far more effective at detection. In my area alone in the past two years more than $100,000 worth of dope from half a dozen different patches has been stolen.)

The most comical group are your dinki-di Aussie farmers. Blokes whose families have worked the land for years, who work their arses off in bad times for a pittance and in good times for less than a fortune. Honest men who look with some bewilderment, envy and anger at the lifestyle of men, often the same age, who they know grow dope and who seemingly do nothing, get plenty of sex and have plenty of money.

Once in a while some of these farmers decide that "if those dickheads can do it, so bloody well can I". Having made that decision, they are faced with two difficulties, from which rises the humor: How do I get the bloody seed? What do I do with the bloody stuff when I harvest it? I was one of three people approached by the same farmer who very awkwardly asked me if we'd sell him a sack of seeds because he'd been told they were good for the chooks! (A sack of seeds would be enough for more than a million plants!) Another came clean when faced with the disposal question and revealed a lot of himself in the process; 12 months ago a friend went to buy some split fence posts from this farmer who he knew quite well, and as he relates it, the guy lit up like a naughty kid. He immediately took my friend to one of his sheds, announced that he'd decided to get "youse blokes" to help him get rid of "this stuff I grew. How much ya reckon I'd get for it?", he demanded as he showed off a couple of hundred plants, cut off at the base and hung in bunches from the rafters. My fellow grower, horrified to have become confidant and adviser to this man, gave him the par for the course lines like "I don't know much about this," etc, but agreed to see what he could do. The farmer's parting words were: "I don't mind if ya tell a couple of ya mates about this, but if ya blab to any of my mates I'll lay ya out, okay?"

From my experience there are two largely speculative growing groups in Australia — the organised crime syndicates and the police.

A minority of police have their fingers well and truly in the money pie of marijuana. It is widely rumored that the cops have a plantation on the north coast, but from my knowledge it is more accurate to suggest that this plantation has immunity from busts by virtue of payment to senior offices. I know an ex-sergeant who grows, and another who was quite up front about his intention to grow upon retiring, which he has done. On the other hand, a very successful grower I know well decided he would buy protection from the police. He had $30,000 cash ready to hand over, but in his very thorough and very careful inquiries, he found no one to buy from. Most cops, as with most people, are basically honest in their actions.

My knowledge of the criminal element in dope comes from Melbourne and Sydney, from my years of dealing, rather than from the north coast, where the game is played more gentlemanly. The tales that follow will give you an idea of how some guys play the game.

More than four years ago, a friend of mine went for the big hit — do it once and do it big. He went bush for seven months

A lot of people come to the country to grow, stay all season, then return to the cities to sell — a profitable variation on the usual seasonal work.

and literally camped at his growing site, leaving only to get supplies. The attention he gave his crop paid off, and from about 600 plants he harvested close to 90 pounds. He brought it all back to Melbourne and went looking for a buyer. For a couple of years we had both been buying pounds to deal from a Greek guy, and my mate approached him to see if he was interested in buying the whole crop.

After the usual crap that goes on about price, quality and back and forth phone calls and visits, a deal was negotiated. The actual transaction of buying or selling bulk can be the worst moment of all, and my friend was quite strung out. You see, on one side of the coin you have guys who can grow a crop worth $40,000, which was the negotiated price, and on the other you have guys that gave 40 grand cash to buy. There are plenty of the former, not so many of the latter, and of those that there are, many are crims. The growers aren't, in the common sense, criminals; the people who buy big often are. Anyway, it was tension territory, and I was amongst it to help with one end of the somewhat melodramatic arrangements.

The deal was done at two different houses — the Greek's and mine. I had the dope and one of the Greek's men, and the Greek had the money and my mate. My end went smoothly. With a set of greengrocer scales the Greek's man weighed up, sniffed and checked the proportion of heads to leaf. He rang his boss and said it was okay.

I then spoke to my friend who told me the money checked and the guy could have the dope. So he left with the bags, I collapsed with relief, and awaited my friend with his reward. It was not a happy and excited man who arrived, but rather someone who looked like he'd just witnessed the slaughter of his entire family. As soon as he'd put down the phone to me, Greek announced that he'd been thinking that $40,000 was too much, and he'd decided to give him four instead. Stunned by the announcement and by the appearance of two heavies from another room, on top of his very real fear of being ripped off, he was ripped off. He left, forcibly, with $4000.

If you choose to play the game, there's no way of knowing whether the other players are going to go along with your rules.

Again in Melbourne, another friend was beaten to a pulp for a dope misdemeanor, and when the two assailants left him on the side of the road they told him they were going to do over his mother!

Another grew a crop of around 40 pounds in the Blue Mountains, west of Sydney. Through a contact, he took it to Flemington Markets, which is a thriving dope marketplace fronted by mainly legitimate market gardeners. He got a fair price for his goods. A fortnight later he was visited at his home by two thugs who told him that next year he was expected to grow double. The penalty for failing to deliver would not be pleasant for his family!

So how big is the contract dope business? I don't know, and if someone tells me, great, but I sure as hell don't want to find out for myself.

A lot of people come to the country to grow, stay all season, then return to the cities to sell — a profitable variation on the usual seasonal work. Eighteen months ago, two would-be growers were disturbed by a local grower en route to his patch. He was disturbed because the guys were on his land. Most of us had seen them around in their car but had no idea who they were, where they came from, or where they camped. They stayed, so presumably they found a new place to grow and got a crop out.

Another fellow bought 300 acres, worked the season and returned to Sydney, where he set up a record shop, never to be seen here since. (As well, he sold his acreage for a good profit.)

With the consideration of not knowing the workings of a local area, the season-stay-and-disappear method of growing is quite successful. It accounts for a good portion of the market.

When it comes to doing busts, the police have a mixed bag of feelings. The official policy line decreed by the upper echelon, which is hard line on big growers, is tempered by political pragmatism, and the

pollies don't see any value in further overloading the court systems by charging small growers. Still within the ranks of the individuals who constitute the force, there is the full gamut of attitudes, from Queensland Baptist style red-necks who'll plant dope on you if they can't find any, to cops who'll pocket it during a raid to smoke themselves. Generally though, they're all keen on making the big bust, because that's worth points on their service record and, as with all public servants, their service record is as important as their superannuation fund!

Some of them spend enormous energy in pursuit of the big bust. One cop from around Casino is a classic example. A few years ago he got credit for apprehending a guy with 700 plants. His head got bigger and his attitude meaner as he basked in his law and order hero glory. He is an insufferable fool intent on sniffing out and arresting "scum-bags who think they can get away with growing that shit around here". Last year he spent his vacation with three of his visiting cop mates on trail bikes, scouring the local area for crops, and often stops cars to check them out for drugs.

At the other end of the scale is a cop I know quite well who called out to a farm on a traffic related matter. Sitting on the front porch, soaking up the sun, were about 50 seedlings. The guy who owned the farm, and seedlings, went into immediate defeat and asked whether he was to come straight into the station to be charged. "What for?" asked the cop. Indicating the tray, the law-breaker said: "These." "I don't see anything," said the cop. Gratitude poured from the lips of the offender, and he promised to destroy the little weeds immediately. "Don't be stupid," said the cop, "they're really healthy!"

A few months later, the cop was severely reprimanded and subjected to a house search for drugs as a result of his "fraternising with people known to be cultivators and smokers of marijuana".

A detective sergeant from Lismore is on record as considering growers as "ratbags and filth" who frustrate his job by being clever in where and how they grow. It is difficult for the police to catch growers, and unless they find patches of well over 30 plants, they are more likely to destroy the patch or do nothing at all, than go ahead with charging people.

Commonly, if a farmer finds a few plants on his property and informs the police, he'll be asked to destroy them himself or told to leave them. Forestry workers often know where dope is being grown in the State forests, and mostly do not bother to inform the police.

In the north coast raids last year, involving the Pol Air One helicopter, a considerable number of four-wheel drives, trail bikes, uniformed and plain-clothes cops, they discovered literally hundreds of plants in dozens of patches. Mostly they completely ignored them, but if the ground crew were within easy reach, the four-wheel drives or trail bikes would rage through doing wheelies and skids, leaving a devastated patch behind them. The cops are fighting an already lost battle, and they know it. This year there were no massive raids, for good reason. Last year's were a debacle which cost around a half a million dollars to mount. There is no political support for a similar wastage of public money again, and it is indeed difficult for the police to argue that raids this year, or next, would be more successful.

At this point you have probably concluded the obvious — most growers do very well financially and don't get caught. What I have not told you is what is involved. Consider the following and remember that from beginning to end is at least six months (most often closer to nine). Bear in mind also that for the whole period a grower is in a state of tension from which there is no relief.

You have to find somewhere to grow. The criteria are the same, however big you require the patch. It must be isolated, have reasonable soil, access to water, and at least

Commonly, if a farmer finds a few plants on his property and informs the police, he'll be asked to destroy them himself or told to leave them.

eight hours a day of full sunshine. This is not easily fulfilled, and I have spent up to three weeks combing an area of bush to find a suitable spot. Most people do not grow on their own land, so patches are usually on farmers' properties or in State forests.

Next you have to raise the seedlings. Last season I raised about 1500 and used 1200. It obviously is safest to do this at your patch, but that is impracticable in most instances because of the care and attention they require, and also because if you're smart, your patch is a long way from where you live. (From September to November, the seedling season, nurseries sell hundreds of thousands of Jiffy-7s and other seed raising aids.)

The hardest slog is the preparation of the growing spot and the planting. Serious growers erect fences to stop wallabies and stray cattle from ruining crops, which they can do rapidly. Putting up a fence is a full-on job when everything is to hand, but when it is compounded by having to cart wire and tools a long way through the bush just to begin, it becomes monstrous. Then, when you have to dig 1200 holes, plant out, fertilise and water in, you get to a point of exhaustion and collapse. At this point it could, for a variety of reasons, all be for nothing.

When the plants are in the ground they cannot have enough care. The amateurs who plant out and return six months later are poorly rewarded — deservedly so. If it doesn't rain, you have to water your crop. To do well the plants require nourishment, which means ensuring the supply of fertiliser is kept up. They are susceptible to bug infestations, which means spraying anything that'll work if bugs appear. They need pruning constantly if you intend to maximise the yield, and that is the nature of the game. Caring for a moderate patch of two to three hundred plants, which is probably the most common size, will mean a minimum of two days a week of solid work.

As you start to harvest leaf, which happens after a month or so, you're into the biggest area of downfall amongst growers — drying. Invariably the first leaf picked is met with some joy and relief. A grower has already devoted weeks and a lot of nervous energy to the crop, and here is the first small payment. Leaving it to dry at the patch is to risk complete loss from a bust or a rip-off, and to dry it at home is to increase the risk of a bust. I used an area within sight of my house (but off my land) to dry my crop, but a surprising number of people dry at home. It is by far the most vulnerable time to get busted, but it is done.

As the season gets on and the plants grow an inch or more a day, the energy input gets greater. Stripping becomes full-time, along with the other previously mentioned chores. The dope, drying and stored in buckets in the ground, mounts delightfully, as does the paranoia.

By the end of the season there are not enough hours in the day to keep up with the picking. Fingers get coated with resin up to 2mm thick and everything about you smells of dope. It is the high point of the year. The excitement is overwhelming. Almost everyone could get busted at that point because there is so much to do that caution gets compromised by expediency. It is so intense that if you had a smoke you'd die from fear.

Anyway, you get through that with raw nerve endings and enter the next phase — selling it, the main reason you did it in the first place. (I say main reason because there is another pay-off in growing dope, the excitement of it all. Like many others, I get a high similar to that of driving fast, parachuting, doing anything that takes you to that threshold of "one slip and I'm fucked", the fantasy/fear point. It is the satisfaction of a very real, basic urge.)

Selling is a ball game all of its own. Very often growers decide that this year they'll sit on their goods until middle winter when prices are higher. The reality is that after months of toil, the monetary reward is usually too alluring (hence the middle winter to Christmas shortage that occurs year after year). Dope presents the classic free marketplace. Ten years ago, when I began dealing, pounds were $300 for mixed leaf and head, and stayed stable at that price while the supply grew with the demand. In

recent years the demand has outstripped supply, and so the price has risen steadily.

There is another fascinating aspect of dope smokers that directly affects price. Given that a huge cross section of the population are smokers, and that people are generally not up front about their habits, what emerges are thousands of quite separate scenes and suppliers within those scenes.

For instance, a dealer I know pays enormous money for his supply and profits from it because the market he is selling to — Public Transport Commission workers — consider the expensive, small deals they get to be satisfactory.

Another buyer/dealer, who owns a fashion store in Sydney, will buy only at rock-bottom prices because his clientele expect, and are used to, good deals. The margin and overall profit of these two guys is the same, but the price a grower can get for his goods varies markedly.

The variation in the above cases is $750 for heads to the fashion man and $1200 to the bus driver. A good grower knows his market place, and within any market situation there are a few bus drivers. There are a lot of other price factors; the crop is taken to market, the cities, or the buyer come to the growers, and so on.

Most growers have their regular buyers, so the transactions are relatively free of hassle and tension, but most growers also at some time sell to people they've never met before. In my area, which has somewhat of a reputation as a good source of dope, it is common for complete strangers to lob and ask about buying. These guys are treated with the utmost caution and sometimes leave empty handed, but there is usually a middleman or woman prepared to take the risk for the usual fee of $50 per pound. Some buyers are totally ludicrous and the butt of many jokes.

Once, two young guys who know a friend of mine, arrived in town wanting to buy. He had none, so he brought them to me for introduction and left them looking awkward and nervous. I had some leaf left I wanted to shift and offered them a special price on heads if they took my leaf as well. After hushed consultation outside in the rain, they went for it. I got them to show their money, then went to fetch the dope. They were both nervous as cats when confronted with the goods. One simply handed over the money while the other opened a bag of leaf. God, they were trying so hard to look and act like old hands at the game. Ruffling through the leaf, one guy announced: "Good heads, man!" The other, aghast at his friend's bungling ignorance and desperately wanting to save face as the pro who'd brought a dummy with him, said: "They're not fucking heads man, the heads are on sticks, stupid!" When I told him that my heads weren't actually on sticks and unless he wanted to sit down and do it himself, they never would be, he went as red as his friend. They left hurriedly without looking in any of the other bags or weighing them.

I've had guys without scales lift a bag, jiggle it like a teabag with a look of intense concentration on their face and tell me: "Yeah man, that's a pound." One connoisseur stuck his head in a bag, breathed deeply and announced: "Lucky it's fresh, I don't buy shit that's not fresh, you know." It had been buried for three months.

These guys usually want to have a smoke with you, call you 'man' and often come in pairs with half their money each stuffed in their jeans. The pain in the arse ones who want to smoke some first, usually get so stoned they end up counting their money five times with different totals before they hand it over.

Then there are those buyers who arrive with the appropriate sense of conducting a business deal. They check the dope visually, weigh up with their own scales, pay with crisp rolls of fifties and fuck off.

However, regardless of who you sell to, you still end up with a lot of money that you can either sit on, which is no fun at all, spend outrageously, which is a lot of fun, a bit risky and very familiar to me, or clean up and then spend, which is smart. If you decide to be smart, there are a lot of smart people to help you — from bank managers to solicitors. These people can link you to friendly bookmakers who, for a price, will give you winning betting slips. Maybe you'd like a false mortgage loan on a property you want to buy, or perhaps a bank loan secured by a falsely-named savings account with your money in it — the options are endless.

So next time you read of some bloke busted with a few hundred plants with a street value of a quarter of a million dollars, or some such equally distorted figure, remember this article and keep your perspective. I don't know of any millionaires from dope, nor am I ever likely to. Growing is a cottage industry, albeit a popular and profitable one. It is also a doomed industry in its present form, because dope will be legalised. That is inevitable and unarguable. A lot of the hysteria has already gone and the marijuana lobby is attracting some powerful allies. In the meantime more people will get busted and that's okay, because no one grows without knowing the rules. Every game has its penalties.

In parting, I don't recommend the game to anyone. It is ultimately anti-life, as is anything that you use to keep yourself from being out front with the world.

Games within games within games.

Every car, like a new born baby, starts off with a beautiful body. But the trick is keeping it that way, so the good news is Wash-n-Wax and Glo-Wash from The Kitten System.

Now you can buy a beautiful body off the shelf, and keep your car in showroom condition. Glo-Wash is made especially for cleaning your valuable investment.

Once weekly for a good looking body.

Whereas ordinary detergent and water may only clean the surface, Glo-Wash removes stubborn road grime that would otherwise become ingrained and cause your paintwork to rapidly deteriorate.

And if you want to give your car extra special protection, The Kitten System brings you Wash-n-Wax. Wash-n-Wax is the blend of specially developed high quality cleaning agents and waxes that protects as it waxes your car's body.

But the beauty of both Wash-n-Wax and Glo-Wash is their wash-on/hose-off simplicity; there's no need to chamois anymore. And a good looking body won't cost you an arm and a leg: a bottle of Wash-n-Wax or Glo-Wash will wash the average car at least 17 times.

So for a good looking body, use Glo-Wash or Wash-n-Wax from The Kitten System at least once a week.

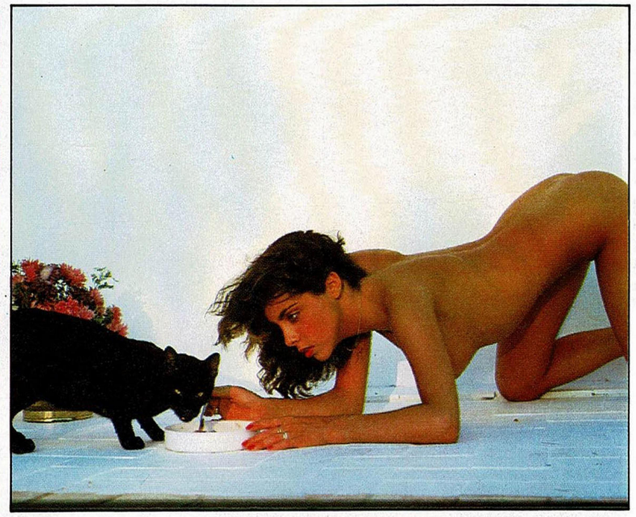
THE KITTEN SYSTEM.

KIW 311/1

THE CREAM OF CAR CARE

FAST LADY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY OTTO R. WEISSER



Her name is Yasmine Mehr-Aine. She's 20, German, and living her life in the fast lane. Car racing, especially grand prix, is one of her passions, and Yasmine is a regular spectator at many of the major races on the European circuit. "The danger and adrenalin buzz are like champagne — they go to my head."

Her cafe society lifestyle means that Yasmine has met many celebrities, such as film director Roman Polanski, but she insists that fame and fortune aren't really important to her. "If the people around me are exciting and exotic, it doesn't matter who they are."

CHEECH & CHONG (continued from page 37)

Fighting's how you keep warm in Canada. It gives you a chance to hug a guy without getting called a queer.

PLAYBOY: Prove that you're crazy, then?

CHONG: Let me interject for a moment, if I may. White-skinned people can get away with all sorts of shit like that. See, they can't trust a crazy white guy, 'cause he'll shoot his commanding officer in the back. But if you're Mexican or black, it's hard to bullshit 'em. "Yeah, okay, so you're crazy. Here's your crazy gun. Go *get* 'em, boy."

CHEECH: [*laughs*] I considered everything. I considered prison for a minute, until I read the personals in the underground press with the jailbirds writing, "Help support your brothers, it's fucked in here." Besides, I wanted to be a potter. And through a roundabout series of events, I met up with Tommy. He was a *real* hood, you know. A monster. Just ask him.

PLAYBOY: How vicious were you, Tommy?

CHONG: I'm an *ex*-hood, it's true. You gotta realise that the Canadian national sport is fist-fighting. Occasionally that translates into hockey, the "official" sport. But the after-school fight *is* the main event, the killer attraction. In my case, I got killed a lot. I grew up fighting. That's how you keep warm in Canada — it gives you a chance to hug a guy without getting called a queer.

And if you were of Chinese extraction, you *always* learned to fight, to survive. My grandfather and grandmother were recruited in China to come to Canada as cheap labor. My grandmother had been a big stage star in China, and she was the first Chinese lady to fly an aeroplane — she was a friend of Amelia Earhart. When my pop came of age, he went back to China to find a bride, that's the Chinese tradition. Well, he partied like hell, forgot the wife! He came back to Canada and met my mom and married her. He likes white women. Mom is half-Scotch and half-Irish.

CHEECH: That means half of her wants to get drunk and the other half doesn't want to pay for it.

CHONG: [*laughs*] She's a real ballsy woman. She had to be, to marry Pop — not only because of the race thing, but because Pop is real short and she's real tall. Her whole family shunned her for years. They settled in Edmonton, and eventually oil was discovered on Pop's land. But he'd sold it by then — he never hung on to nuthin'. Thank God, or else I'd have been too filthy rich to do what I'm doing. I'd have become a useless doctor or lawyer instead of a useless comedian. At least this way my uselessness is useful — I make useless doctors and lawyers laugh.

PLAYBOY: Things were tough all over, then, were they?

CHONG: Hmm catchy phrase. Yeah. Real tough, real rural. When I was about eight, we moved into the city, into an abandoned military complex. Lookalike homes, but it was heaven — bathtub, running water.

I dropped out of school in the 10th grade and became a roofer. Tough fuckin' work — I'd be up there on the roof watching the fine little girls walk home from school, and I figured I should get on the ground floor again. I went back, and got real deep into music. I started a high school band. We had this lead singer, an acne-faced Indian who did Elvis Presley imitations. Looked *nuthin'* like him, of course, but swivelled his hips and screamed into the microphone and the girls just went *apeshit* for him. I said to myself, hmm, what can I do in school that compares with *this?* I decided to make music my profession, and I dropped out of school again.

PLAYBOY: So you took up music to impress girls?

CHONG: Well, not *really* to get laid, because sex was still part of the hood thing. Thank God for Chinatown — the only place open after hours. And there were more than a few aged hookers hanging out.

PLAYBOY: How old?

CHONG: Well, they were old to me — I was maybe 17, and they were mid-20s.

PLAYBOY: Did one of them deflower you?

CHONG: Lila, lovely Lila. I say her name because everybody in Calgary will know who I'm talking about. I'll never forget her. If she were young today, she'd be a punk-rocker with purple hair. Gorgeous little girl with red hair backcombed into a beehive.

Anyway, by that time, I had this real hot band together, covered the whole spectrum — Chinese, Indian, mulatto, black, white — and we were drivin' the people wild. Finally the mayor of Calgary met with us and suggested we move to Vancouver. We did. We lived in fleabag hotels, booked our own gigs — and I met my first wife. We were auditioning a piano player, so I went over to his house to hear him. I took one look at his sister Maxine and fell instantly in love. She was a fantastic girl, all black girls in Canada are. She broke my heart a bunch of times — first girl ever to do that. After five years of on-and-off, I married Maxine. We broke up for a whole year at one point, and I went to Edmonton and met this other black girl, Gail Lewis. We had an affair and she got pregnant. That coincided with my leaving town. In those days there was no abortion. She wanted to keep the baby anyhow, so my mother took in the baby and raised her for the first six months. Gail couldn't do it alone, and my mom wanted and loved the baby. Good thing Gail didn't believe in abortion, or else the world would be deprived of Rae Dawn Chong.

I went back to Vancouver because Maxine called and said let's tie the knot. Gail and Rae Dawn came to our wedding — that's where I first met my daughter. My baby by Maxine, Robbie, was born after that, and I adopted Rae Dawn, and we moved to San Francisco. Gail got pissed off and tried to get Rae Dawn back. It was a big court battle, and I won — it was surprising, and set a court precedent in Canada, but it was clearly in Rae Dawn's best interests.

I hooked up with this guy Bobby Taylor in San Francisco, who sang like an angel. We formed this band, Bobby Taylor and the Vancouvers, and moved back to Vancouver and opened a nightclub. But it was a dead scene. We played a bunch of other clubs to pay the bills, and at this one teen club, I walked in the door and my heart stopped. I saw this blonde, tanned 16-year-old angel, and I fell instantly in love again. I said out loud, "I want one of those." Her name was Shelby, and little did I know she'd become the next mother of my children.

After the show, she "allowed" me to give her a ride home, puttin' me down the whole time — "I don't like the way you dress, your hair's too short, take off that stupid T-shirt. . .you can let me off right here." I'm thinking what a snotty bitch, then she leans over and gives me this beautiful juicy kiss on the lips.

PLAYBOY: So you started two-timing your wife?

CHONG: Shelby wouldn't make love with me for a good two years — actually a bad two years. She wouldn't because she related to me as a married man, she knew I loved Maxine, and she didn't want to break up my marriage. Even when I moved my family to a house right next door to hers — quite by accident — she and I remained platonic. When we finally made love, it was the most cosmic event of my life. I was high on LSD — I'd just started doing acid — this was 1967 — and she became pregnant that first time with our daughter, Precious.

I was on the road a lot with the band, and then one day Berry Gordy caught our act and asked us to sign with Motown. So we moved to Detroit to make records. Maxine and the kids came, and so did Shelby and Precious. Nobody knew that I was the father of Shelby's baby.

PLAYBOY: You were treading on thin ice, obviously.

CHONG: I didn't know *how* thin. The band was starting to make it big. We were in the Motown factory-of-hits. I'd written a song about Shelby and me when Precious was born — Does Your Mama Know About Me? — which became a hit. We were on the verge of making it. Then Motown fired me.

Shelby said, "Fuck it, it was an arsehole band anyway. Let's beat it out of Detroit and move to LA and make some money." What could I say? We did. Maxine stayed with the kids in Detroit until I sent for her. So we're all in LA, I'm out of a job, and suddenly Shelby gets deathly ill. I had to take her to our house, with the baby, and tell Maxine, "This is my baby too." Maxine had tears in her eyes and a smile on her face and love in her heart when she saw the baby. So it was official. Maxine worked as a secretary to feed us all while Shelby recuperated.

After she recovered, Shelby and Precious and I went back to Vancouver. My old club was failing, because I wasn't there to run it. My brother and my Pop were doin' their best, but the momentum was gone. So then this strip joint comes up for sale, and they put up the money, and I managed it. We named it the "City Works", and that's where I met up with Cheech.

PLAYBOY: What was Cheech up to in Canada?

CHEECH: Well, I was in hiding for three years — in the deep woods for a solid year. I became the Mexican Thoreau.

PLAYBOY: How much of a Thoreau were you?

CHEECH: I saw maybe 20 people the entire year, and one of them was Sasquatch — or a very big dog. I was just into being pure and living this natural life and learning something new. I missed girls a lot, but I became good friends with my hand.

PLAYBOY: Which hand?

CHEECH: Whichever one wasn't frostbitten.

PLAYBOY: What got you out of the woods?

CHEECH: Showbiz. Things got kind of slow on the pottery scene, and I got lonely, and I decided to go to Banff because this band wanted me to play with them. We did okay, and I really got bit by the performing bug, but they split to Hawaii, so I had to figure out something else.

I had this buddy who said there was some action in Vancouver. I got a gig working for this local rock magazine — no real money, but you got free records, you got into the concerts free. Right after I hit Vancouver, I met Tommy.

CHONG: Cheech & Chong was preordained.

PLAYBOY: By what force?

CHONG: Organised slime.

CHEECH: Enrique-the-dishwasher. See, after I went to Canada, the first place I ended up was this tiny village outside Calgary where Tommy had grown up, and I met all his old friends. I kept hearing stories about this crazy Chinaman. One guy told me Tommy had a band called "Four Niggers and a Chink", and that intrigued me. I kept hearing tidbits about this maniac Chong. So the second day after I land in Vancouver I go to dinner in the sleaziest Chinese junkie-section of town. I round the corner and there's this nightclub with these big glossy pictures of these two bearded maniacs with tattoos and army helmets wrestling these naked girls with pasties on their nipples. Oddest thing I'd ever seen. I had to check this out.

CHONG: See, my first partner looked like a Hell's Angel.

CHEECH: And *you,* you looked like a hip Ghengis Kahn. I couldn't figure it out — I thought you were a Mongolian. I thought, shit, I'm gonna meet a Mongolian. So I flashed my press pass and got into the club.

PLAYBOY: Why did you decide to hire Cheech?

CHONG: First of all, he showed up with this gorgeous chick who'd come all the way from LA to see him for one night. I always judge guys by their ladies. That way you can't go wrong. Some guys read palms, I read ladies.

I didn't know he'd been in the boonies for three years — after I got hold of him, I got him right back into drugs and sex and everything was okay again. But I was impressed right then. He'd passed the audition.

CHEECH: The girl was the love of my life. I hadn't seen her in years; she comes to the show, she takes one look at Tommy and says, "If you work with him, make sure you get paid in advance." I never saw her again, but to this day I am grateful for that advice. Tommy offered me $5 a week more than I was getting, and I always followed him around on payday to make sure I got my bread.

CHONG: That impressed me, too. Cheech wasn't the funniest guy I'd ever worked with, but he was absolutely *fearless.* He'd do anything. Thank God I'd seen a lot of The Committee in San Francisco, and Cheech had seen a lot of the Instant Theatre in LA. Thank God for the PLAYBOY Party Jokes, too, I might add. We'd run down to the news-stand and get the latest issue and act some of 'em out, and use the rest as one-liners. We were desperate for material.

CHEECH: No pride. None. Still none.

CHONG: Anyway, we were real creative, but goin' broke, so Cheech and I decided: enough of this shit — let's get back to what we know, let's form a band. We got a rhythm section together and we set our premiere for a "Battle of the Bands" competition in Vancouver — this was early '69. Musically, we weren't that hot, so we decided to warm up the crowd with a bit of humor. It got to be joke after joke after joke and the crowd kept roarin' and when we finally left the stage, we won the contest without playin' a note. My band says, "Gee boss, that was a cinch — what's our next gig?" I said, "You're fired." I'd replotted everything. I knew the system, I knew if we went back to LA and worked as hard as we could, we could make it as a comedy team.

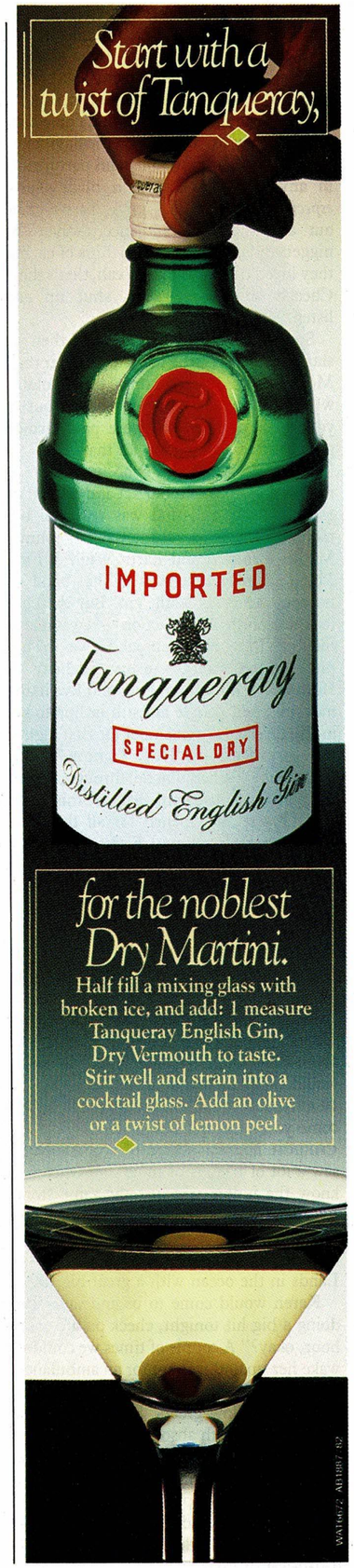
CHONG: We're heading for the border and I say, "Well, what're we gonna call ourselves? 'Richard and Tommy' sounds rather dumb. You got any kinda nickname?" He says, "Yeah, 'Cheech.' " I said, "Hmm, 'Cheech and Chong' sounds good."

PLAYBOY: What's a "Cheech", anyhow?

CHEECH: It's short for *Chicarron,* a Mexican delicacy consisting of fried pigskin.

PLAYBOY: So you finally got to LA.

CHEECH: Yeah, we showed up on Maxine's doorstep, penniless and homeless. She had a place right off the Strip. She and Tommy had already split up, so it was a strange situation. Maxine had this little Honda, a girl's version, and so Tommy and I would



get up every day and tool around town on that, checking out the black clubs. This one guy remembered Tommy from his Motown days, so he said he'd let us perform, and if the audience liked us, we would come back and he'd pay us. This was in the days when there were almost no comedians performing in any clubs, especially in black clubs, *especially* by non-black guys. So we came out and blew the audience away. The niggers did *not* know what to think of us, but they loved us, it was like "Yeah, that's them Cheech and *Chang* guys, shut up and listen."

So we had a week-end gig, and then we started playing all the black clubs after that. Most of them were *really* tough clubs, where you didn't take your hands out of your pockets after you were paid, armed guard in the parking lot, all that.

Then this black guy who was about to reopen a club caught our act and offered us $400 a week, and that was real real big money, believe me. So it was us, Johnny Mathis' brother, and Earth Wind & Fire. Man, we loved the guys in that band — partied like crazy with 'em. But the club itself was the main attraction — it was one of the first after-hours clubs, and it was the hip place to be seen — every celebrity in Hollywood showed up. Four and five in the morning, and people are still in line to get in. Just packed. I remember the first night I was so excited — "Hey, Tommy, this is great, huh?" When that fell through, we got a gig as the house comedians at this other club, P.J.'s. We opened for all the great black bands — Ray Charles, the Isley Brothers, Martha and the Vandellas, Stevie Wonder, Marvin Gaye, playing to a total black audience. When that closed, we were back to little $25-a-night gigs again.

I'd moved out of Maxine's and I was living in this other house on the Strip. Big old house full of people, most of 'em junkies and dealers. And I really fell in love with Karen Dalton, this folksy-blues singer who had a couple of albums out. Tommy and I would rehearse at the house.

PLAYBOY: With all the heroin around, how come you never got tempted?

CHEECH: I'm real scared of needles. But I saw a lot of friends of mine die. Once you know the junkie trip, it's the same story. Every junkie is like a setting sun — sometimes it really flashes pretty and brilliant, but when it goes down — sssssssst. Lands in the ocean with a great big fizz.

Karen would come to us and say, "I'm doing a big hit tonight, check on me every hour, okay?" A couple of times we couldn't wake her up and we sent for an ambulance. When you overdose, you don't turn blue, you turn yellow-green. She went to the hospital once with absolutely no pulse. She broke out the next day and came back, drank some wine, smoked some joints, and shot right back up. She's dead now. I couldn't get tempted by that scene, man. It was *un*glamorous. I like downers, but not d-d-d-o-w-n-n-e-r-s.

CHONG: Yeah, we went from the frying pan into the fire. Shelby went back to Vancouver again for a while, and I was staying with Cheech. I went to sleep smoking a joint one night . . .

CHEECH: And I wake up with him yelling at the top of his lungs: CHEECH! CHEECH! HELP! HELP! The heat had melted this big plastic pillow, with all this foam rubber in it, and just exploded all over the living-room. There were 456 little fires. The whole living-room was on fire, the whole world was on fire. So we're trying to put out the fire with our appendages. I burn up my hands, he burns up his legs. We somehow got it out.

CHONG: *We* were out.

PLAYBOY: And down-and-out.

CHEECH: But the Bank of America came to our rescue. Tommy goes into the branch office right around the corner to check on his measly 59¢. The teller says, okay, you got $2000, and don't bother me. Entrepreneur that he is, Tommy says, okay, gimme $500. The manager signs the transaction, and Tommy beats it over to my place —

Our competition was not other comedians. It was the Rolling Stones and Led Zeppelin and Stevie Wonder — and we were outselling them.

"Cheech, hide this, quick." So I did. He took out $500 a day until it was gone. Well, pretty soon the branch manager comes over — "Umm, Mr Chong, you owe us $2000 and you must pay us back." Tommy goes comatose. "*I* do? How can this be? I'll have to check with my accountant!" The bank guy is sitting on the only piece of furniture in the damn place, a funky bean-bag chair, and Tommy has to check with his *accountant!*

PLAYBOY: What did your accountant advise?

CHONG: The '71 earthquake struck the next day, and I never heard from the guy again. Divine intervention.

PLAYBOY: When was the big break?

CHONG: Mondays were "amateur night" at the Troubador, this white folk-rock club. Show up at nine in the morning, stand there all day, and get your show-up time. The hip thing about the deal was, the first act who shows up goes on last. The last guy who showed up went on first and just *ate* it. We were great so we played a bunch of Mondays, but the owner would never hire us for a gig, even though we were packing the club and really starting to get an "industry" audience. A real following among the "important" guys. Lou Adler "just happened" to be in the crowd. The next day I get this call from Missy Montgomery, Dinah Shore's daughter — she worked for Lou. She says, "Lou loved your act, he wants to sign you, hurry up down here." We signed that day.

CHEECH: Lou gave us a two-grand advance. We'd go every night — after hours — to the A&M studios, into a little room with two tape recorders and try to translate our stage act into an album. We didn't know what we were doing, we just did it. Our first album cost $8000 total. It went double platinum.

PLAYBOY: Adler became your producer?

CHEECH: Yeah, he produced all our albums — he produced his name on the cover.

CHONG: Lou was never in the studio with us once, because he didn't know shit about comedy. His thing was music — The Mammas and The Papas, etc. He was good on hunches, and his hunch with us paid off rather well for him.

CHEECH: So our first album, *Cheech & Chong,* was released in September of '71. It didn't set the world on fire at first, but then Lou says, "Why don't you do a Christmas single?" So we worked real hard on it, and came out with Santa Claus and His Old Lady. A&M released it in November — boom, smash hit, hit the top of the pops right away. Then our album sold like crazy. Not only double platinum, but it stayed on the charts for almost three years. So then we started our second album, *Big Bambu.* We recorded most of it on the road in hotel rooms, with just a couple of little microphones. Zoomed to number one within two weeks of the release. We had another hit single off it — Sister Mary Elephant. Our next album, *L'os Cochinos,* boom, right away to the top, and another hit single, Basketball Jones.

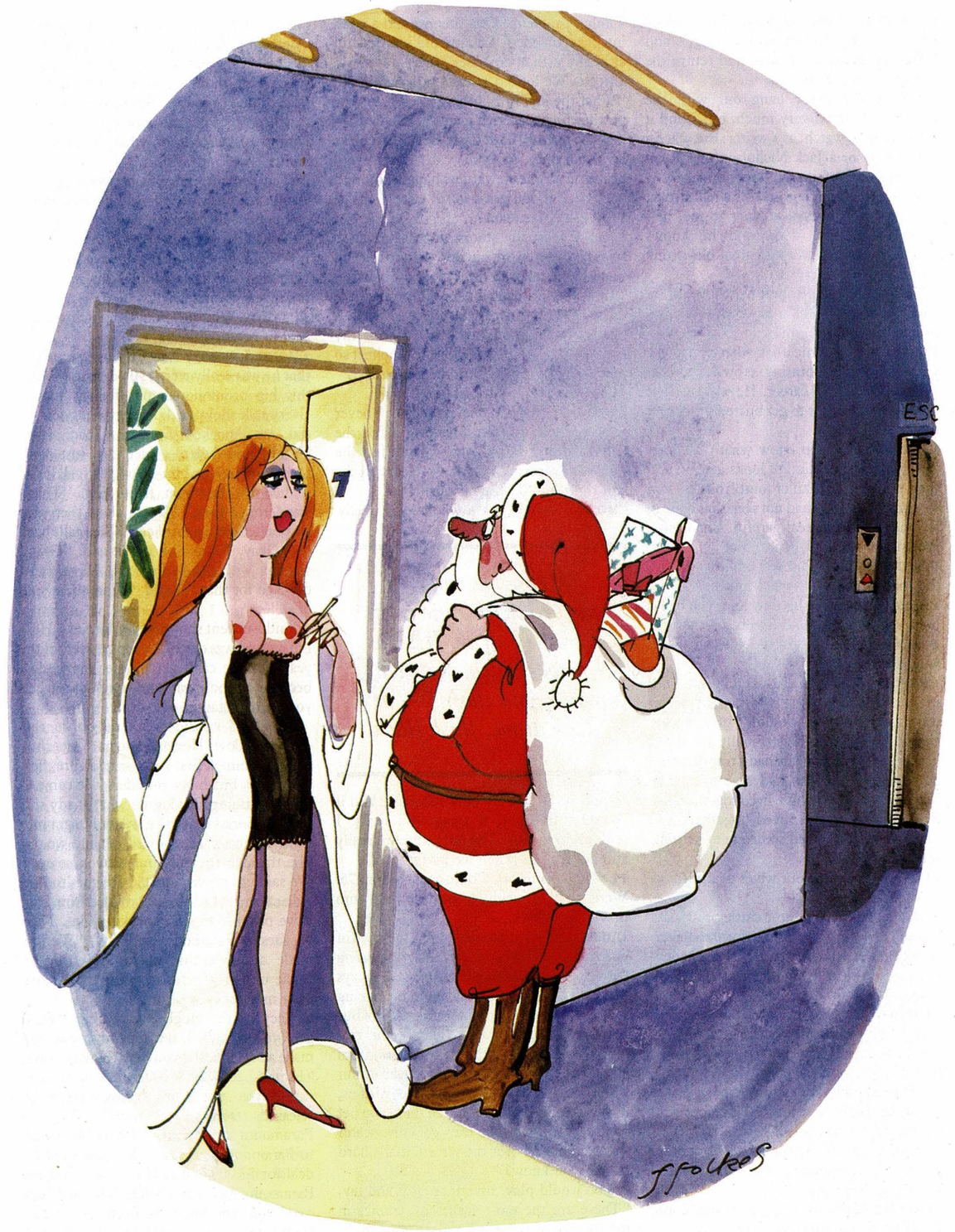
CHONG: See, our competition was *not* other comedians. It was the Rolling Stones and Led Zeppelin and Stevie Wonder — and we were outselling every one of them.

PLAYBOY: What was so unique about you guys?

CHONG: We struck the right note. We did things in our skits that nobody else was doing — militant hippies, dope dealers, high-school kids on dope, crazed Vietnam vets, nuns, and a whole side of ethnic truths no one else had touched.

CHEECH: I admire just about every other professional comedian, but Richard Pryor is definitely the best, the most outrageous. I learned a lot about spontaneity from Richard. I'll never forget the time I went to his show and this chick in the audience was giving him a real hard time, she wouldn't let up, so he says, "Here, bitch," and whipped out his dick and shoved it in her face. She sat there for about 30 seconds and split. All these celebrities were in the crowd, and they just went bananas. [*laughs*]

CHONG: I like to catch stars off-guard, ambush 'em. I can get away with it because I look like your average Joe. I went up to Henry Winkler at this one party — "Hi, Henry, I'm a real fan of yours, I really admire your work." He nods blankly and



"I know it's mid-October, but I just had to see you."

turns away. "By the way, I'm Tommy Chong from Cheech and Chong," and before he can whirl around and return the compliment, *I'm* gone.

CHEECH: We don't hang out with the Hollywood crowd very much, but I find it interesting to watch, as a writer. But when a Hal Ashby or a Jack Nicholson or a Ryan O'Neal — lots of our fans are filmmakers — when *they* compliment us, it's a real stroke. The guy who lives next door to me, he's lived there since 1934 and he knows *everybody,* so he has these great old-drunk parties.

So I got to meet Robert Mitchum, Steve McQueen, Jason Robards — who is truly a prince. So is Mitchum.

PLAYBOY: It's ironic that what you make your money celebrating is what almost ruined Mitchum's career. He was the first big Hollywood star to get busted for pot, in the late Forties.

CHEECH: Yeah, you know what? We're at this party and he kind of looks around and then pulls out this killer joint from his *sock* — swear to God. I had not seen that done in *so* long. He's still real careful. But what a great fellow he is.

PLAYBOY: So how did you adjust to life on the road when you started touring?

CHEECH: It was seeing how long you could hold your breath, for 11 months at a time.

PLAYBOY: Cheech, how did you meet your wife, Rikki?

CHEECH: I was dating her best friend. I fell in love with her instantly when I saw her waiting tables. She wouldn't give me her right number for weeks. Finally I trapped her in a corner when she had a tray of dishes in her hand and she had no choice. She finally gave in to me. We lived together, and lived together, and lived together, and finally I said, "I need someone to help me spend my money."

PLAYBOY: How do your wives deal with the groupie-scene?

CHEECH: They have these cattle prods, see, just to keep 'em away, except for the slower-witted ones who don't have much sensitivity to pain. Then it takes 'em a little bit longer. [*laughs*].

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with Kissinger, that power is an aphrodisiac?

CHEECH: Absolutely — how else could *he* fuck Jill St. John? Anyway, Tommy and I are both happily married men now, happy as can be. Right, Tommy? Remember your old lady's gonna read this.

CHONG: Right. We never even look at other women. Let's move on to a safer subject, like drug abuse.

PLAYBOY: Well, we were just going to ask. How did drugs affect you guys?

CHEECH: Which ones? One at a time.

PLAYBOY: Cocaine.

CHEECH: Yeah, we touched on that before. When you can first afford it, cocaine is the greatest drug in the world. We'd do coke and listen to lots of jazz. Hang out with a bunch of dealers, then go out on the road and get sick a lot. Big nasal problems. Timing problems. One time we did a week in Chicago and all Tommy did was stay up all night with a vaporiser.

CHONG: We looked at each other and said, "What the hell is this doing to us?" It's the powder form of a rich man's gold chains — hey, look at me, flash flash. Beautiful chicks love cocaine, so you can have every beautiful airline stewardess hanging around your neck if you got a lot of coke.

PLAYBOY: Marijuana?

CHONG: I usually smoke dope at night to relax. I love to work out and then to toke up to make me relax more. It gives me balance.

CHEECH: Marijuana is about it for me these days. Makes me relax, reflect. I have a ligament condition, and if I smoke my ligaments get sore, but I love to smoke it so much. I go through periodic detoxings.

PLAYBOY: Okay, what about LSD?

CHEECH: It opened me right up. I never took a whole lot, but whenever I felt the need, I did. I take it now when I feel the need. It's a cosmic colonic — clears all the shit right out. The great purifier.

CHONG: It taught me a whole lot. I really

When you can first afford it, cocaine is the greatest drug. It's the powder form of a rich man's gold chains — hey, look at me, flash flash.

respect it. It's a very holy substance and if you treat it right, it treats you right. I seldom do it now. The only time we really still do drugs is when we party.

PLAYBOY: Your last album came out in '76. Were you thinking about getting into movies then?

CHEECH: Yeah, it was always in the back of our minds. By 1977 I was really agitating with Tommy to make *Up in Smoke.* I always figured Cheech & Chong should be making movies — it was the natural extension of our act. I also thought that's where the real money is. We had all these big ideas, from all the time we'd been trying to make it. But when Lou Adler tried to cut a deal with us, it was like he was trying to sell these two pet rocks. "Well, what do they *do?* They can't shoot heroin all over the screen, that's hard to sell, you know?"

Lou would play 'em our records and say, "These are the most successful comics in the history of records." "Yeah, but that's *records.*" So he'd take 'em to the show. "Great, they can act, but that's on *stage.*" Most of these guys couldn't see the forest for the trees. So Lou got someone to put up some money, and we completed principal photography for $800,000 and he sold a distribution deal to Paramount where the studio risked no money.

CHONG: *Up in Smoke* was the perfect statement of the counterculture of the early '70s. Cheech and I wrote it, I basically directed it, though Lou listed himself as director and producer. But he really fucked us when we sold the movie — we were getting 10 percent of what *he* made in profits.

Ten percent! To split between us.

CHEECH: I was worried — I figured we were gonna have a smash hit and no money.

CHONG: Lou kept saying, "I'll think about it." We had negotiated a *seven-picture* deal with him for Paramount. I realised then: never tempt your friends.

PLAYBOY: Why did you sign such a lousy deal to begin with?

CHONG: I wanted Lou to prove somehow that he was really worth 90 percent. We did this big promotional tour for the movie. Every talk show we did, every interview we did, we knocked Lou, *real* bad. Like, "Yeah, Lou Adler — nice guy, just don't turn your back on him." So I get a call in the middle of the night from him. "That's slanderous, Tom." "Yeah, okay, then give us a better deal, a third each." He calls back — "Okay, I'll go for it." I said, "Great, starting with *Up in Smoke.*" He says, "I can't go for that." I said, "Fine, there's no deal."

And we went shopping for lawyers. Here the picture was one of the top grossers of the year, and we can't get another movie deal because nobody wants to touch you when you're in litigation.

So Lou's cousin turns us on to this curious fellow, Howard Brown. Cheech is scared of him at first because he figures he's a rounder, but I *love* rounders. He came to LA after doing *God* knows what shady shit in New York because he wanted to get into show business. He courted us, and we put him through the mill, but he won us over. We said, go prove yourself. He goes to Lou Adler and gets a $500,000 release from Lou if we promise to stop knocking him. Then he goes to Paramount and says, "We just made a movie that made $100,000,000. Make us a great offer and we'll make some *more* money for you guys."

They do the tough-guy routine, "We'll give you $500,000, not a penny more. Go make a better deal if you can." Howard says, "I think I got $1,000,000 from Universal — would you put it in writing that we're released from Paramount?" Guy at Paramount says, "Sure." Howard goes back to Paramount and says, "We just signed a deal for $2,000,000 at Universal," and the Paramount guys shit a brick: "Howard, how *could* you, you know we didn't *mean* 'no.' We'll give you $2,000,000 too, go tell Universal that." Howard says, "I can't do that, but don't be sorry, fellas. There's always the *next* movie. Universal's got us for one, why don't you guys be smart and grab us for the third one? We'll give you the same deal: $2,000,000 to sign us now." Paramount says, forget it.

Howard runs right over to Columbia, adds another half million to the asking price, and the price was right — Frank Price, the Columbia president, snatched us up. So he's sold two movies before we'd shot *one* foot of film. And he's still on a roll — he sold our latest one to Columbia for $5,000,000 plus 50 percent of the *gross.* Not the net, mind you.

PLAYBOY: What has *Up in Smoke* grossed to date?

CHONG: I think about $110,000,000.

PLAYBOY: What did *Cheech & Chong's Next Movie* gross?

CHONG: About $95,000,000.

PLAYBOY: How about *Cheech & Chong's Nice Dreams?*

CHONG: About $85,000,000 so far.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of your own money, what was it like when you realised that you were millionaires? That you'd never have to work another day if you didn't want to?

CHONG: Yeah, I remember the day our accountant told us that: and we found out he was a crook. We never think about it. We do exactly what we want to do, and now the only difference is instead of saying, "Thank you for letting us stay here," we own the joint.

PLAYBOY: What's your net worth?

CHONG: We don't know.

CHEECH: Never think of it. I just know my cheques won't bounce.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything that could possibly shock you guys?

CHEECH: I really fucking doubt it. Maybe a true accounting from one of the studios.

PLAYBOY: So what are your future goals?

CHEECH: To keep this joint lit. [*laughs*] Actually, to live happy forever or die happy tryin'.

PLAYBOY: How do you want to die?

CHEECH: I don't think I'd like to be impaled on a fender, that might scare me.

PLAYBOY: What do you want your tombstone to read?

CHEECH: "Please do not take the flowers away, they're mine." [*laughs*]

CHONG: "He's not here right now." See, I want to come back.

PLAYBOY: As what?

CHONG: I'd like to come back as the maitre d' at the Polo Lounge.

CHEECH: I'd like to come back as a ground hog between Brooke Shields' legs.

PLAYBOY: You guys got the award last year from the National Association of Theatre Owners for having the biggest box-office by comedians of all time.

CHONG: Yeah, it's the most prestigious award in the history of mankind. We're right up there with Albert Schweitzer and Mother Teresa now.

PLAYBOY: All right: what's your place in history?

CHEECH: I want it to be remembered that we were the greatest Cheech and Chong ever.

CHONG: And the first.

CHEECH: And the only.

RD211 steels. speeds and

Rated for higher hotter looks.

You can tell a man by his tyres—and the neatest, head-turning tread on the street is the Bridgestone Steel-Belted 60. Real wide macho treads that match their hot looks with scorching low profile performance.

RATED H FOR HIGH PERFORMANCE.

Compared to Bridgestone Steel-Belted 60s, most other raised-white-lettered low profiles are just show-offs. Bridgestone Steels have been engineered, tested and rated for speeds up to 210 Km/h. Most other low profiles of this type are only rated for speeds up to 170 Km/h.

ONLY BRIDGESTONE TYRES HAVE SUPERTOUGH SUPERFILLER.

Superfiller provides a more rigid bead area that improves low profile shape and efficiency. The result is increased tread control, exceptional handling and response.

WIDE TREAD PERFORMANCE

On Bridgestone Steel-Belted 60s you'll leave standard tyres for dead. The extra low sidewall and super fat-track hand out a gutsy low profile performance. The meaty tread pattern performs extra well in the wet. Wide, thirsty grooves flood away water for hard-sticking stops, tight controlled turns, and quick-off-the-mark acceleration.

You'll find that Bridgestone RD211 Steels are not just the neatest-looking street tyres, they also deliver the outstanding performance you'd expect from today's most technically-advanced radials. RD211 Steels. Rated for higher speeds and hotter looks.

Bridgestone. Miles ahead.

BS BRIDGESTONE

Y&R TBD2

O'TOOLE

(continued from page 67)

It's been said that the reason the crime rate is so low in Ireland is that nobody ever gets caught.

Through the glasses, the island jumped into focus. There was a rectangular object, dark in color, sticking up from the top, like a short stem on a green apple.

"That's a marking stone," O'Toole said. "A megalith. A prehistoric monument — a bit of architectural fancy to while away the hours in the second millennium BC."

He tilted his head back and took a long swig of water from the canteen.

"It's an old neighborhood," he said.

We walked to the car — O'Toole stopping to have a few words with a group of hydrangeas in full bloom — and set out for the other side of the peninsula.

"I'll have to ask you to roll down your window," O'Toole said to me as we wound our way along the coast line. "I find it impossible to see three-dimensionally through glass."

Below us, on a white sandy beach, two men were standing next to a boat that was upside down. It had an oily-looking black surface, and from a distance, it looked like a beached sea animal.

"That boat is called a currach," O'Toole said. "It's constructed by stretching a piece of material over a wooden frame — very simple, very lightweight. It's the traditional sailing craft of the area. Two or three men usually carry it — and they plop it in the water and off they go, fishing or whatever. Men have sailed the high seas in similar craft. Which shows a bit of guts, I would think. A bit of intestinal fortitude."

He brought the car to a sudden stop and turned and looked directly at me.

"Am I boring you absolutely to tears?" he asked. "If so, you must protest loudly and I shall stop. Otherwise, I have a tendency to yammer on about things."

He took his cigarette holder from his jacket pocket and pointed with it toward a neatly kept white-stone house set away from the road.

"This place, I believe, now belongs to the American Ambassador to Ireland. Or did I read that he was just sacked out? I believe he made a rather rapid departure from the scene — having been accused of some malfeasance or another. It sounds like he was the perfect man for the job; in Ireland, there's an understanding attitude toward larcenous behavior. It's all part of things. It's been said that the reason the crime rate is so low in Ireland is that nobody ever gets caught."

O'Toole fished in his pocket for a cigarette to fit into the holder. A group of brown-and-white cows came walking slowly toward us on the road.

"Hello, daisies!" O'Toole called out brightly. "Hello, girls!"

One of the cows regarded us with a soulful gaze as she passed by.

"The Clifden chorus girls," he said.

We went around a curve and came face to face with a van, which completely occupied the narrow turtleback roadway. O'Toole and the other driver looked at each other for a long moment, neither making a move. Finally, O'Toole backed up and created as much room as possible.

We watched as the van slowly pulled around us and somehow did not topple off the road. O'Toole exchanged a salute with the other driver, spilling ashes on his coat in the process.

We had completely rounded the peninsula and were reapproaching the mainland. A medieval building, with turrets and towers, sat on a hillside. "That's a monastery, that picturesque building," O'Toole said. "A place where monks have cavorted through the ages."

As the building passed from view, O'Toole made a sweeping gesture that took in the surrounding countryside.

"Before the invention of celibacy," he said, "the fucking was great round here!"

The countryside grew rockier, the rocks strewn about as if they had been sprayed out by a popcorn machine. I commented to O'Toole on the rugged landscape. He looked at me as one who had stated the obvious.

"The stones the stones the stones of Connemara. . .' " he intoned. " 'In spite of the tennis I resume. . .' That's Sam Beckett, man! That's Lucky's speech in *Waiting For Godot*. 'In spite of the strides of physical culture. . . the practice of sports such as tennis football running cycling swimming flying floating riding. . . dying. . sports of all sorts. . . tennis of all kinds. . . in spite of the tennis. . . the facts remain. . . the earth abode of stones. . .' "

He pulled over on to the shoulder of the road. The car bumped and staggered a bit as it went off the pavement.

"Careful, Peter, careful," O'Toole said to himself. "You're not on a horse." He manoeuvred the car a little farther, until he had reached a satisfactory position, and then shut off the engine.

He picked up the binoculars, opened his door and disembarked. I followed him into a field of wildflowers. In the distance, in sight of the shore line, there was a group of boulders, huge rocks, arranged in a horseshoe shape. A large stone, standing roughly in the centre of the group, stood out above the rest.

"That spot is what is called a fairy ring," O'Toole said, looking at it through the binoculars. "Gullible tourists are led to believe that fanciful creatures materialise here during favorable lunar phases — no doubt to the accompaniment of genuine Irish folk music. But that's *not* what it is. What it *is*, in fact, is a place where songs and recitations were held when the earth was quite young. Here, have a look at it through these." He handed me the binoculars.

We returned to the car and set off again. We passed people with backpacks and a group of boys playing ball. On the side of the road was a decorative ruin, once a castle, now only a stone skeleton covered with vines. On the other side of the road, there was a row of ugly modern single-story houses with chain-link fences and large television aerials.

We passed an abandoned, gutted barn. On the side of the building, in dripping black paint, were the letters IRA

As we drew near the town of Clifden, we saw two nuns dressed in modern habits, with shortened veils and dresses.

"We have lots of nun factories in Ireland," O'Toole said. "Lots of priest factories as well. Although that's all in a decline now, along with church attendance in general. It seems that many of the boys who once wanted to be priests are now becoming policemen — which I'm sure has some significance for some sociologist someplace."

The town came into view, its two almost identical church steeples rising up at each end.

"That's the Catholic church, the one closest to us," O'Toole said. "That's the Protestant church down there. Personally, I don't attend either. I go to Frank Murphy's pub."

•

We were standing in the doorway of O'Toole's house in the late afternoon. A soft rain was falling. The sky and the sea were grey. Grey rocks were scattered along the mountainside like human skulls.

"Well, we have some real *Wuthering Heights* weather here," he said. "It has that foreboding air, the sort of weather that lays bare the human soul."

He smiled quite broadly, as if that pleased him.

"What do you say we go for a walk? I'll give you some foul-weather gear."

From the entry he took a heavy fisherman's slicker and a pair of rubber boots.

"Here, put these on," he said. "They'll be a bit large, but it's good insulation and will keep you properly warm."

The coat swallowed me, hanging almost to my ankles and completely covering my hands. The boots were similarly sized. O'Toole put on my head a tweed cap with wide buckled straps that hung down on each side.

He stood back to survey the effect. "You do look a bit comical," he admitted. "But generally, that's better than bronchitis."

We had already started away from the house when O'Toole muttered something

Where would you rather see Laura? In town or at home.

David Hamilton's new masterpiece Laura is now showing at capital city theatres throughout Australia.

Laura, the beautifully photographed story of the moment in a young girl's life between innocence and womanhood.

Ⓜ

PUBLISHING & BROADCASTING THEATRICAL

A world-first simultaneous theatre and video release. So now you make the choice. See Laura in the theatre or at home.

But make no mistakes, you will see her.

STAR VIDEO

Available at your local video retailer.

OASIS STA1341

under his breath and turned back. He returned a moment or so later with a shotgun cradled in his arm.

"I'm looking for crows," he explained. "Vile, spiteful creatures. One of the few birds I do not like, as I believe I mentioned. In fact. . ." He looked around him for one of the black birds. "In fact, if I see any, I shall be quite delighted to blow them to perdition!"

I followed him as he led me up a grassy hillock. "Watch your footing," he called back. "The ground is tricky and deceptive." The wet grass and the muddy earth slid away easily underfoot; there were small puddles everywhere. At the top, he pointed toward a farmhouse down the mountain nearer to the water.

"That's my daughter Kate's house," he said. "Pat, my other daughter, has a house down there as well, though you can't quite see it. This is Zulu-style living. The family lives in the same spot, but each family member has his own dwelling. I think it's a very sensible arrangement. It keeps the family together but the fuck away from one another at the same time."

We made our way carefully down the slope of the hill and came out on a narrow, rutted dirt track that stretched out in a straight line and seemed to disappear into the sky. We walked slowly up the road. Once or twice, O'Toole paused and raised the shotgun as if he'd noticed something, but each time, there was no sound other than the rain.

"This part of Ireland, traditionally and to this day, has been known as the land of the solitary poets," O'Toole said. "Your man Theodore Roethke, he lived here, on one of the islands. Richard Murphy lives here now. There are more solitary brains, both men and women, fiddling around these shores than in any other spot on earth. An unbroken tradition of poets — pirates, too."

Enormous rain clouds hung over the hills. Far below, the sea was becoming rough and the waves beat against the rocky coast line.

"This is also the traditional burial place of the O'Malleys," O'Toole said, turning up the collar of his coat. "A renowned family of both poets and pirates. One of the greatest pirates who ever lived, Grace O'Malley, had a fortress here. She's one of Ireland's *non*-mythic figures, whose life is quite carefully documented. She sailed the high seas at the time of Drake and the other great pirates, and she outfoxed them all. She was a great beauty, too, and a poet in her own way. Her base of operations was a small harbor that is now called Clegan, and when I was a young man, I lived there in a pub owned by an O'Malley. Master O'Malley, dead and buried 20 years now. . ."

A chill wind came up, and O'Toole beat his arm against his thigh as if to restore circulation. "The weather is constantly on the change," he said. "It can turn from being the most vividly beautiful, *romantic* countryside to this. . ." He gestured. "A rocky wilderness, lonely and desolate. And it can do it in an hour's time. People here have to learn to adapt. It's either mutate or die!"

He stopped and motioned for me to be still. He went on ahead a few feet, moving toward a large bush with tangled branches. O'Toole bent over, noiselessly, and picked up a wet stone. With infinite care, he raised his arm and tossed the rock into the bush. At the same time, he drew his gun up to fire. The rock landed with a thud and a rustle of leaves, but nothing flew out. O'Toole looked disappointed.

"Those fucking crows," he said. "They're here." He looked around like a detective at the scene of a crime. "They're here, all right, and they know I'm out looking for them!"

We walked back toward his house. The sky was grey and enormous, and it covered the earth like a seamless garment.

O'Toole cocked his head and listened a moment. He made his way slowly off the road, through bushes and vines dripping with moisture. A wooden animal shelter stood beneath a tree whose branches were weighed almost to the ground.

I'm looking for crows. Vile, spiteful creatures. In fact, if I see any, I shall be quite delighted to blow them to perdition!

O'Toole leaned against the shelter like a weary traveller. He waited a moment, then knocked several times. A deep, bellowing moo issued from within, followed by another. O'Toole raised himself up on tiptoe and peered over the top.

"Hello, girls," he said. "Seen any crows?"

●

"Oh, this is exciting," O'Toole said. He was standing on the ledge of a rooftop, teetering backward. Behind him was the night skyline of New York City. He was restrained from falling by a fire hose wrapped around his waist.

Richard Benjamin looked at him, studying the situation.

"You're drunk," Benjamin said.

"I'm drunk," O'Toole said agreeably.

He strengthened his grasp on the hose.

"You're drunk," Benjamin said, "and you're on the roof of this building" — he gestured around him — "and you're going over the side with that fire hose wrapped around you."

"It makes perfect sense to me," O'Toole said.

"Good," Benjamin said. "You're well motivated. I like that. Now, you" — he turned toward a young man who was standing on the rooftop, only a few feet away — "you, Mark, are very upset by what you see here. When Peter says he's going over the side, you get *very* upset."

The young man regarded Richard Benjamin with an intense expression. He had curly hair gone wild and a face that seemed about to explode with confusion.

"I'd say he was actually frantic," O'Toole called over.

He was leaning back precariously, holding on to the hose with one hand and lighting a cigarette with the other. "I'd say he's ready to pee his pants."

Mark nodded his head rapidly in affirmation.

"Good, good, good," Benjamin said. "Everything seems clear. All right. . ." He turned and cupped his hands around his mouth. "All right, we're ready," he called out.

He spoke to half a dozen men who were standing around a camera crane. They turned to look at him.

"Or are we ready?" Benjamin asked.

"Almost ready," said a man who was sitting on a high folding chair next to the camera. He was stout, dressed in blue jeans and a blue turtleneck and wearing a visored cap. "We're clearing up a little problem, Dick."

The man got up and walked off the rooftop and around to the canvas back-drop of the Manhattan skyline. He took a light meter from around his neck and held it against one of the windows.

O'Toole, still teetering on the ledge, turned around to look at the man.

"We'll be shooting shortly, may I presume?" he inquired. "I'm getting simulated vertigo."

"We're ready now," the man in the turtleneck said, putting his meter way. "We had a little problem with the lights, but it seems okay now."

"Splendid," O'Toole said. A make-up man climbed up on to the ledge and began applying powder to his forehead.

"All right, everybody," Benjamin said, clapping his hands.

He settled into a folding chair with the word DIRECTOR stenciled on the back in gold lettering.

"Settle down, people," a young man with a trim beard said. He spoke in a loud, authoritative tone of voice. "Let's go to a bell, please."

A loud bell sounded, like a submarine surfacing.

"Very quiet now," the bearded man said. He looked around the sound stage as if to silence everybody with mind control. When he was satisfied, he said: "Roll the sound."

Three men in identical golfing jumpers were seated at the sound cart, which was parked in a comfortably remote spot.

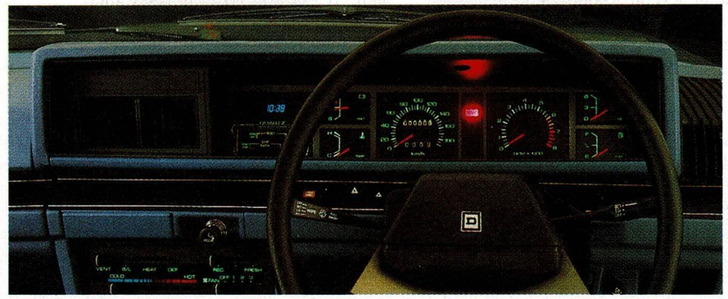
"Speed," one of them called out.

"Roll the camera," the bearded man said.

"Rolling," the cameraman said, squinting into his eyepiece.

Bluebird TR-X if you're ready.

The exceptional new Bluebird TRX is now available–but only for those who are ready for it. Sure, you'll stand out from the crowd–but not with garish, lairish stripes and hang-on gear. You'll need a certain style of your own to carry off



the subtle innovations of TRX (not to mention the damsel).
Because the TRX for all its lavish appointments and high equipment level, can only be truly appreciated by the driver who perceives his car as a 'whole'–so it becomes an extension of his personality.

Bluebird TRX has the necessary ingredients.
For little more than $9000* there's a great deal to Bluebird TRX, and your Datsun dealer has one ready–if you're ready.

Bluebird TRX
Even more four.
DATSUN
Nissan Motor Company (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

*Plus on road costs

DAT 1411

A man jumped in front of the camera and slated the scene with a clapboard that read MY FAVORITE YEAR.

There was a moment of silence.

O'Toole readjusted himself on the ledge. Benjamin inclined his head slightly to one side and said: "Action!"

"Don't do it!" the young man with the curly hair cried. He ran forward to face O'Toole and gestured as if to save him.

"Don't be ridiculous!" O'Toole called back at him, weaving slightly in place. He glanced over his shoulder at what was supposed to be the street, some 20 storeys below.

"There's nothing to it! I've done this sort of thing" — he gestured erratically with his free hand — "I've done this sort of thing *hundreds* of times!"

"But that was in the movies," the young man cried, his face full of terror. "This is real life!"

He began running in frantic circles, looking desperately for something to save the day.

"Movies or real life," O'Toole bellowed, "what's the difference?" He gathered himself up very straight. "I'm going down now," he announced.

"No," the young man wailed. "Don't do it!"

O'Toole reached down to pick up a whisky bottle perched on the ledge, and as he did so, he lost his balance. With a great cry — arms flailing, like a man trying to fly — he fell backward off the roof. The fire hose went rushing over the roof after him.

The young man with the curly hair ran forward and looked over the side, down at the shadowy footpath.

"Oh, my God!" he shouted out. "What have I done?" He held his head in his hands and shook it sorrowfully. There was a silence of several seconds.

"And cut it," Benjamin said.

Mark shielded his eyes against the glare of the lights and looked toward the side lines.

"I thought I'd forgotten to say something," he said.

O'Toole, who had fallen backward on to a red vinyl mattress, got to his feet and brushed himself off. He looked down at a man who was crouching alongside him with the fire hose in his hand.

"Did we collide?" O'Toole asked.

"No sweat," the man said.

"I liked it a lot," Benjamin said, getting out of his chair. He turned to the cameraman. "Can we print that?"

The cameraman, who was in a whispered conference with the operator, looked up with the expression of a man who bears bad news.

"Uh, we have a little problem, Dick," he said.

"Oh, shit," O'Toole said, lighting a cigarette.

"A problem?" Benjamin said. "What kind of a problem?"

"The lights are flickering," the operator said. He pointed to the Manhattan backdrop. "You've got flickering lights back there."

Benjamin looked at the backdrop and then at the cameraman.

"How bad is that?" he asked.

"Well, it's not good," the cameraman admitted. "We thought we had the son of a bitch fixed — something's draining our power." He shook his head.

"You mean we can't print that?" Benjamin said.

"Well, yeah, you *could*," the cameraman said. "But. . ." He spread his hands to show the futility of such an action.

O'Toole came walking over to where I was standing, next to a card table holding an ashtray, a cup and saucer and a Thermos bottle. O'Toole turned the spigot on the Thermos bottle and dispensed some tea into the cup.

"We seem to have hit a patch of stormy weather," he said, drinking his tea. He looked over his shoulder at the conference that was shaping up around the camera crane. Orders were being called out and the workmen who manned the catwalks were busy examining the lights.

There was a line-up of at least a dozen small children, each accompanied by his or her mother. "Casting call," O'Toole said. "Not a pretty sight."

"I find at a moment like this," O'Toole said, "it's best to retire to the trailer."

He put the cup down with a clatter and, with the cigarette holder clenched in his teeth, steered a course off the sound stage.

"Bloody boring thing," O'Toole said as he pushed open the first of two doors leading outside. "Just as things are rolling along, we have ourselves fucked up by some bit of electrical cable."

He pushed open the second door and stepped out into the afternoon sunshine at a crossroads on the MGM studio lot.

A man carrying a stack of file folders came rushing from out of nowhere and grabbed O'Toole by the arm.

"Ah, hello," O'Toole said to the man.

"I wanted to catch you," the man said with a shortness of breath. "I wanted to make sure I caught you before. . ." He waved his hand in the air, leaving the thought unfinished.

"Yes," O'Toole said. "Hmmmm."

The man had slicked-down hair and wore a pair of dark-framed glasses. He shifted his load of folders from one hand to the other. "There are just a couple of things I want to talk to you about, Peter, and I know you're busy." He coughed and patted his chest.

"Yes, that's all right, Jack," O'Toole said. "Calm down and get a grip."

O'Toole led the way down the narrow street that ran between the huge dun-colored sound stages. Parked along the street was a string of mobile homes. Outside one, there was a line-up of at least a dozen small children, each accompanied by his or her mother. A man with a clipboard and an uninterested look on his face was walking up and down the line, presiding over the event. Several of the mothers were vigorously instructing their children to stand up straight and appear attractive.

"Casting call," O'Toole said as we passed by. "Not a pretty sight."

"The thing is, Peter," Jack said, hurrying to keep up with O'Toole, "I know you're busy as hell and you've got *no* time to spare, but I've had the *Today* show on the phone twice already this morning — I told them your situation."

"When?" O'Toole said. He knocked the cigarette from his holder and stamped on it with his foot.

The man looked at him quizzically.

"When what?" he asked.

"When do you want them to come *here*, Jack?" O'Toole said. He clapped the man on the shoulder and leaned forward to smile at him. "Isn't that where this conversation was headed?" O'Toole turned away abruptly and stretched his hand up to the door handle of a long white trailer. He opened the door, took two steps up and disappeared inside.

"I thought tomorrow afternoon, maybe," Jack said, following cautiously. "Or Wednesday, if that's better for you."

O'Toole stood in the middle of the trailer near the kitchen area, going through the pockets of his suit like a man searching for car keys.

Evidently finding nothing, he took off his coat and folded it over his arm.

"Well, the honest truth is, baby," he said to the man, "either way is dreadful for me. How's that coming, then?"

He had turned around and addressed the question to a burly-looking man in a padded parka vest, who was standing in front of the kitchen stove.

The man was pouring hot water with exaggerated care from a kettle into a small teapot.

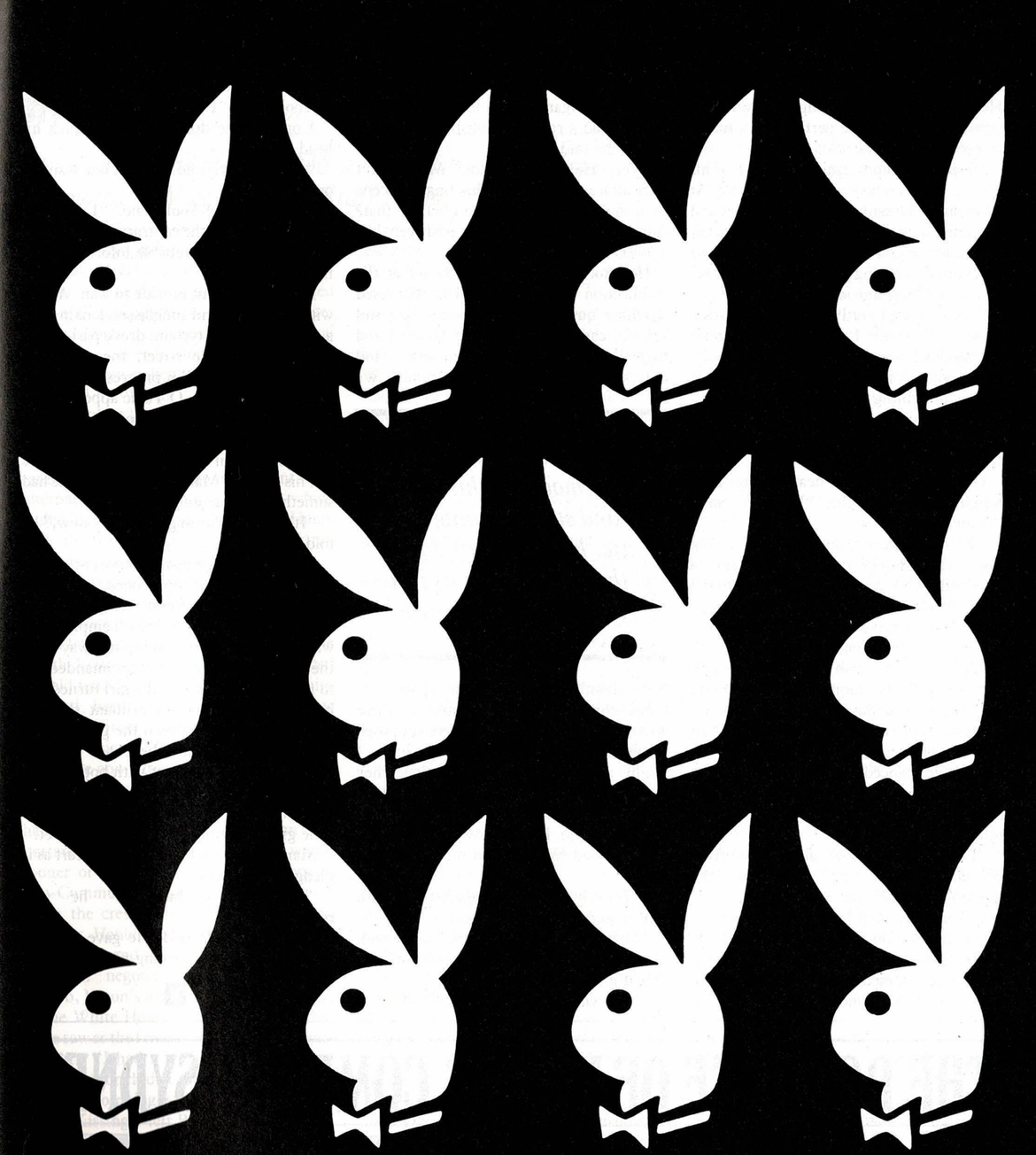
"Coming right up," the man said. He wore a perforated cap with a Ford insignia on it.

"Good," O'Toole said. "Well, then" — he looked at the publicity man, who was watching him with a growing sense of apprehension — "why don't you have them drop by tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?" Jack said. Having been prepared for rejection, he overflowed with joy. "Fantastic!"

The burly man in the parka vest looked over to O'Toole and said: "Tea's ready, boss."

"Wonderful, darling," O'Toole said. He picked up a packet of cigarettes from the



ARE YOUR BUNNIES IN NEED OF PROTECTION?

An Australian PLAYBOY binder showcases 12 issues in a stylish package offering protection and perfect presentation for your future enjoyment.

Complete the coupon and return it to: Australian PLAYBOY Binder Offer, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010. Upon receipt of your order, we will forward your binder/s, individually packaged to ensure their arrival in perfect condition. Price includes postage.

PLEASE SEND.... AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY BINDERS @ $10.50 EACH.
I have enclosed a cheque/postal order for the required amount.
Name .....
Delivery Address .....
.....
State ..... Postcode .....

dinette table and shook one into his hand. He struck a match and brought it toward the cigarette as if he were performing a hand-to-eye co-ordination test.

He put his hands against the base of his spine and arched his back. "Christ Almighty!" he said. He closed his eyes and stretched some more. "I'm sore from all my acrobatics, and I'm exhausted from these uncivilised working hours. It's not easy being a fucking movie star."

Jack chuckled softly, as if appreciating some subtle joke. "I guess it's a lot quieter for you back home."

O'Toole opened one eye and squinted at him as if sighting along a gun barrel.

"In Ireland," Jack offered. "I guess things are a lot calmer for you back home in Ireland."

O'Toole nodded his head slowly, as if weighing the thought. "Yes," he said. "Quite a bit calmer."

The door opened, and a slender young man with closely cropped hair and a bandanna tied around his head stepped busily into the room.

He was carrying half a dozen dressing gowns on plastic hangers.

The wardrobe man took the dressing gowns into the bedroom and hung them on the outside of a closet door. "They're not ready to shoot yet," he said to O'Toole. "In case you were wondering."

O'Toole glanced up at a clock that was mounted on the wall. "*Bloody* boring thing," he said. "Just when things were rolling along nicely."

"I'll let you know about tomorrow afternoon," Jack said as he and the wardrobe man left the trailer.

O'Toole resumed his seat at the table.

"Well, what do you think?" he said. He made a gesture with his arm that seemed to include the immediate area as well as the entire studio surrounding it. "Does any of this make sense?" He dumped a liberal amount of sugar into his teacup.

"We had a rather ghoulish incident last week," he said.

"Very Hollywood Gothic. Mark and I were attacked during the shooting of a scene by a mob of extras. Can you believe that? Actually. . . *attacked*. It was positively like *The Day Of The Locust*."

He shook his head in disbelief at the recollection. "I don't think I've witnessed anything quite so bizarre in my long and eclectic career." He learned forward and tugged at the top of one green sock. "God only knows what was on their minds. We were shooting a scene in an apartment-house corridor and these extras — these animals, as it turned out — were supposed to simply mill around us. Very *passively*, I might emphasise. Instead of that, they jumped all over us like rabid dogs. One cheeky prick took hold of me by the ear and wouldn't let go. I mean, he would *not* let go! I finally had to bash him in order to get free!"

O'Toole appeared. He was smoothing his jacket and straightening his tie. He gazed off down the studio street as if it led to a field of battle.

O'Toole banged his fist against the booth as if it were somebody's head.

"They went absolutely starkers," he said. "I think they'd been in Hollywood so long, they'd lost their grip on reality."

There was another knock at the door.

"I hope that's not the Queen Mother," O'Toole said. "I've run out of biscuits."

I opened the door and Mark stuck his head inside.

"Guess what?" he said. "They want us on the set."

"Oh, shit!" O'Toole said. "I had just been informed to the contrary. There seems to be a shortage of reliable information on these premises."

Mark and I went outside to wait. A man with silver hair and sunglasses, looking like a Greek shipping tycoon, drove past us in a golf cart. Up the street, the children's casting call was still in progress.

In a few minutes, O'Toole appeared. He was smoothing out the lines of his jacket and straightening his tie. He gazed off down the studio street as if it led to a field of battle. He put his hand on Mark's shoulder as if he had something momentous to impart.

"It's time for us to go be funny now," he told him.

The three of us began walking back to the sound stage. As we approached the line-up of children and their mothers, a girl of about 10 years of age, with Shirley Temple curls, wriggled free and went skipping away from the rest. Her mother testily commanded her to return. Ignoring her, the girl turned her back and ran toward a brilliant shaft of sunlight that fell between the giant buildings. For a moment, she posed prettily, holding her tiny skirt out with both hands. Then, suddenly she broke into a tap dance.

O'Toole and Mark watched soberly as the little girl performed on the studio street.

Mark placed his hand over his heart as if pledging allegiance.

"That's show business," he said reverently.

"Yes," O'Toole said. He gave a short, rueful laugh. "Too fucking right."

THE ROMANCE OF VENICE COMES TO SYDNEY

If you want: the most beautiful dining-room in the southern hemisphere, outstanding Italian cuisine, your own security car park, romantic piano to listen or dance to, then Danieli's is for you.

Lunch: Monday to Friday 12 — 2.30
Dinner: Monday to Saturday 6 — 10
Corner Riley and Cathedral Streets, Wooloomooloo, Sydney.

Telephone: 331 3876

Danieli's

RESTAURANT

HAIG: *(continued from page 99)*

Over the heads of some 240 senior officers, Haig was promoted to Vice-Chief of Staff of the Army.

the envoy to Cambodia, the deputy for a coup in Chile and the discreet ally of Haldeman, the man of action who worked late and self-effacingly while Kissinger courted both opponents and personal celebrity — already stood out as the only other foreign-policy adviser trusted or preferred by Nixon.

With the long-forecast North Vietnamese offensive across the demilitarised zone on March 30, 1972, the Administration began more than nine months of alternating negotiation and ferocity, which ended in the final US settlement with Hanoi and in which Haig played a central, sometimes decisive part.

Kissinger, meanwhile, flew to Moscow and Paris in a desperate effort to stave off the advance and save his secret diplomacy on all fronts. To both the Russians and the North Vietnamese he formally renounced the old tenet of mutual withdrawal, a point he had been coyly ignoring for some months. Without bothering to consult his ally in Saigon, President Nguyen Van Thieu, he now agreed to the presence in the South of at least 100,000 North Vietnamese troops. It was a surrender that ever after haunted his diplomacy, became an important factor in Haig's rise and would sooner or later doom any post-settlement non-Communist regime in Vietnam.

On the crest of its battlefield victories, however, Hanoi for the moment ignored the capitulation and stalled the talks. And while Kissinger negotiated vainly in a Paris suburb, Nixon's diary of deliberations back in the White House bore out vividly what some saw as the famous adviser's worst fears at court. "I had a long talk with Haig, in which we concluded that we had to have a two-day [bombing] strike. . ." Nixon wrote before Kissinger left Paris. "Haig emphasised that even more important than how Vietnam comes out," the President went on, "is for us to handle these matters in a way that I can survive in office."

On September 7, 1972, a grateful, admiring Commander in Chief lifted Haig to full general and, over the heads of some 240 senior officers, to Vice-Chief of Staff of the Army.

Nixon made the condition that Haig remain at the White House for what loomed as the final round of Vietnam negotiations. The irony was that the promotion only positioned Haig to rival Kissinger more powerfully than ever.

Early in October, Kissinger was back in Paris, still hoping for an agreement. He also knew it was time to tell Thieu the bitter news of concession on the North Vietnamese troops in his country. For those first few days, Haig was silent, all but invisible. Then, on October 12, Kissinger and Haig flew home to meet with Nixon. To celebrate what he perceived as a near-complete settlement, the President ordered steaks and Chateau Lafite-Rothschild, while, he noticed: "Haig seemed rather subdued." Haig "honestly felt this was a good deal for Thieu", he told Nixon in Kissinger's presence, though he was worried about how Thieu himself would react. The next morning, a smiling Haig, Kissinger and Rogers were photographed as they breakfasted with Nixon. The general repeated his support of the agreement, and Kissinger then flew off on a taut schedule for Paris, Saigon and, finally, Hanoi for the dramatic conclusion of the settlement.

A week later, as the world soon learned, Kissinger's timetable came apart in Saigon as Thieu was asked to sign the *fait accompli* of a peace treaty he had never seen or approved. The blunder was one of the worst among many in America's diplomacy in Asia, and it was largely the result of Kissinger's heedless momentum and of more than a year of his calculated avoidance and duplicity with a temperamental client, whose culture and politics — as Kissinger should have known by now — required preparation and prolonged cajolery. Yet, like most of their record since 1969, the notoriety of Kissinger's failure obscured how much of the tragedy could be traced as well to Haig.

By October 23, Kissinger's mission was obviously at an end, hoisted on its own folly in Saigon and nakedly undercut at home. There was to be no more pressure on Thieu for the moment, and the final leg to Hanoi was cancelled as Kissinger was called back to Washington.

On December 9, Haig was in Washington as the talks sputtered, and he met Kissinger at Andrews Air Force Base on the night of the 13th, when the adviser returned once more in diplomatic failure. As they drove back to the White House, Haig told him what had been implicit since the October fiasco. The general favored large-scale B-52 raids against the North Vietnamese. Coming back from Andrews that night, Kissinger knew once again that the decision to attack had been made essentially without him. Haig's influence in the President's anxious impulse to strike out was so clear that their meeting with Nixon the next morning was almost *pro forma*. Haig advocated a "massive shock". Nixon "accepted Haig's view" and "I went along with it", Kissinger wrote afterward. Four days later, Nixon ordered Linebacker II, the B-52s dropping their payloads on Hanoi and other targets in a saturation pattern a mile by a half mile, leaving untold civilian casualties (with neither side, for its own reason, admitting the toll) and paying with the loss of 26 planes, 93 missing airmen and 31 more US prisoners.

While the Vietnam negotiations were twisting to their close, Haig, the bureaucratic Everyman, was at last formally transferred back to the Army as Vice-Chief of Staff. In an Oval Office ceremony on January 4, 1973, Nixon awarded him a Distinguished Service Medal and lauded him as a "superb military commander" and "a statesman and diplomat". Haig would need to call on all of those qualities — and more — sooner than he knew. For just four months later, he was summoned again to the White House for the most sensitive assignment he had ever handled — as Nixon's Chief of Staff during the final siege of Watergate.

EPILOGUE

A grey, humid August morning in Washington. On the south lawn of the White House, poised at the end of a red carpet, an Army helicopter waits for its final passenger. The familiar, slightly stooped figure climbs to the doorway of the craft, pauses, turns for a last time toward the small, silent crowd gathered near the house at the edge of the lawn, thrusts his arms up and out once more in characteristic, now defiant and poignant V-for-victory signs and vanishes inside. It is the finale of a disgraced Presidency, the close of a remarkable era in American Government, and there is a sense of anticlimax and irony about the event. To one onlooker, the historic passenger, with all the turmoil he embodied, seemed "to have just floated away".

Yet inside the White House, later that day, there is still another last act. In the small private-secretary's room adjacent to the Oval Office, cool and air-conditioned against the rising heat outside, an aide to the new President smells the acrid, unmistakable odor of papers burning in the fireplace. That evening, the office of the ex-President's Chief of Staff and most trusted aide is crowded with bulging "burn bags". Routinely sealed and then shredded and burned, such sacks ostensibly hold duplicates or other superfluous classified material. This August night, however, there are far more documents to be destroyed than any day's official effluence. At the end of the worst, most corrosive political scandal in modern American history, a scandal swarming with deception and vital missing evidence, the Chief of Staff has clearly purged his files.

When the new President is anxiously warned about the ominous bags, he wearily shuns what may be discovered. "I don't want to know about that," he is said to tell an assistant. "Just let him get 'em out of this house."

From *Haig: The General's Progress*, by Roger Morris, published by Robson Books, Ltd.

SPACE *(continued from page 62)*

It isn't radiation that might kill them. It's the outward flow of protons from the Sun.

Luna: And if we break down? What top speed walkin'?

Houston: Roger. Maintain safe speed.

Luna: We'll try nine.

Houston: We're informed nine was tested strenuously. Proved safe.

Luna: We'll try nine.

●

Now the Sun reminded Earthlings of its terrible power, for it poured forth atomic particles and radiation at an appalling rate, sending them coursing through planetary space and bombarding every object they encountered. Wave after wave of solar-flare particles and high energy radiation attacked the Earth, but most of this was rejected by our protected atmosphere; however, enough did penetrate to create bizarre disturbances.

In northern New York a power company found its protective current breakers activated by huge fluxes of electrical power coursing along its lines, coming from no detectable source to disrupt entire cities.

An Air Force general, trying vainly to communicate with a base 1000 miles away, realised that the entire American defence system was impotent: "If Russia wanted to attack us at a moment of total confusion, this would be it." Then he smiled wanly: "Of course, their system would be as messed up as ours."

Taxi drivers in Boston, listening to the radios connecting them with their home offices, received instructions directing them to addresses in Kansas City.

A world-famous pigeon race between Ames, Iowa, and Chicago launched 1127 birds with a likelihood from past experience that more than a thousand would promptly find their way home. But since all magnetic fields were in chaos, only four made it, bedraggled, confused and six hours late.

People in Florida reported seeing the aurora borealis for the first time in their lives, and in northern Vermont the display was so brilliant that people could read by it.

And in Houston the knowing men in charge of Apollo 18 assembled quietly, aware of how powerless they were. The Mission Controller and Dr Feldman — NASA's expert on radiation — looked at the dosimeter reports and shuddered. More than 5000 Rems were striking the Moon. Very calmly the Controller said: "Give me the bottom line."

Dr Feldman ticked off on his fingers: "Highest reading we've had is 5830 Rems," and a NASA scientist said, "Absolutely fatal," but Feldman continued his recital: "If, and I repeat if, 5830 strike a naked man, he's dead. But our men have the finest suits ever devised. Enormous protection. Plus their own clothes. Plus the most important aspect of all. It isn't radiation that might kill them. It's the outward flow of protons from the Sun. And they will not reach the Moon for another 50 minutes."

He ticked off his last two points: "We rush our men into their Moon lander where they find more protection. Then we rocket them aloft to the orbiter with its heavy shield." Throwing both hands in the air he shouted, "We can save those men!"

The Controller summoned his three Capsule Commanders and said, "No fluctuation in voice. No hysteria at this end." To the hundreds gathering he conveyed the same message: "I want all ideas and I want them quick. But only the CapComs are to speak with the astronauts."

Turning to the chief astronomers he asked, "Could this have been predicted?"

"No," they said. "Closing months of a quiet cycle. It should not have happened."

The Controller wanted to say, "Well, it did. 6000 Rems. But he knew he must betray neither anxiety nor irritation: "Now it's our job to get them home safe."

●

By the time Claggett and Linley reached their rover and turned it around, they no longer bothered with their dosimeters, because once the reading passed the 1000 Rem mark, any further data was irrelevant. They were in deep trouble and they knew it, but they did have a chance if they did everything right.

For nearly an hour their rover crawled back toward the waiting lunar module, itself attacked by the solar outpouring, and the two men wanted to talk about their predicament but could think of nothing sensible to say. So they took refuge in trivialities: "Men have absorbed large doses of this stuff, haven't they, Linley?" and the scientist replied, "Every day, in dentists' offices," and Claggett asked, "Do those lead blankets they throw over you do any good?" and Linley said: "We could profit from a couple right now."

And then Houston heard raucous laughter coming from *Luna.* It was Linley: "Hey, Claggett! Did you see those medicals they threw at us last week? Said that a man with black skin had a 23.41 better chance of repelling radiation than one with white skin. Hot diggity! At last it pays to be black."

Then Claggett's voice: "Move over, brother, so I can sit in your shadow."

Alone in *Altair,* John Pope carefully shuffled his summary sheets until he came to one bearing the elegant printing he had learned at Annapolis: RADIATION PRECAUTIONS, and when he had memorised his instructions to himself, he took down the massive volume of additional advice and went through each line, so that by the time his two companions reached their module he would be as prepared as any man could be. Like them, he felt no sense of panic, only the added responsibility of doing the right thing in an emergency.

Houston: Altair, have you cranked in the data we sent?

Altair: Affirmative.

Houston: You have the drill on turning the CM around so the ablative shield faces the Sun?

Altair: Affirmative.

Houston: Execute immediately rendezvous has been established.

Altair: Will do.

Houston: What is your dosimeter reading now?

Altair: As before.

Houston: Excellent. . . your reading is much lower than *Luna's.* You're going to be all right.

Altair: All ready for rendezvous. Get them up here.

The CapCom, up to this point, had been one of the older astronauts. A man with a stable, reassuring voice. But the NASA command felt that it would be advisable to use in this critical situation someone with whom the men upstairs were especially familiar and Hickory Lee took over:

Houston: This is Hickory. All readings are good. (This was a lie; the dosimeter readings were terrifying. But it was not a lie, either; the prospects for an orderly rendezvous still existed.)

Luna: Good to hear that Tennessee voice. We can see the module. ETA 15 minutes.

Houston: I will read lift-off data as soon as you're inside. You don't have a pad available now, do you?

Luna: Negative. Pads not a high priority aboard this bone rattler.

Luna: Linley here. We have terrific rock samples. Will salvage.

Houston: Appreciated, but if transfer takes even one extra minute, abandon.

Luna: We will not abandon.

Houston: Neither would I. What's that? Who? (after a pause) *Luna,* Dr Feldman is here.

Houston: (Lee speaking again) Dr Feldman asks, "Dr Linley, is your voice sort of drying up?"

Luna: Affirmative.

Houston: Imperative you swallow spit.

Luna: Fresh out of spit. Send orange juice.

Houston: (Lee speaking) Dr Feldman says, "Dr Linley, keep your mouth moist."

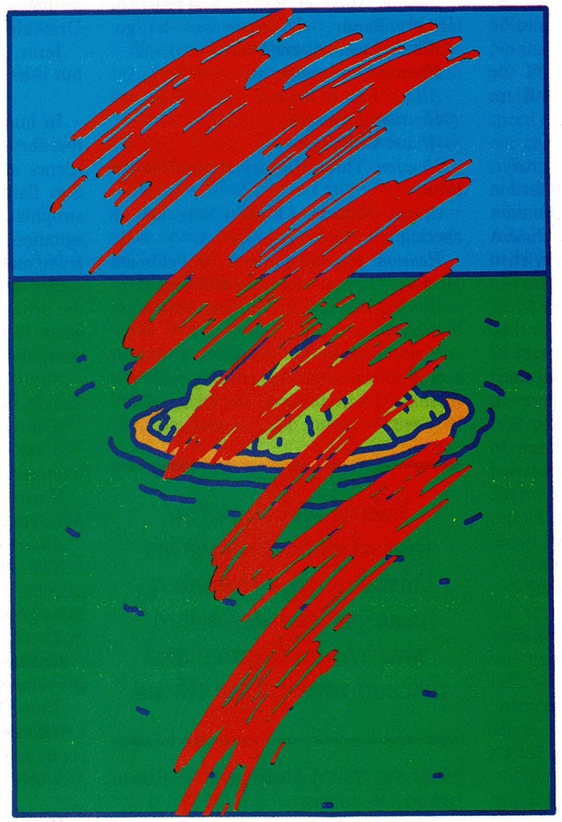
Luna: Mouth! Be moist!

Mission Control in Houston had received, in the past hour, a flood of additional men rushing to emergency posts, each determined to get the two astronauts into the slightly better environment of the lunar module and headed for rendezvous with *Altair.* But when they saw the shocking data

(continued on page 146)

MORETON BAY BLUES

another small slice of paradise is in danger



IN A crowded world the fight for Moreton Island means far more than conservation vs big business. Just 35km east of Brisbane, Moreton's unspoiled beauty is a phenomenon: on the doorstep of a major city the island is virgin wilderness surrounded but untouched by the deflowering ravages of development.

But ecological gang-bangers are poised to strike. The sand-mining lobby has been granted approval by the State Government to mine 6.4 percent of the island, and for several years, while the issue simmered, Brisbanites displayed uncharacteristic opposition to what Premier Joh likes to call "progress".

The outcry about mining Moreton was doubly surprising because, although the place is only 30 minutes from the mainland in a fast boat, a vast majority of the city's two million residents have never been there.

Somehow, though, they seem to appreciate its importance. . . and to instinctively reject assurances from the miners that gouging up the beaches and dunes to extract minerals will cause no long-term damage. Promises by mining companies to plant lots of nice trees afterwards — and to make the island look "better than it was" — have won them few allies.

Anyone who has spent time on Moreton Island knows that it cannot be improved, only damaged. Moreton's unique appeal is due entirely to the fact that but for a few tiny settlements it has survived the 20th Century.

Stretching 38km across the entrance to Moreton Bay, the island and its sister island — North Stradbroke — form a barrier protecting bayside suburbs from the wrath of the Pacific.

North Stradbroke, alas, is now about as virginal as Diana Dors. Ripped about by sand mining, it has burgeoning residential suburbs, shops, sealed roads. And there are plans, thanks to the Bjelke-Petersen Cabinet's concept of progress, to sling a $50 million bridge from the mainland to Straddie and pay for it by giving the builder $50 million worth of island land for subdivision.

Lovers of Moreton Island are determined it won't go the same way. Bumper stickers warning: Hands Off Moreton, mean just that — despite precedents for selling off Queensland to foreign interests there is no justification for allowing it to continue — certainly not without a battle.

And there are precedents for winning such battles, as well as for losing them.

Now that approval has been granted for sand mining on the island, mining companies must obtain export licences from the Federal Government, a procedure that could take two years. Malcolm Fraser no doubt remembers how popular he became (albeit briefly) by refusing export licences to companies mining Fraser Island — 300km north of Maryborough — five years ago.

This meant the end of mining on Fraser and victory for John Sinclair, the one-man conservation lobby who was voted Australian of the Year by *The Australian* newspaper for his bitterly-fought campaign to oust the miners.

Sinclair, 42, is a State government educationalist in Brisbane and considering what happened to him after the Fraser Island victory, it's not surprising that he's keeping a low profile on the Moreton debate. Sinclair was vilified by mining employees, demoted and ostracised within the education department.

"Even now," he admits, "I am suffered rather than welcomed by a lot of people in the department."

But Sinclair is confident that Moreton will be saved; because of ferocious campaigns against mining by the likes of the Moreton Island Protection Committee, and because with aligned opposition to mining from the ALP and the Democrats, the Federal Government could lose a Senate seat over the issue.

Like Fraser, Moreton is a sand island, one of the world's largest. Until about 10 years ago, only fishermen went there. Even now, with several barges taking off-road vehicles to Moreton, the place remains all but deserted.

It offers tranquillity and beauty surpassing any other place I have seen in this country. Few Queenslanders realise that Moreton makes most Barrier Reef islands seem precisely what they are: over-rated and over-priced. But I'm not complaining — part of this island's mystique is the delicious realisation, as you enjoy a sunset or haul fat whiting from the surf, that thousands of silly buggers are missing out.

A couple of years ago a few friends and I towed an old caravan across on the barge and set it in a grove of trees near the northern tip, Comboyuro Point. Now, whenever things get too hectic in town, we flee to the island.

In a way, of course, it's a selfish and elitist attitude — especially now we have come to feel proprietorial about Comboyuro Point because we have a caravan there. Imagine if everyone had one there! Eventually, when the rest of the world discovers Queensland's best-kept secret, Moreton Island will be more at risk from people than from mining.

Although most of it has been designated national park, the island's innocence (to continue the metaphor) can't last much longer — mining or not. Sealed roads, street lighting, electricity and shops will put the stamp of convention on what is now one of the last truly wild places on the fringe of civilised Oz. [PLAYBOY explored Moreton Island in a Jeep Renegade, courtesy of Jeep Australia, Brisbane.] — FRANK ROBSON

from the dosimeters they could not be sanguine; this was going to be a tough ride, a very tough ride.

Houston: Park the rover close to the module.

Luna: Roger.

Houston: Inform me the moment Claggett steps into the module. I will start reading data for check. Nothing is to be done without full check.

Luna: I have always been one of the world's most careful checkers. Call me Chicken Claggett.

Houston: Give me the word.

As soon as Dr Linley stopped the rover, Claggett dashed for the module, climbed in and started taking down the instructions Hickory Lee transmitted. Since NASA could not wait for an ideal lift-off time, when *Altair* would be in maximum position to achieve rendezvous, schedules had to be improvised for second best, and when Linley saw that his commander would be occupied for some minutes, he welcomed the opportunity to return to the rover to rescue the precious cargo he had collected at the reticulated crater. He had been sent to the Moon to collect rocks and he proposed to deliver them, but as he heaved aboard the second batch, he seemed to tremble and reached for a handhold that was not there.

Luna: I think Dr Linley has fainted.

Houston: Inside the module or out?

Luna: Half-way in.

Houston: Drag him in, secure all and lift-off immediately.

Luna: I have only partial data. He's in. You can do wonders in one-sixth gravity.

Houston: Lift-off immediately.

Luna: I am using Runway 039. Ain't a hell of a lot of traffic on it.

John Pope, coming from the Earth side of the Moon which was now in darkness, used the sextant as a telescope to spot the module, and when he had it fixed he reported to Houston: "Everything regular," but he had already heard that Dr Linley was unconscious and that Claggett would be making the complicated manoeuvres alone: "If anyone can do it, he can."

Houston: Have you completed your check? And Linley's?

Luna: Shipshape.

Houston: It's go.

Luna: You ready up there, *Altair?*

Altair: Three orbits should do it.

Luna: Here we come.

And then, as Pope watched and the world listened, Randy Claggett, working alone, lifted the lunar module off the surface of the Moon and brought it 600 feet into space.

Houston: All readings correct. One hell of a job, Randy.

Luna: I feel faint.

Houston: Not now, Randy. Not now. You dare not.

Luna: I. . .

Houston: Listen, Randy. Hickory here. Hold the controls very tight.

Luna: It's no good, Houston. I. . .

Houston: Colonel Claggett, hold tight. You must not let go. You must not let go.

John Pope, who had heard this conversation, stared at the module through his sextant, saw it waver, turn on its side, sort of skid through space and descend toward the Moon with fatal speed.

Houston: Hold on, Randy. You must not let go. Randy, you must not let go.

Altair: Luna has crashed.

Houston: Location?

Altair: East of landing. Mountains.

Houston: Damage?

Altair: Obliterated.

Houston: This is Hickory. *Altair,* climb to orbit.

Altair: Negative. I must stay low to check.

Houston: I'm talking with Dr Feldman. He asks, "Is your voice sort of drying up?"

Altair: Obliterated. My God, they were obliterated.

Houston: Hickory here. *Altair,* you must ascend to orbit. You are wasting fuel.

Altair: I will not leave until I see where they are.

John Pope stared at the module through his sextant, saw it waver, turn on its side, sort of skid through space and descend toward the Moon.

Houston: You've already told us. East of landing. Mountains.

Altair: I will not leave them.

Houston: I think he turned off his mike. John, John, this is Hickory. It's imperative that you proceed to orbit and prepare to ignite engine. John, John, this is Hickory.

For two orbits, John Pope flew alone through the intense radiation being poured out by the errant Sun, and each time when he headed directly toward the Sun he realised the heavy dosage he must be absorbing for his dosimeter was running wild, but when he slipped behind the Moon, putting that heavy body between him and the Sun, he knew that he was reasonably safe from the extreme radiation.

On each pass he stared for as long as he could at the site of the crash, and although he was at an altitude from which not much could be seen clearly, it was nevertheless obvious that the astronauts' suits had been ripped by the crash and that death must have been more or less instantaneous, and he chanted to himself: how different death is there.

No worms to eat the body, no moisture to corrupt. A thousand years from now, there they'll be, the first, the only. When wanderers come from the other galaxies, there our two will be, immaculate, unburied, waiting for the resurrection, all parts intact. Oh, Randy, how I loved you. Warring together in Korea. The mock fights over the Chesapeake. The flights across the country, you pilot out, me pilot home. Those 16 days in Gemini with you drinking nothing but orange juice and farting in my face. The hours of simulation. Drinking beer with Debby Dee.

Jesus, Randy, it can never happen again but it happened once.

●

In hurried consultations, NASA agreed that they would explain these two orbits of silence as a radio blackout caused by the Sun flare, which had now reached catastrophic proportions. Without discernible agitation, Houston asked all its stations to try to make direct contact with Pope, and a welter of international voices sped toward the drifting *Altair.* Pope listened dully but when Houston reached him again, he was ready to talk.

Altair: Luna crash confirmed. They bought the ranch.

Houston: Any possibility of survivors?

Altair: Negative. *Luna* completely fractured.

Houston: Hickory speaking. John, we want you to go immediately to orbit.

Altair: Roger. Wilco.

Houston: John, during the blackout we calculated every mile of your way home. It looks good.

Altair: I'm ready.

Houston: It will be obligatory for you to get some sleep. Will you need sedatives?

Altair: Negative. Negative.

Houston: Can you stay alert for the next six hours?

Altair: Affirmative. Six days if we have to.

Houston: Six days you'll be in a feather bed. Now. John. Do you read me clear?

Altair: Affirmative.

Houston: And you understand the burn sequence?

Altair: Affirmative. Repeat, my mind is clear. I comprehend.

Houston: You're going to have to do everything just right.

Altair: I intend to.

Houston: And if there is anything you do not understand. . .

Altair: Lay off, Hickory. I intend to get this bucket safely home. You take it easy. I'll take it easy.

Houston: God bless you, Moonshiner. Bring it down.

Altair: I intend to.

As methodically as if he were in the 17th hour of a familiar simulation, Pope ran through his checklists, took note of his fuel supplies and when the firings were to be made to correct his course so that he would enter the Earth's domain correctly. When all was secure, so far as he could control, he said quietly to Houston: "I think it's go all the way," and at the signal he fired the rockets which inserted him into the orbit which would carry him the 238,850 miles back to the safety of the Pacific Ocean. He now faced some 80 hours of loneliness, and from the left-hand seat the capsule seemed enormous; he was surprised that anyone had ever felt it to be cramped. When CapCom Ed Cater came on from Houston to ask if he wanted to hear the news and he said curtly "No!," Cater said that Dr Feldman wished to ask a few questions.

Altair: Put him on.

Houston: Dr Feldman asks: "Are you experiencing any dizziness?"

Altair: Negative.

Houston: "Any excessive dryness in the throat? Any spots in the eyes?"

Altair: Negative.

Houston: "Any blood in the urine?"

Altair: Who looks?

Houston: Feldman says: "I do. And I want you to. Report as soon as you check."

Altair: Will comply.

Houston: This is Hickory. You're doing just fine. But we want you to sleep regularly, John. We want you to listen to the news.

Altair: Hey, knock it off. I'm not depressed. There's nothing wrong with me.

Houston: For sure there isn't, John. But you ate nothing yesterday.

Altair: I was vomiting.

Houston: You refused to listen to the news. You cut Cater off.

Altair: I would like to talk with Cater. I always like to talk with Cater.

Houston: Cater here. We're not kidding, John. Thirty-six hours from now you have three men's work to do. When you give me the word, I want to go over four special checklists with you.

Altair: You mean one-man emergency re-entry?

Houston: It could be a little tricky, you know.

Altair: I figured that out a year ago. I have it programmed on my papers.

Houston: You really are a straight arrow. But we can't just let you drift along up there for all these hours. . .well. . .alone.

Altair: Plans called for me to be alone over the Moon for about this length of time.

Houston: Roger, but things were different then.

Altair: They sure were. Excuse me.

It seemed as if the entire nation, and much of the rest of the world, was watching as John Pope prepared to bring his *Altair* back to Earth.

The highlight of the return trip came on the last full day when Hickory Lee was serving as CapCom:

Houston: Altair, our double-domers have come up with something everyone here thinks has merit.

Altair: I'm listening.

Houston: They think it would be good for the nation, and for you, too, if you would turn on your television camera and let the people see what you're doing.

Altair: I wouldn't want to leave the controls and move around.

Houston: No, no! Fixed focus. It was our unanimous opinion. . .

Altair: You suggesting this to keep my mind occupied?

Houston: Yes, I recommended it. Strongly.

Altair: You usually know what you're doing, Hickory.

Houston: Tomorrow can be a very demanding day.

Altair: What could I say on television?

Houston: You have a thousand things to say. Read your emergency notes. Let them see.

Altair: The hours pass very slowly. They are very heavy. (His voice sounded weak and hollow.)

Houston: That was our guess. *Altair,* set up the camera. Make some notes. Get your ideas under control and in 40 minutes we go.

Altair: Roger.

At nine pm on April 30, prior to the time when Pope would make an important course correction, he turned on the television, which stared down at him from a holding place on the bulkhead just aft of his right shoulder, and no more effective spot could have been found, for the camera did not reveal his full face, but it did display most of the capsule, especially the welter of switches and devices which confronted him.

It seemed as if the entire nation, and much of the rest of the world, was watching as John Pope prepared to bring his Altair *back to Earth.*

He could not bring himself to use the pronoun *I,* so he fell naturally into the *we* and this produced a riveting effect: "We are bringing this great spacecraft back to Earth after an abbreviated visit to the other side of the Moon."

It was clear to everyone who saw the missing seats whom he meant by *we.*

"Dr Linley should be in the right-hand seat, over there. And our commander, Randy Claggett, would be riding in the middle seat. He brought us to the Moon. It was my job to bring us back."

He turned back to his console with its 689 separate switches, and he let the camera run, ignoring it as he went about his work, and after a while on Earth they stopped transmitting.

When the time came for his stripped-down craft to plunge into the atmosphere at the tremendous speed generated by a return from outer space, it would have to hit that semi-solid layer upon which all life on Earth depends at exactly the right angle, and if it came in at too shallow an angle it would fail to cut into the atmosphere at all and would become like a stone that boys skip across a pond of water. The craft would bounce once, twice, five, six times, and go careening off into space, flying endlessly, never to be seen again, and when the limited supply of oxygen vanished, the man would lie there in his couch, unbroken, unsullied, uncontaminated, moving through space forever.

Pope checked the approach once more: "No steeper than 7.3 degrees or we burn up. No shallower than 5.5 degrees or we bounce off. This means hitting a corridor 27 miles in diameter at the end of 238,000 miles at a speed of better than 24,000mph. Let's hope our computer's working."

John Pope was now preparing for this remarkable act of faith. With about 90 minutes before scheduled splash-down, he consulted his computer and fired rockets briefly to make the final small correction in his orbit. When the computer confirmed that his capsule had responded correctly, he activated explosive devices which blew off the service module, blew it right off into space, where it would burn up as it entered the atmosphere.

Houston: Lee here. You never looked better, Moonshiner.

Altair: Things going so well I've got my fingers crossed.

Houston: This is your day, Moonshiner. Bring her down.

Altair: I intend to.

With quiet confidence he slammed into the atmosphere, and even though he had been warned many times that it would be tougher than Gemini, he could scarcely believe it when it happened. Great flames engulfed the capsule, wiping out the sky. Huge chunks of incandescent material, 25,000 degrees hot, roared past his window.

More colors than a child has in a crayon box flashed past, and at one break in the tremendous fireworks he caught a glimpse of his trail, and he calculated it must be flaming behind him for 500 miles.

It was impossible to tell Houston of the great fire; the heat was so intense that all radio communication was blacked out; this was the flaming entry that astronauts had to make alone, and the flakes of ablated material became so thick that he felt sure that everything was going to burn up, but the interior temperature did not rise one degree.

The flames stopped. He could feel the Gs slacking off as the capsule was braked, and when he activated the drogue parachute, he felt with satisfaction and almost joy its first sharp grip.

USS Tulagi: We have you in sight, *Altair.* Three good chutes.

Altair: Quite a reception committee you arranged. All the Roman candles.

USS Tulagi: Looks like you're going to splash down about six-tenths of a nautical mile away. Perfect landing.

Altair: That's what I intended.

Space, by James A. Michener, published by Heinemann Publishers, Australia, Pty. Ltd.

TORCH MAN (continued from page 42)

Stuart spat on warders, upended food trays and broke both jaws of a homosexual warder.

for words, and muttered lamely about it all being incredible. . .the Whiskey and the way it all ended. Edna stood up and removed a framed photograph of John Stuart from the wall. She smiled at it.

"I'll tell you," she said, "how it was."

In the photo, Stuart was 18. Even then, after several years in borstals and prisons, he lived his life "doing good for people".

"He was just like Peter Pan," Edna said. "Everywhere that boy stopped when he grew up, you'd see a crowd of kids there. And John would take the wheel off his car, take the tube out and take the kids swimming."

Edna's first husband, father of her three sons and a daughter, became an invalid soon after they married. He suffered a collapsed spine and consumption, which finally killed him. The two older children had left home when John and Daniel were boys together, but all the children were, at best, an annoyance to their father.

Edna: "He was a cruel man, and violent. He used to beat hell out of me and the kids. See, he was a gambler. . . he didn't want the kids, he just wanted me."

Unlike Edna, her first husband came from a wealthy family. Edna recalled "the swanky Bellvue parties" early in their marriage, but even then, with his collapsed spine, her husband was the black sheep of his family.

"I endured his beatings and his cruelty for 20 years. I thought of running away, but there was nowhere to run. And he was dying. He knew that — dying of TB. I worked and brought up the family. I used to try to put myself in my husband's place (she never mentioned his name). It must be awful living from day to day. I felt sorry for him. . ."

Twice, Edna cut her husband's fingers with a knife when he tried to hit her.

"That was the most I ever fought back. I was very frightened of him. . .of what he would do to the children. June (her daughter) told me only a few years ago that when Dan came home from school, when I was at work, his father would sometimes lock him in a big cupboard under the stairs."

Edna closed her eyes.

"It was pitch dark in there and full of 'roaches. June couldn't stand to hear Danny screaming and went over to the neighbors — but she could still hear his screams over there. My husband used to tell June: 'If you tell your mother about this, I'll kill you!' "

Edna removed her gold-framed specs, wiped her eyes.

"I gotta love Danny," she said. "I was all he had."

Edna buried her own mother when aged 17. She says her mother was loving and kind, but her step-father tried to get into her bed. "My mother said you might as well have a baby to your young man (Stuart) as to your step-father. So I suppose she really brought about the marriage."

When John Stuart was 15, and leader of the local gang, he was leaving the pictures one night and saw a friend hurrying home with his young pregnant wife. The way Edna tells it (as opposed, no doubt, to how the police would tell it), Stuart's friend told him he thought his wife had gone into premature labor. So Stuart ran back to the theatre and saw a car parked outside with the keys in the ignition.

He took the car, drove the couple home and returned to the theatre. . . where Mr X (a now-top-ranking Queensland cop) was waiting with the car's owner. Edna says Stuart was taken to the local station, beaten up and charged with unlawful use. He got two years in Westbrook, a borstal near Toowoomba, west of Brisbane.

"When Johnny came out of there he was harder," Edna said. "He had this terrible hate for Mr X, because of what had happened. And he said to me: 'If I can only pinch a bobby pin, and not get caught, I'm beating them!' He said he'd square up. And he did. He became a petty thief, a petty crim."

Edna added quickly: "But not hurting people. He was still like a magnet for kids and dogs."

Then, apparently without realising the contradiction, Edna told how Stuart wounded a sailor in a local cafe with his penknife: "The two sailors got their knives out so Johnny got his out and stuck it in this bloke."

And so to jail.

After that, Stuart was lost in the prison system. Like a garbage disposal unit it chewed him up, and what came out the other end — as with so many others — bore only faint resemblance to what went in.

After a few years, when Stuart was in Long Bay, Sydney, serving four years for the attempted murder of Jacky (Iron Man) Steele (Stuart claimed to have taken the rap for a fellow prisoner), Edna and Clyde must have at least partially accepted his fate. They still wrote him in jail, and learned how to crack the ingenious code in which Stuart wrote his tiny, spidery news from inside, but the years rolled by and John Stuart became a man while Edna still prayed for the return of Peter Pan.

Even during his early days in Long Bay, Stuart was a problem for the system. His *rage* was the problem. . . his constant, unrelenting anger and frustration. "He got so savage," Edna says, "at the world."

Stuart spat on warders, upended food trays and broke both jaws of a homosexual warder who attempted to crawl into his bed. And about then, Edna and Clyde discovered, as they decoded Stuart's latest letter, the authorities were planning to send him to the infamous Grafton Jail.

Stuart wrote Edna that he was going to pretend to be insane to avoid this transfer. "Don't worry about reports you might hear of me going insane," he wrote, "it's just a pretence." And it worked.

I asked Edna about the role Dan played at Stuart's trial. Did he believe, as his evidence at the trial implied, that John Stuart *had* masterminded the bombing?

Edna froze. "I don't know," she said.

Hadn't she asked Daniel, talked about it?

"I don't know," she said again. Then: "I was at Burrum Heads (near Maryborough) during Johnny's trial. I'm sure pressure was brought to bear on all those who could give evidence to make sure it went a certain way. . ."

But had she seen Daniel since the trial?

"Oh no," Edna said. "Dan took himself away from me. I don't know why. Two years after John went to prison — we were staying at Burrum Heads — a man came on to the doorstep. He'd grown a beard and I didn't know him at first. . .but it was Danny. . . We had a little talk. . . he was shaking and shivering and crying, so overcome. When he hugged me he nearly broke every bone in my body. He said: 'I'm no good to anyone now, Mum.' And as he left, I said to Clyde: 'I don't think I'm ever going to see Dan again.' I realised that he had come to say goodbye. That was the last time — two years after Johnny went to jail. . ."

An hour later, Edna, happier now, was telling me how she and her children have a sixth sense that lets them know when she, or they, are sick or worried.

"Somehow, we just *know*," she said. "Just a month ago, when I got that anonymous call from Danny. . ."

Edna stopped talking, but too late.

"From Danny?" I said.

Then Edna answered: "Yes, I knew it was him, of course. He was crying and he said: 'Mum, are you sick?' I told him no, just the usual arthritis. I asked him why he was crying. He said: 'I'm lonely for you, Mum.' So I asked him to come to me, wherever he was, just come. He said no."

Why?

"I don't know, I don't know." Edna looked away, then added: "But I *do* know I have my family's love with me."

I asked if Dan was having some sort of torment about John.

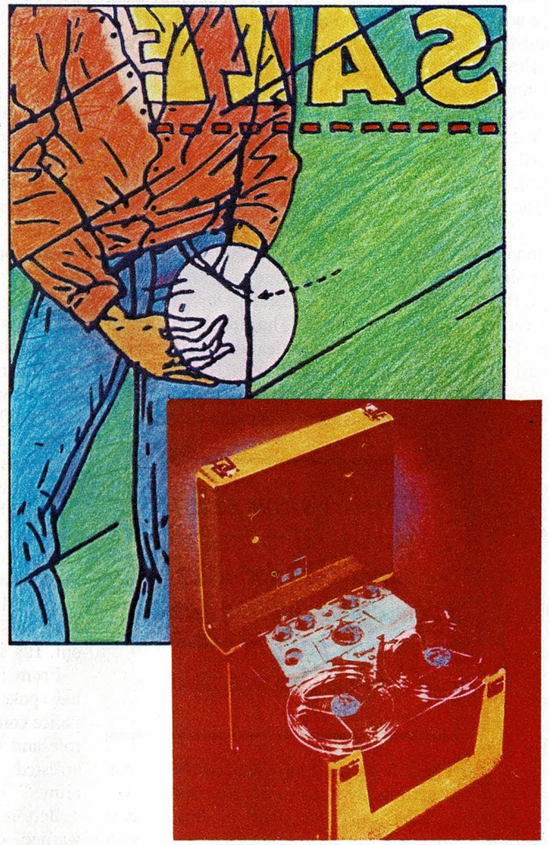
"YES!" Edna said. It was almost a cry. "Not that I know," she hurried on. "But I think. . . I feel that he is, all the time. I pray for Danny all the time."

Clyde believes Daniel was somehow

(continued on page 150)

TO YOUR CREDIT

how to make money by being in hock



YOU DON'T need to consult an investment adviser or subscribe to expensive newsletters, I can tell you how to earn 18 percent on your money without any risk. It's easy. Simply pay off your Bankcard account at the end of each month. Where is the sense in keeping money in a savings account earning 12 or 13 percent (which amounts to maybe eight percent after taxes) while at the same time forking out one-and-a-half percent per month to buy "on time"?

Sometimes, of course, you can't help going into debt. My car, for example, always seems to break down when my bank account is empty. I have also discovered that my dentist is a very impatient man. (It must be the high payments he makes on his Mercedes. I calculate that in the past year, I paid for at least half the front end of his new station wagon.)

Bad luck can't be helped. But, avoidable debts are another matter. Borrowing money just to buy something frivolous makes many people feel guilty. Nevertheless, there are times when even the strongest among us finds something that he must have — whatever the cost. Whether it's an overseas trip, a car stereo system or a new boat, sooner or later most of us wind up borrowing money. There is good evidence that guilt feelings are not keeping most of us from borrowing. According to the latest government figures, Australians are in hock to the tune of $10,000 million for consumer finance.

There are many loan sources available to borrowers. Trading banks, finance companies, credit unions (if you're a member), and even insurance companies (if you hold a life insurance policy with a cash value) make consumer loans. Not all sources charge the same amount; like most things to do with money, it pays to shop around.

The word "credit" is derived from the latin word *credere*, which means "to believe". No one is going to make a loan to you unless they believe you will be able to pay it back. So, your first step is to convince a potential lender that you are a good risk. For most loans, a steady job is evidence enough. For large loans, obvious assets like a house, a record of savings and previous paid-off loans are the type of evidence most lenders seek. Sometimes, lenders will accept collateral like share certificates or life insurance policies as a security for a loan. Even if you have not previously borrowed money and have no security to offer, you may still qualify for credit if you can get someone with sufficient assets to guarantee (agree to pay back) your loan should you default.

Assuming you are credit-worthy, the next step in intelligent loan hunting is to determine what the loan will cost. Most lenders advertise their interest rates as "flat rates".

A flat rate is misleading, however, as it does not include interest payable on interest. A flat rate of 16 percent (a rate often quoted for personal loans) actually adds up to a yearly effective rate of 30 percent! And, this is still not the whole story. The true cost of borrowing is even higher than this because there are charges other than interest associated with credit. Service charges, loan establishment fees, stamp duty and even life insurance premiums (to pay off the loan should you die) are all costs payable by you, the borrower.

By far the cheapest loans available are bank overdrafts in which you are given a line of credit up to a certain ceiling. Overdraft rates for loans under $100,000 are regulated by the government. They are generally set about two percent higher than the interest rates paid by banks for Interest Bearing Deposits. Banks also offer personal loans at fixed monthly repayments. These are easier to get than overdrafts but they command a higher interest rate. For small amounts, you can usually get a cash advance on your Bankcard. These must be repaid at 5 percent of the total or $5 per month (whichever is greater). At 18 percent interest, Bankcard loans are ususally dearer than personal loans.

Credit unions, if you're a member, are good places to go for loans. Their rates are higher than banks but lower than finance companies, and they usually provide free life insurance as well. Finance companies are the largest source of consumer loans but they are also the most expensive. It is usually a mistake to borrow from a finance company when you can borrow from a bank or credit union.

If you're really desperate, pawnbrokers make loans — but they are very expensive. They will usually only lend you about 30 to 40 percent of what your stuff is worth and their interest rates can amount to 25 percent a month!

Moreover, if you don't pay the loan plus interest, the pawnbroker will sell whatever you left with him. Loan sharks are even worse.

If you don't pay them, you are likely to have your kneecaps broken.

Assuming that you have found someone willing to lend you money, you should try to pay it back as soon as possible. Low payments over a long term may seem like a good proposition but you'll wind up paying much more interest. A $3000 loan at 20 percent interest will cost you $1200 for a two-year loan.

The same loan taken over a period of four years would cost $2400 in interest.

Early payment of a loan will also look good to the lender who will be more willing to loan you money the next time you find yourself unable to resist temptation.

— STEVEN SCHWARTZ

manipulated by the police into giving Crown evidence. And earlier, Edna said: "Danny wasn't a strong man. He was a moral coward and he had a mighty inferiority complex. If someone told him he was a duck, he'd quack."

Reading back my notes, I realised that Edna — and Clyde — refer to Daniel almost entirely in the past tense. Where is he now?

"I don't know," Edna said. (Later that afternoon she rang me at home. "I'm so contrite," she said. "I lied about Danny. I know where he is. . . have known since that phone call a month ago. But I have just got my son back — after years. I can't tell you where he is or I might lose him again.")

Did Daniel share in the reward for the Whiskey?

"He told Clyde he got none of the money. I don't know. Dan has been all over since the Whiskey — to New Guinea, and then sailing on a trimaran. He has had a rotten time of it. Men won't work with him. They call him Judas. It has been so hard for Danny. . ."

I ask: Can you forgive Daniel for what you feel he may have done?

Edna: "That is part of my belief, forgiveness. A person who hates is a murderer at heart. Yes, I can forgive. And I love him. I still love him. John could never understand how, but I love him."

●

But now, says Edna, her main concern is for Stuart's friend, Jim Finch.

"My whole point in talking to you is that it could lead to establishing Jim's innocence. John is with Christ, but Jim is still locked away — unless his name can be cleared he will be branded a killer all his life, even after parole."

Edna Watts was in Melbourne visiting her eldest son when word came of Stuart's death in jail. Her last contact from him had been a Christmas card several weeks earlier, with the words: "Be happy over Christmas Mum, and I will too. . ."

Edna telephoned Queensland authorities and said Stuart's body was not to be touched until she got there. Then she and Clyde drove non-stop to Brisbane. . .but were not permitted to see the body until after a post-mortem.

"First they showed us a great picture. . . Oh, good God. . .a full-length picture of Johnny. . .he had this huge great cut from the top of his chest to his groin, and big black stitches. . . Then, at the funeral, I saw him lying there. . .and all the feeling I had for him wasn't there. And I said to myself, you're not Johnny, you're not here. And all the time it was running through my mind: 'I'm not here, I'm risen. . .' And. . . I wanted to hold him, but felt it wasn't him. He was gone. . ."

Edna was still talking but seemed to have forgotten my presence.

"I've buried a baby," she said, "and I've buried my mother. And when that dirt goes down it's an awful final thing. . .but then I heard it again: 'I'm not here, I'm risen.' Then I knew Johnny was with Christ and he was at peace. See, when Johnny was in prison I suffered. . . .And when he was out, I suffered, because I was frightened he'd go back again.

"When he was free he was *free* — beautifully free, but I wasn't. I thought: when's the next time, they'll get him again soon. So, from the time he was 15 until he was 38 I was in prison. . . in spirit. It was like a slow torture chamber all the time. . . and that was the beginning and the end of Johnny's life."

At various stages during his imprisonment for the Whiskey deaths, Stuart wrote of ending his life. Writing to Brian Bolton, in 1973, Stuart drew a parallel between his own wish for death and that of Jack London's character, Martin Eden: "He could not kill himself directly (no suicides in Heaven?) so he deliberately forced himself into a corner where he had to escape and had to die but during the death could fight back heart and soul. He only died. He didn't lose. He was only winning a loss. Well, that is why I am causing my death the way I am. . .

Stuart's role was to gather information on senior cops involved in vice and gambling rackets. He was paid in the form of workers' compensation.

The only barrier I have left now, before me, is getting my body to become dead."

Edna will hear none of this. She is convinced, as she told the Coroner's Court, that Stuart was murdered. Edna told the court of two telephone calls — the first, during the inquest, from a man who said he was a warder. Edna said the man told her that dangerous drugs had been smuggled into the prison months earlier and that she (Edna Watts) "would see the results of them".

The second anonymous caller, a few days later, told her that a person could be poisoned over a period of time with a certain substance (1080 dingo poison) and no traces would be found.

The inquest, it seems, did not consider Edna's claims worthy of serious investigation. So I asked John Andrew Stuart's mother, three years later, whether she felt the truth of it all would ever come out.

The reply came out like steam under pressure: "I pray to the blessed God Almighty that His justice will overcome the injustice of this world. I pray every night that those people who perjured themselves shall go through a terrible conviction — and sometimes I pray in the day. . ."

Finally, in case the Lord misses this point, there is Stuart's role as Agent Emu, undercover. It may have no bearing on the Whiskey case: it may have a lot.

In 1978 Brian Bolton, quoting Stuart from jail and the senior police sources with whom he drinks and socialises, wrote in the *Sunday Sun* that Stuart had been on the payroll of the so-called Committee of Eight until the Whiskey was fire-bombed. Stuart was said to have been recruited by two senior officers who were members of the dissident group — a group whose activities were of great interest to Joh Bjelke-Petersen at the time (1973) when the Premier claimed that the Committee of Eight was working to bring down the top echelon of the police in Queensland.

Stuart's role was to gather information on senior cops involved in vice and gambling rackets.

He was paid in the form of workers' compensation from his last job (as a wardsman) after the two officers who hired him arranged for the payments from the State Government Insurance Office, in the name of Trauts — Stuart spelt backwards.

Edna and Clyde Watts told me that detectives had approached Stuart in the early Seventies at his job as a wardman and told him he had a choice: work for them, or go back to prison on a charge they would invent. Edna said that, when arrested after the Whiskey fire, Stuart told her: "Don't worry Mum, it's a mistake. They (the detectives he was working for) will sort it out. It's all a big mistake."

From Bolton's story: "Stuart claims he has spoken out to get square with the two police contacts who assigned him to his spy role and they deserted him when he was arrested for the Whiskey Au-Go-Go crime."

Bolton quoted Stuart saying he had warned one of his police contacts of southern underworld threats to fire-bomb the club, right up till the day of the mass murder.

It seems clear that the "southern underworld" types and "southern criminals" in Stuart's warnings are also known in Brisbane as the Clockwork Orange Gang, a loosely-affiliated group of LSD-gobbling crazies whose names have been linked with the Whiskey bombing and other crimes. They were known to Stuart and Finch, also to Daniel Stuart, and to Tom Day, the fireman who was warned off his citizen's investigation.

On one trip as Emu — from Brisbane to Darwin and back — Stuart had company. Edna Watts gave me the phone number of Stuart's ex-girlfriend, who we'll call Jenny, now married and settled in the suburbs. Jenny gave written evidence at the Whiskey trial that Stuart burned a canefield in north Queensland — bad news for a man charged with fire-bombing a nightclub. But when I rang her she said, almost immediately: "John burned that canefield but there was no danger. It was ready for burning."

Then she said it was wrong that the

Quite frankly, mixing with Benedictine was unthinkable.
Then we tried it.

The idea of mixing with D.O.M. Benedictine may never have entered your mind. But the fact is, one of the world's greatest liqueurs also happens to be one of the world's greatest mixers.

With your favourite split, D.O.M. Benedictine is most appealing. And while you may well create your own specialty, we thought you might enjoy judging some established favourites from around the world.

D.O.M. Benedictine
Judge for yourself.

Benedictine Soda Club: One measure of Benedictine. Soda water at one's discretion. **Brasilia:** One measure of Benedictine in a warmed mug. Add hot black coffee. Float whipped cream on top. **Yellow Jacket:** 1/6 Benedictine, 1/6 Vodka, 4/6 orange juice. Shake with ice, pour into glass with ice. For a free Cocktails/Mixed Drinks Booklet write or phone: John Cawsey, P.O. Box 61, Lidcombe, N.S.W. 2141. Tel: (02) 64 7198 8

AB1871/82 563.P.209

Crown had used the fact that petrol drums were found in the back of Stuart's car as evidence against him. "He always had those drums in there. He used to milk other cars along the way."

Did she say that in her evidence?

"I can't remember," said Jenny.

Jenny told how, before driving to Darwin in her new Cortina, she and Stuart had been visited by a detective. "It was very pally," she said, "they talked for ages."

Often, while they were travelling or in Darwin, Stuart had sent her to the pictures or "somewhere else so I wouldn't get involved in his police work".

"When we got back to Brisbane, John had another meeting with the same detective. They had afternoon tea together, very friendly and making jokes. At that stage, I wanted to leave John. I was sick of him. But he wouldn't let me go. He said I was his protection. He told me the cops would kill him if I wasn't in the car as a witness."

Jenny said Stuart's attraction for her was strictly sexual. "He was my lover, I was his hostage," she said, laughing. "He was the kindest, most gentle lover I ever had. I would never believe that John could hurt anyone in a premeditated way — like the Whiskey. He was too loving, too gentle."

But also unpredictable. Jenny: "Once we had an argument and John stuck a knife against my chest. There were a few drops of blood. He said: 'What are your last words?' I just looked at him and said, 'How are you going to get out of this one?' And we both just broke up laughing. . ."

For Stuart and the thrill-seeking Jenny, the end came like a scene from Bonnie and Clyde. They had burgled a unit in Sydney and were driving north when a police roadblock stopped them at Taree. Stuart went back to Parramatta Jail; Jenny was held and later discharged. Although they had tossed a coin over who would take the rap if they were caught — and Stuart won — it was he who served the time.

Jenny saved the bombshell for last. "During the Whiskey trial I was in Ward 8 at Wolston Park (mental hospital, Brisbane) under police protection. The police said John would try to get me because of the evidence I gave for the Crown."

Jenny was released when the trial ended. She had been in Wolston Park on previous occasions.

"I'm sorry John isn't still alive," Jenny said, just before her husband called her from the phone. "I would send him a card or something. . . I wouldn't leave him to rot alone."

But he did rot alone. Near the end of his life, Stuart's teeth had gone bad; his hair was thinning rapidly. But he remained proud of his defiance and wrote:

Freedom is a state of mind
The solitary cell is where you'll find
The prisoner of the free-est kind. . .

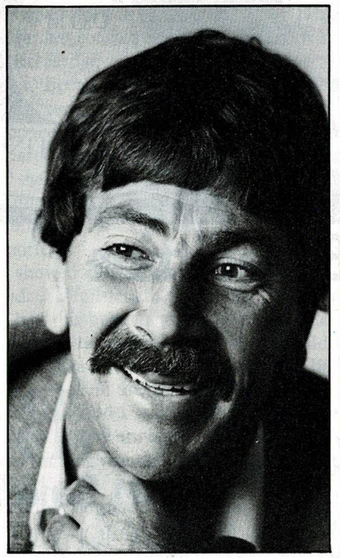
But, again like Gary Gilmore, Stuart hated prison and feared what he would become by accepting it:

One by one the slow years drew him to their keeping
And broke the heart that once had held such fire
With crumpled dreams, with flesh in numbness sleeping,
His soul the stag, caught by time's hound; the Lifer.

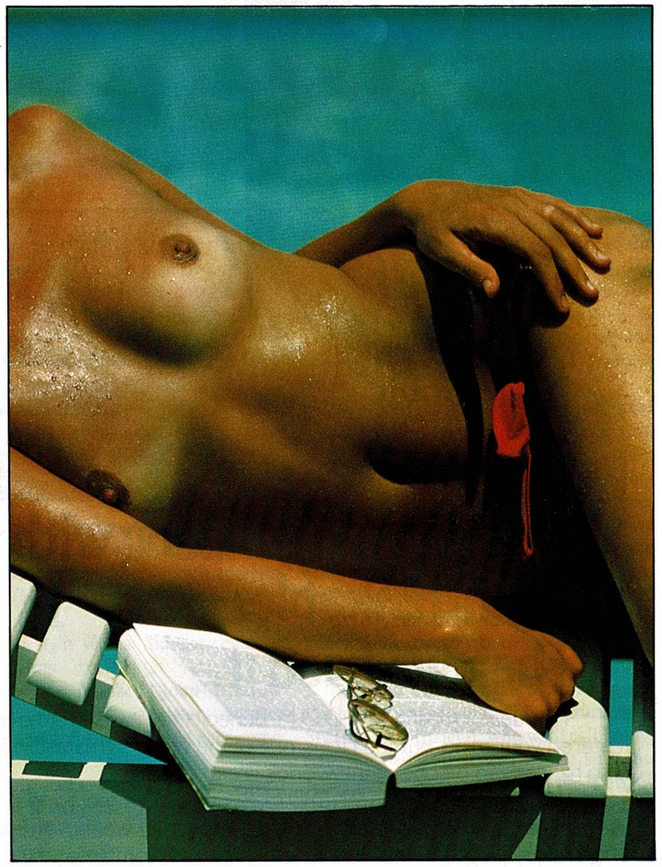
But death intervened, and John Andrew Stuart, near-genius failure, is now buried in the Lutwyche cemetery. And whatever time reveals about the Whiskey murders, Stuart will remain The Unbreakable.

NEXT MONTH

BOND IS BACK — AN EXCLUSIVE LOOK AT THE SECOND 007 NOVEL FROM THE MAN WHO TOOK OVER FROM THE SUPER-SPY'S CREATOR.



RODNEY MARSH — THE KING OF 'KEEPERS TAKES THE LONG HANDLE TO THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW.



SUMMER GIRLS — WHAT BETTER WAY TO WELCOME THE WARMTH THAN A DEDICATION TO THE BODIES THAT MAKE SUMMER LOOK SO GOOD.

Alexis Barthelay
le styliste de la montre
PARIS

Nouvelle Collection 18 ct. and steel from $250 — $690
Ultra flat Swiss quartz
2 year guarantee

SYDNEY: Denis James, Farren-Price, Perri, Diamond Traders, Musson Crows Nest, Michal Double Bay, Carina King Cross, Grech North Sydney, Diamond Den Hurstville, Gemtec, South Pacific. NSW Taree Diamond Centre. MELBOURNE: Theodore, Panache, Imp. BRISBANE: Watches International, Xennox, Robert White, McKinneys. ADELAIDE: Michaels, Burgess, Voivodich. HONIARA: Norman Bros. NOUMEA: La Rose de Corail. CANBERRA: Prestige Jewellers. SURFERS PARADISE: Optima, Valentino, Van Wijk. PERTH: Rosendorf. HOBART: Precision.

Marlboro
WARNING-SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
Come to where the flavour is.
Marlboro
LEO BURNETT 2173 CC886/82